

SELECTED DRAMAS OF JOHN DRYDEN
*WITH THE REHEARSAL, BY GEORGE
VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM; ED.
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
GEORGE R. NOYES ... (1910)*
JOHN DRYDEN



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Selected dramas of John Dryden; with The



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OF
JOHN DRYDEN

WITH
THE REHEARSAL

BY
GEORGE VILLIERS
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

EDITED WITH
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY

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CHICAGO NEW YORK
SCOTT, FORESMAN & COMPANY
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PREFACE

The object of the present volume is to give adequate material for a study of Dryden's dramatic work, particularly in its relation to the general history of the English drama. *The Rehearsal* is added to the examples of Dryden's plays, not because it had any demonstrable influence on his dramatic work, but because it illustrates, better than reams of modern commentary, his prominent position, as an object of admiration and of ridicule, among the dramatists of his time.

An attempt has been made to give a critical text of each of Dryden's dramas here printed, with variant readings from all editions published in his lifetime, and from the first collected edition of his dramatic works, the Folio of 1701, published just after his death. The text of the Scott-Saintsbury edition was first collated with the first edition of each play, and next with the Folio, and a record was made of all variants. Then these variants were compared with the readings of the quartos (in which form Dryden's separate plays were always printed) intermediate between the first quarto and the Folio. In the case of *All for Love*, this process showed progressive degeneration of the text; the second quarto had been printed from the first, the third from the second, and the Folio from the third quarto. No sign of author's corrections appeared at any point; the variants were mere printers' errors. The first quarto was therefore made the basis of this edition, and the variant readings justifying this choice were duly recorded. To make a complete collation of each quarto would have been a mere waste of time.

A similar procedure was adopted for *The Conquest of Granada*, though here the question of text was by no means so simple. In the second edition of this play Dryden seems to have made some trifling changes, which disappeared in the later quartos. It did not seem worth while, however, to collate each line of the second quarto, in order to present a complete list of such changes.

With *Marriage à la Mode* and *The Spanish Friar* the case was somewhat different. Here the Folio had evidently been printed from the first quarto of each play. Therefore a complete collation was made of the quarto immediately preceding the Folio, and the variants thus obtained were compared with the readings of the intermediate quartos. This process revealed degeneration in the

quarto texts of both plays, but showed that in the third quarto of *The Spanish Friar* Dryden, or some other person, had made four significant additions to the text, which were retained in the fourth quarto, but of course disappeared in the Folio. (See footnotes, pp. 332, 339, 345, 358.) The first quarto of each play was again chosen as the basis of the present text. The long labor of collation had merely shown the general correctness of Malone's statement: "When Dryden issued his several works from the press, he in general seems to have dismissed them from his thoughts, and to have been little solicitous about rendering them more perfect."¹

The present text of *The Rehearsal* is taken from that of the first edition (1672). Professor Arber's reprint was used as a basis for collation. The second edition has been inaccessible. The notes record additions to the text made in the third and subsequent editions, but leave unnoticed small variations of phrase caused by the printers' carelessness. For convenience in printing, the additions to the text have been combined with the explanatory notes at the end of the volume, instead of being inserted as footnotes.

The prevailing fashion in reprinting English texts is to give a literal reproduction of the spelling, italics, and capitals of the early copies. Except in books intended for professional philologists, this practice is of no particular value, and it certainly makes hard reading. There is little gain in printing *fix'd* in one line and *fixt* in another, merely because Herringman's compositor happened to do so. In this edition I aim to retain the original form only when it indicates a pronunciation different from our own; thus I preserve *murthier*, but alter *critick* into *critic*. In cases of doubt, I prefer to err on the side of archaism, so that I keep inconsistencies like *intreat* and *entreat*. I have also kept the 'd of the past participle (as *lov'd*), since this is the almost uniform usage of the old texts and is not infrequent in editions of modern poets. The use of the apostrophe in cases like *th' army* seems too characteristic of Dryden's verse to be abandoned when it occurs in the early editions; the pronunciation of the times in reading aloud was doubtless affected by the printed form.

Notes on the text of Dryden are added at the bottom of each page. They aim to record all essential variations among the early editions, and between them and the most accessible modern editions, that of Scott, revised by Professor Saintsbury, Edinburgh, 1882-93 (Ss), and that of Professor Saintsbury in the Mermaid series, London, 1904 (M). In general, Ss and M present Dryden's text in a somewhat modernized form: thus they substitute *them* for the 'em

1. *Prose Works of John Dryden*, I. 1. 143.

of the early editions; disregard such old spellings as *shew*, *murther*, *then* (for *than*); and print *farther* where the early editions have *further*. In prose passages they generally transform *I'm*, *'tis* and similar forms into *I am*, *it is*, and the like; in verse they usually disregard such elisions as *th' army*, *th' unfortunate*. In all such cases the present edition, making the first quarto of each play the basis of its text, restores the somewhat inconsistent usage of Dryden's publishers. To save space, such variations between the present edition and the text of Ss and M are omitted from the notes; all others are recorded. Except in such cases, the omission of Ss and M from a list of variants indicates that their text agrees with the present edition. Cases in which both M and the present edition correct the text of Ss are left unrecorded. In the prose essays, the readings of Professor Ker (K) in his *Essays of John Dryden* (Oxford, 1900) are also added. Some variations of text in the songs in *The Conquest of Granada* and *Marriage à la Mode*, which were inadvertently omitted from the footnotes, have been included in the notes at the back of the volume. In the *Notes* I have repeated a few sentences from my edition of Dryden's *Poetical Works*, Boston, 1909.

The present edition was undertaken in 1901; its completion has been delayed by various causes. A postponement of the time of printing, after I had completed the manuscript of the *Introduction*, gave me time to become acquainted with an excellent dissertation by Dr. Torben Lundbeck, *Dryden som Tragediedigter* (Copenhagen, 1894), which covers in a more extended form a portion of the ground of my own essay, and anticipates many of my own conclusions. Had I known Lundbeck's work earlier, I should probably have altered several of my own paragraphs, and should have expanded my treatment of certain topics. But since Lundbeck has not led me to modify any of the judgments that I had already formed without his aid, I have let the body of the *Introduction* stand practically unaltered, adding to it only a single phrase (page 1, lines 13, 14); I have, however, quoted several passages from his work in my footnotes.

For help in the preparation of this book I am indebted to many friends, both near and distant. Professor Saintsbury has kindly permitted me to base my collations on his revision of Scott's text, and to make any further use of his large edition that I might desire. Professor Ker has given me similar permission to make use of the notes in his edition of *Essays of John Dryden*. The authorities of the Harvard and the Yale Libraries have generously sent me across the continent the early editions needed for establishing the text; in particular Mr. T. J. Kiernan and Mr. F. B. Dexter have shown me personal kindness extending far beyond

the limits of official courtesy. Mr. E. H. Wells, Curator of Modern English Literature in the Harvard Library, by the zeal and skill with which he has expanded the Harvard collection of Drydeniana, has made it possible for me to base my text and commentary nearly always on first-hand information. Mr. W. H. Hagen, of New York, has kindly allowed me to make a transcript of his copy of that very rare pamphlet, *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco*, 1674; and the officers of the Grolier Club courteously extended to me the privileges of their building while I was engaged in my work. To my colleagues, Professors C. M. Gayley and C. W. Wells, to Professor E. P. Morton of the University of Indiana, and above all to Professor L. T. Damon of Brown University, I am indebted for valuable suggestions in regard to my *Introduction*. Professors G. L. Kittredge, F. N. Robinson, and W. S. Ferguson of Harvard University have given me help on some questions relating to the text, and Professor J. A. Walz has aided me in some difficult portions of the commentary. Finally, all my other debts for help in preparing this volume are as nothing compared to that I owe my wife. She, as well as I, has collated every line of the texts here printed, and has read with me every line of the proof; she has given me valuable criticism upon the *Introduction* and the *Notes*, and has aided me in other ways too numerous for mention here.

G. R. N.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA. DECEMBER, 10, 1909.

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INTRODUCTION

DRYDEN AS DRAMATIST

I.

The English authors of the period from 1660 to 1700, with the exception of Milton and Bunyan, are probably less read than those of any other epoch since the Renaissance. The causes of our lack of interest in them are not far to seek. The period was one of acute party strife, yet, unlike the time of civil struggle that had just passed, it produced few men whose names live fresh in the consciousness of English-speaking people. Milton and Bunyan, though they fall within this period, are not of it. They express, in differing forms, the spirit of a time already past. The literature most closely connected with the contemporary national life, a literature of controversy and satire, requires for its comprehension a study of forgotten political issues which few, in America at least, are likely to undertake; the purely imaginative literature of the Restoration, on the other hand, was composed under the influence of a court dominated by French fashions, yet unable to assimilate the inner spirit of the French literature of *le grand siècle*. Hence, not to speak of the indecency which continually disfigures them, Restoration poets and dramatists have a taint of artificiality and falseness.

So Dryden, the poet, critic, and dramatist, whose personality dominates almost the whole period from 1660 to 1700, is perhaps the least known of all the great figures in the history of English literature. Outside of text-books and collections of "elegant extracts," in which his historic fame secures for him respectful attention, he is perhaps less read than his garrulous contemporary Pepys, who, though a man of no pretensions to literary fame, appeals to us by his frank humanity. Dryden's fame as a critic has recently been revived, and numerous editions of selections from his prose essays show that his importance as one of the founders of modern prose style is more clearly appreciated than formerly. As a dramatist, however, though he wrote for the theater during more than thirty years, and though his collected plays comprise nearly half his entire work, Dryden is almost unknown except to professed students of literary history. Restoration tragedy, of which Dryden may be regarded as the leading writer, is peculiarly open to the imputations

of artificiality, exaggeration, and false taste; and readers attracted by the "corrupt drama," as Restoration comedy has been politely christened, prefer the wit and sparkle of Congreve to the clumsy work of Dryden.

Though we may admit the justice of these imputations against Restoration literature as a whole, and against Dryden and his dramas in particular, we must make some reservations. It is unsafe to draw up an indictment against a whole generation, or against a single man who had the genius to become its representative. Men and women of Restoration times were, after all, somewhat like our own friends and neighbors, and certainly were not content to live on mere literary chaff and straw. Beneath the sounding phrases of *The Conquest of Granada* that they alternately applauded and ridiculed, we may find true poetry and true feeling, beauty obscured by gaudy tinsel, but beauty still; and in its greater successor, *for Love*, we see a worthy imitation of the classic French tragedy of the best period. So Dryden's comedies, notably *Marriage à la Mode* and *The Spanish Friar*, despite their coarseness, are still bright and amusing. And finally, Dryden, more truly than Congreve or any other dramatist of his day, connects his own time with the great Elizabethan dramatists, and makes us feel that English literature has a continuous history; that the influx of foreign taste and ideas only superficially affected the stream of the national life.

II.

To understand Dryden's work as a dramatist, we must first examine the general conditions under which the Restoration drama grew up. We shall find that it developed under two sets of influences: the first, that of the English national drama of the period before the Civil War; the second, that of French drama, romance, and criticism.

In 1660, when Charles II returned from exile, the English stage was freed from the restraints that had lain upon it since the closing of the theaters by Act of Parliament in 1642. A revival of dramatic activity followed immediately. But the lapse of eighteen years, during which few plays had been written and almost none performed in public, would in itself have prevented this drama from being a direct continuation of that of "the former age," as Dryden calls the times of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher. So many changes had been unusually rapid in these eighteen years. At the Restoration, the drama, instead of being the immediate outgrowth of the national life, as the Elizabethan drama had been, became the plaything of the Court, by whose favor it had been revived. N

only the extreme Puritans, but all sober and respectable people stayed away from the theaters, which became marked by all sorts of corruption and indecency.¹ Courtiers and their imitators, near and distant, were the chief supporters of the two playhouses of the period, that of the King's Company and that of the Duke of York's Company.²

The domination of the Court over the English drama brought with it a strong French influence. France in the time of Louis XIV was the most powerful nation in Europe, politically, socially, and intellectually. Hence the French influence would in any case have been strong in England, as it was later in Germany, Italy, and Spain, and even in Poland and Russia; like the Italian influence in the sixteenth century, it would have prevailed through its purely intellectual superiority. In England it was given immediate currency by the fact that Charles II and many of his courtiers had passed their years of exile in France, and, on returning to England, brought with them French fashions and French tastes.

In France there had developed a drama of a distinct and special type, absolutely different from the Elizabethan drama of Shakspeare and his successors. In general, it was marked by a critical, reflecting spirit; was constructed according to certain well-defined laws; and was accompanied by an important critical literature. In Elizabethan England dramatic criticism had been of comparatively little weight; it was an exotic, opposed to the popular taste, and in practice was heeded only by a few classical enthusiasts, chief among whom was Ben Jonson. In France, on the contrary, dramatic criticism imposed its laws on all poets who cared for success with an educated audience. A long succession of critics, first Italian, then French, had formulated a set of rules for the drama, chief among them the famous three unities, of time, place, and action. The first of the unities prescribed that all the events of a drama should take place within one day; the second, that the place represented on the stage should not be changed during the course of the

1. "This night was acted my Lord Broghill's tragedy, called *Mustapha*, before their Majesties at Court, at which I was present; very seldom going to the public theaters for many reasons now, as they were abused to an atheistical liberty; foul and undecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act, who inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses, and to some, their wives. Witness the Earl of Oxford, Sir R. Howard, Prince Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them [the King], who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families, and ruin of both body and soul."—*Evelyn's Diary*, Oct. 18, 1666.

2. On these companies, see A. W. Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, ed. 2, iii. 283, 284. The interest of the Court in the drama is emphasized by the number of noblemen and courtiers who wrote for the stage. The Earl of Orrery (whose earlier title was Lord Broghill; see preceding note), the Duke of Buckingham, and Sir Robert Howard are mentioned below. In addition to these there may be named Lord Falkland, the Earl of Bristol, Sir Samuel Tuke, Sir Charles Sedley, Sir Robert Stapylton, and Sir William Killigrew. The last two of these are ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*.

play;¹ the third, that in each drama there should be only one plot in order that the attention of the spectators might not be distracted by subordinate intrigues. These rules, first formulated by Italian commentators on Aristotle's *Poetics*, had, before the close of the sixteenth century, become the common property of learned men throughout Europe, and had exercised considerable influence on practical dramatists.² In France, after *la querelle du Cid* in 1636 they became the guiding principles of a great dramatic literature.

Looking back on literary history, we can see that the triumph of these dramatic unities was due far less to respect for the classical authority on which their originators professed to base them, than to a general regard for decorum, restraint, formal propriety, "good sense," in all forms of art. Other rules, having no basis whatever in classical authority, were added to them. Thus, by the rule of *la liaison des scènes*, the stage must never be left vacant during the course of an act; each character must enter before his predecessor had left the scene. The three unities inevitably checked the development of action and incident in the drama, and favored psychological analysis and satiric reflection. Hence tragedy was kept from being a mere series of awe-inspiring events, like Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, and became a study of mental struggle during the decisive moment of life. Since gallantry and patriotism were the leading passions of Frenchmen at the time, the tragic conflict was ordinarily between love and duty, or, more usually, love and honor. In comedy the rules did not entirely banish multiplicity of incident, but they at least modified the type of comic plot. Romantic comedies such as *As You Like It* or *The Winter's Tale* would have been impossible under the French rules. The nearest approach to them was a comedy of domestic intrigue, in which the ingenuity of the dramatist was taxed to compress complicated incident within the bounds set by the unities of time and place. This "comedy of intrigue" was, however, largely due to Spanish influence,³ and was by no means so typical of French classic literature as the "comedy of manners," to which Molière's masterpieces belong. Here, as in the tragedies of Racine, the action is simple and

1. The first two unities were interpreted in various ways. The ideal was to have the time of representation coincide with that of the action of the play; Corneille is willing to extend the time limit to twenty-four hours or a little over, and to regard any action confined to the limits of a single city as conforming to the unity of place. (See his *Discours sur les Trois Unités*.)

2. See Spingarn, *Literary Criticism in the Renaissance*, pp. 89-101, 206-211.

3. Hence plays of this type in Restoration England were called "Spanish plots," whether taken directly from Spanish sources, or indirectly, through the French. The best example of them is *The Adventures of Five Hours* (1662), an adaptation from Calderon by Sir Samuel Tuke. Comedies that, from their involved plot and from the surprising turns of fortune that occur in them, might well be called comedies of intrigue, have of course been common in all ages of the drama; examples in Elizabethan literature are Jonson's *Epicæne* and *The Alchemist*. But in these two the intrigue, instead of being made an end in itself, is subordinated to "humorous" studies of character.

comparatively small importance. The interest centers on a picture of the manners of society, as shown in a series of conversations. The tone is satirical; brilliancy of wit and keenness of observation replace the vein of lyric poetry which characterizes Shakspeare and Calderon. This "comedy of manners" has much in common with Ben Jonson's "comedy of humors;" but it pays more attention to social types, and less to individual eccentricities, and it deals almost exclusively with cultivated court society.

Such were the types of tragedy and comedy which the three unities helped to form. At the time, however, critics discussed the dramatic rules in a purely mechanical way, without considering their ultimate results, which indeed they failed to appreciate. They regarded the rules as laws imposed, now by the authority of Aristotle, now by a vaguely understood "reason" or "nature"; laws which were to be obeyed without hesitation, like those of the Church or of Louis XIV. Critics defended the unities of time and place because of the probability or realism that they gave to the dramatic action; a spectator, they argued, can more easily believe that he sees presented before him the events of one day in one room than that he is watching those of twenty years in several countries.

These fixed, definite types of the French drama, these established critical principles, of necessity affected the practice of Restoration dramatists in England. The courtiers, who set the fashion in literary taste, were familiar with French dramatic literature and with French criticism, and had themselves learned to discuss literary questions, not deeply, but with real interest. Many noblemen were themselves authors;¹ others prided themselves on being patrons of literature. On the other hand, the English tradition was by no means dead. The taste of the English nation remained the same, and the courtiers were, after all, Englishmen. Many men still living remembered the flourishing days of the old drama. Hence revivals of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher were frequent on the Restoration stage,² and many Elizabethan plays were made over to suit the taste of Restoration audiences.³ However strong French influence might be, the revived English drama could be no mere copy of its French contemporary.

In comedy a reconciliation of the two schools was made easier by the fact that even before the closing of the theaters the influence of court life had become prominent in the English drama, and an

1. See p. xi, note 2.

2. See Ward, *op. cit.* iii. 325. Dryden, in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (Scott-Saintsbury edition, xv. 346), tells us that Beaumont and Fletcher were far more frequently acted than Shakspeare or Ben Jonson.

3. For details, see Ward, *op. cit.* iii. 326. Dryden himself joined Davenant in rewriting *The Tempest* (1667), and unaided rewrote *Troilus and Cressida* (1679). His *All for Love* (1678) owes much more than its subject to *Antony and Cleopatra*.

independent "comedy of manners" had begun to develop. Some of Shirley's plays, for example, distinctly belong to that type.¹ And in shaping the comedy of intrigue² the direct influence of Spanish literature was of some importance.

In the Restoration period, then, we find at least four types of comedy; romantic comedy and the comedy of humors, which are directly descended from the Elizabethan drama; and the comedy of intrigue and the comedy of manners, which are to a large extent derived from French literature. To trace the rivalry of these forms, and the gradual triumph of the last of them, as best illustrated in the works of Congreve, would carry us beyond the limits of our subject. We shall be able, however, to notice some phases of the conflict in treating of Dryden's comedies.

French tragedy was not so readily assimilated by the English taste. While comedy in England had to a certain degree been approaching the French standards, tragedy had taken no such course. Some English tragedies of the classical school, such as *Gorbuduc*, which Sidney so admired, or even Jonson's *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, had been of a type somewhat like the French. But even in their own times these works had been appreciated only by persons of a trained literary taste. The general tendency was away from these stiff and dignified tragedies to plays more full of action, and marked by the expression of tumultuous passion rather than by careful analysis of restrained emotion. Hence the French tragedy, with its long speeches, its avoidance of action on the stage, its strict observance of decorum, and its analysis of high and courtly sentiment, was at first imitated by English writers only in external details. English poets might use the heroic couplet and observe the unities—and for this they found some warrant in their English predecessors—but they were at first unable, or rather did not attempt, to assimilate the spirit of French tragedy.³ They were more affected by a totally different branch of French literature, to which we must now turn our attention, the romances.

In France, early in the seventeenth century, after the close of the long civil wars, there had arisen a passion for culture and refinement, for elaborate ceremonial manners. At this time the romances of chivalry were revived in a form modified by contem-

1. See Professor Saintsbury, in his *Introduction* to his edition of Dryden's plays in the *Mermaid Series*, pp. 7, 8. But Professor Saintsbury seems to underestimate the importance of the French influence on the Restoration drama.

2. The comedy of intrigue is somewhat difficult to distinguish as a separate type, since it inevitably tends to combine either with the comedy of humors or with the comedy of manners. No pure example of it, comparable to Tuke's *Adventures of Five Hours*, can be found in Dryden. But one feels a difference between his *Marriage à la Mode*, with its emphasis on what is done, and the comedies of Congreve, with their almost exclusive interest in manners.

3. Orrery is an exception to this statement. He will be considered in detail later.

porary French ideals. Calprenède, Mlle. de Scudéry, and others delighted the world with interminable narratives modeled partly on the old stories of the knights, but more on the later pastoral romances, such as the *Astrée* (1610-27) of d'Urfé. The new romances, such as *Cassandre*, *Ibrahim*, *Le Grand Cyrus*,¹ might have their setting in ancient Greece or Persia, or in barbarian Turkey; no matter what the scene, they aimed to express, without any pretense at realism, and with an extravagance of action wholly mediæval, the ideas of the most cultivated Parisian society. Of human feelings in their heroes they practically recognized only two, love and fidelity to chivalric honor, the typical emotions of a courtly lover; and they derived much of their interest from the finespun, "precious" analysis of those two passions. Each romance ends with the union of two lovers, after a wooing lasting many years and some dozen volumes. The memory of *Le Grand Cyrus* and its fellows is now kept green mainly by the ridicule heaped upon them by Molière and Boileau. But however much the grotesque, exaggerated style of Calprenède may differ from the classic dignity and restraint of Racine, the fundamental ideas of the two authors are essentially the same.

The flourishing time of the French romances coincided with the Civil War and the Protectorate in England, and with the eclipse of the English drama. Hence they were welcomed by the English gentry, who found in these most unreal of fictions a relief from their own actual sufferings. *Polexandre*, the first of them, was translated into English in 1647, and from that time on the principal French romances all found an English dress. The Earl of Orrery, John Crowne the dramatist, and others wrote fictions of their own in imitation of the French manner.² The principal influence of these romances on English literature, however, showed itself not in the novel, but in the drama, where they were the chief cause of the development of the bombastic "heroic plays." The absurdities of plot, sentiment, and expression that pervaded the French romances, but were checked on the French stage by critical good taste, soon found their way into English tragedy, where they were at first not opposed by any similar critical spirit.

In fact, the natural development of the English drama aided the introduction of these French extravagances. As early as 1610, Beaumont and Fletcher had already begun, in plays such as *Philaster*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, and *A King and No King*, to reflect the tone of artificial court life rather than the deeper aspirations of the people;³ had replaced love by artificial gallantry,

1. The dates of some of the most important of these romances are as follows: *Polexandre*, by Gomberville, 1629; *Ibrahim*, by Mlle. de Scudéry, 1641; *Cassandre*, by Calprenède, 1642-45; *Le Grand Cyrus*, by Mlle. de Scudéry, 1648-53.

2. See Raleigh, *The English Novel*, pp. 87-109.

3. Compare what has been said on comedy, pp. xiii, xiv.

and patriotism by a pompous loyalty to the reigning sovereign. This departure from the vigorous sincerity of the Elizabethan drama became more marked in the plays of Sir William Davenant (1606-68), one of the few dramatists who wrote both before the closing of the theaters and after the Restoration. His play *Love and Honor* (1634) and *The Unfortunate Lovers* (1638), by the bombastic style of certain passages in them, and by the strained artificial tone of the sentiment pervading them, distinctly foreshadow the heroic manner.² But it is only in his *Siege of Rhodes* that we find the real beginning of the English heroic play.

Dryden in his *Essay of Heroic Plays* has given us a good account of *The Siege of Rhodes* and of his own indebtedness to it. One paragraph of this essay is especially important:

"For heroic plays,³ (in which only I have us'd it [rimed verse without the mixture of prose,]) the first light we had of them on the English theater was from the late Sir William Davenant. I being forbidden him in the rebellious times to act tragedies and comedies, . . . he was forc'd to turn his thoughts another way and to introduce the examples of moral virtue, writ in verse, and perform'd in recitative music.⁴ The original of this music, and of the scenes which adorn'd his work,⁵ he had from the Italian operas; but he heighten'd his characters, (as I may probably imagine,) from the example of Corneille and some French poets. In this condition did this part of poetry remain at his Majesty's return; when, growing bolder, as being now own'd by a public authority, he review'd his *Siege of Rhodes*, and caus'd it to be acted as a just drama.⁶ But as few men have the happiness to begin and finish any new project, so neither did he live to make his design perfect. There wanted the fulness of a plot and the variety of characters to form it as it ought; and, perhaps, something might have been added to the beauty of the style. All which he would have perform'd with more exactness, had he pleas'd to have given us another work of the same nature."⁷

1. Professor J. W. Tupper, in an article on "The Relation of the Heroic Play to the Romances of Beaumont and Fletcher" (*Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1905, vol. xx, pp. 584-621) shows that some traits of the heroic manner were already found before the closing of the theaters. He seems to exaggerate, however, the resemblance between the later and the earlier drama.

2. See an excellent article on *The Rise of the Heroic Play* by Professor C. G. Child, in *Modern Language Notes* for June, 1904, pp. 166-173.

3. The term is first used by Davenant, in his dedication to *The Siege of Rhodes* in the edition of 1663.

4. *The Siege of Rhodes* was allowed to be acted in 1656, on the pretense that it was not a drama, but a musical entertainment.

5. More elaborate scenery was used at this time than had ever before been known in England.

6. Davenant added a second part and somewhat expanded the first part. The revised play was acted in 1662 and published in 1663.

7. See pp. 7, 8.

The Siege of Rhodes is written partly in rimed verse of an irregular "Pindaric" structure,¹ partly in the heroic couplet that had again come into fashion for narrative poetry. The ludicrous plot brings into strong relief the reckless valor of Alphonso, a Sicilian duke, the magnanimity of Solyman, Sultan of Turkey, and the peerless, irresistible beauty and virtue of Ianthé, wife of Alphonso. The intrigue in the first part depends on the sudden, brainless jealousy of Alphonso; in the second part, upon the jealousy of Roxolana, wife of Solyman. There are no comic scenes, such as occur in *Love and Honor* and *The Unfortunate Lovers*. Furthermore, Davenant took "his types of character, motives of dramatic action, heroic sentiment," and suggestions for his plot, from the *Ibrahim* of Mlle. de Scudéry. Solyman and Roxolana come directly from the romance, and Alphonso is modeled on the hero Ibrahim.² This fact shows the heroic plays to be in their very origin closely connected with the French romances, on which they continued to depend in somewhat the same way that Shakspeare's Roman tragedies depended on Plutarch. The agreement of the two types in sentiment and characterization is something more than the result of similar social conditions in England and France.

The Siege of Rhodes was half-operatic in character,³ probably owing its success to the music which accompanied it, and to its spectacular effect. Paying no attention to French theatrical decorum, which would allow no violent action on the stage, not even the death of a single character, Davenant gives a representation of a general assault on the city of Rhodes.⁴ Thus he prepares the way for the scenes of tumult which crowd one after another in *The Conquest of Granada*. Though dances are not specifically mentioned in the stage-directions, they were probably introduced to heighten the general spectacular effect.⁵

Since this use of rimed verse in a serious drama proved successful, both as a novelty and as suitable to the stilted character

1. See Dryden, *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, Ss. xv. 365.

2. The discovery of this fact is due to Professor Child (*op. cit.*), from whom the phrase in quotation marks is taken.

3. It has been called the first English opera. See for example L. N. Chase, *The English Heroic Play*, New York, 1903, p. 204. The question depends upon the definition of opera. Following Dryden we have a right to regard *The Siege of Rhodes*, at least as revised in 1662, as "a just drama."

4. See *The Siege of Rhodes*, Part I, the Fifth Entry; and compare *The Rehearsal*, pp. 422, 423, ll. 142—227.

5. See Ward, *op. cit.* iii. 324, 325; and Dryden, prologue to *The Rival Ladies* (Ss. ll. 141):

You now have habits, dances, scenes, and rimes;
High language often; aye, and sense, sometimes.

and also in *The Rival Ladies*, act III, sc. 1 (Ss. ll. 178):

—Desire them
They would leave out the word, and fall to dancing.
The poetry of the foot takes most of late.

These quotations illustrate the general enthusiasm at the time for the ballet, and it is fair to conclude that *The Siege of Rhodes* helped to set the fashion.

of the emotions treated, it was soon adopted by other writers, and for plays unaccompanied by music. Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, seems to have been the first Englishman to write a regular tragedy entirely in the heroic couplet. Though not quite certain, it is at least highly probable that one or more of his dramas had been written, and had become known to the literary public, before the composition of Dryden and Howard's *Indian Queen*, which, as we shall see later, was acted in January, 1664.¹ Of one of his plays Orrery says in a private letter (date unknown):

"I have now finished a play in the French manner, because I heard the King does declare himself more in favor of their way of writing than ours. My poor example cannot please his Majesty, but my example may incite others who can. Sir William Davenant will have it acted about Easter; and, as it is wrote in a new way. he may possibly take confidence to invite the King to see it."

This quotation—which also illustrates the dependence of the Restoration drama on the taste of King and Court—shows that, however much Dryden might later defend the use of rime in the drama by an appeal to early English and to Spanish and Italian precedents, Orrery regarded his own adoption of the heroic couplet as a distinct imitation of French fashions. Furthermore, *Mustapha*, one of Orrery's plays, derives its plot and principal characters from *Ibrahim*, the same romance from which Davenant had taken *The Siege of Rhodes*.

1. The chronology of Orrery's plays is not easy to determine. Pepys in his *Diary* for August 13, 1664, speaks of *Henry V* as "the new play." *Mustapha* was probably first produced in 1665, but possibly in 1663: see the discussion by Professor Child in the article already referred to. Pepys in his *Diary* for October 19, 1667, calls *The Black Prince* "my Lord Orrery's new play," and tells how it was damned at the first representation.

Orrery's plays were published for the first time in a collected edition by Dodsley in 1739. The anonymous preface is probably by Dodsley himself. In it we find the quotation from a letter by Orrery that I have cited in the text, introduced by the following passage: "*The Black Prince* was the first play which my Lord of Orrery brought upon the stage; and, in a letter to one of his friends, he mentions it in these words." The preface proceeds to state that "*The Black Prince* was acted accordingly, and [that] it met with the approbation of the King and consequently of the Court," and that, "encouraged by the success of *The Black Prince*," Orrery later wrote *Tryphon*, *Henry V*, *Mustapha*, and *Herod the Great*. Now Pepys can hardly have been mistaken in saying that the failure of *The Black Prince* which he witnessed was at its first representation. Hence three suppositions are possible. (1) Dodsley's preface may have no authority at all, and the letter quoted in it may be a forgery. (2) *The Black Prince* may really have been the first written of Orrery's plays, and the production of it anticipated in the letter may have been delayed for several years. (3) The letter quoted by Dodsley may refer to some other play than *The Black Prince*, and Dodsley may have entirely confused the order of the plays. The first of these guesses seems the least likely and the third the most likely to be true.

Orrery's plays were apparently circulated in manuscript for some time before publication. *Henry V* is said by Mr. T. F. Henderson (in the *Dictionary of National Biography*) to have been printed in 1668, but the *British Museum Catalogue* records no edition before 1669, in which year *Mustapha*, *The Black Prince*, and *Tryphon* were also published.

Orrery's work is discussed in some detail in a study by Eduard Siegert, *Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, und seine Dramen*, Vienna, 1906 (in *Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie*).

Lord Orrery's dramas resemble *The Siege of Rhodes* and Dryden's heroic plays only in being written in rime. They are quiet, tender, and subdued in tone; and evidently attempt, like Dryden's *All for Love*, of which we shall speak later, to reproduce the essential qualities of French tragedy. When Orrery wrote that he had "finished a play in the French manner," he referred to other things beside the jingle of his couplets. In his tragedies, which are never bombastic, always dignified, and sometimes interesting, he preserves almost perfectly the French theatrical decorum; like Racine, he describes battles and scenes of horror, instead of bringing them on the stage.¹ Orrery is without influence on the subsequent development of the heroic plays, to which type his own works hardly belong. He merely helped to give currency to the use of rime in the serious drama.²

III.

We are now in a position to take up Dryden's own dramatic work, which may be conveniently divided into three periods. In the first period, from 1663 to 1670, after some dramatic experiments, Dryden found in the heroic plays a congenial type of drama, and in 1670 won his greatest popular triumph with *The Conquest of Granada*. In the second period, from 1670 to 1678, Dryden saw his favorite productions assailed with bitter ridicule in *The Rehearsal*, and his own supremacy in them shaken by the success of Elkanah Settle, an adversary whom he could not but despise. Moreover, his own taste was becoming more mature, and he was undoubtedly influenced by the study of contemporary French critics. Hence during this period he gradually purified his style of its earlier extravagance and bombast, and modified his ideas of what a tragedy should be. In 1678 he produced his masterpiece, *All for Love*, in which he imitated the style of Shakspeare, but the dramatic technique of the French tragedians. In the third period Dryden was no longer primarily a dramatist; though he produced some plays, such as *The Spanish Friar* and *Don Sebastian*, equal in literary merit to those of his earlier life, he made no progress either in style or in dramatic theory. In 1693, on the failure of *Love Triumphant*, he abandoned the stage in disgust. These three periods we shall now consider in detail.

I. At the time of the Restoration, in 1660, John Dryden was already twenty-nine years old, but had as yet written nothing of

1. Some deaths occur on the stage, but all, so to speak, very quiet and orderly. In *Mustapha*, for example, the hero kills two of the mutes sent to execute him, a mere whisper in comparison to the clamorous uproar of *The Conquest of Granada*.

2. I agree entirely with Professor Child, in opposition to Holzhausen in *Englische Studien*, xiii. 416, 423.

permanent value. He had settled in London in 1657 and had begun to eke out his scanty income by occasional poems and by hack work for the bookseller Herringman. For the drama he probably felt no great inclination and no peculiar fitness;¹ but he soon turned to it, and first of all to comedy, as the branch of literature which offered a young author the easiest means of livelihood. His first play, *The Wild Gallant*, acted early in 1663, failed on the stage, and was revised before it was printed in 1669. Though *The Wild Gallant* has small literary merit, it gives us a clear idea of Dryden's methods when he began his dramatic career. In this comedy, which is written in prose, he attempted to combine a complicated "Spanish plot," borrowed from some unknown author, possibly French, with scenes imitated from Jonson's comedy of humors, and wit combats suggested by Fletcher. The action occupies only two days, and the scene does not depart from London, so that the unities of time and place are fairly well observed. In the prologue Dryden boasts:

This play is English, and the growth your own;
As such, it yields to English plays alone.

Thus in his first drama Dryden was a follower of the English tradition. Lacking originality, he tried to unite, in a plot of a fashionable type, the characteristic methods of Jonson and of Fletcher. Even in observing the unities, he was probably guided by the example of Jonson quite as much as by that of the French dramatists.

Dryden's second play, *The Rival Ladies*, acted late in 1663 or early in 1664, and printed in the latter year, is likewise a comedy of involved Spanish plot, but is written in verse, and, in contrast to the vulgar realism of its predecessor, is filled with a romantic, poetic spirit. Furthermore, some scenes of it are written in the "new way"² of the heroic couplet. About the same time Dryden joined his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, in the composition of *The Indian Queen*, a tragedy written entirely in this same "new way."³ That Dryden and Howard were affected by the example of the Earl of Orrery is shown by the fact that on the publication of

1. See the passage quoted below from the dedication of *Aureng-Zebe*, p. xli, note 1, and also *Defense of an Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, Ss. ii. 297, 298. (Dryden is cited by the *Scott-Saintsbury* edition, but the spelling of quotations conforms to the standards adopted in this volume, and where possible the text even of short quotations has been corrected by the original editions.)

2. See dedication of *The Rival Ladies*, Ss. ii. 134.

3. It is impossible to say which of these plays appeared first; Dryden may have been engaged on them both at the same time. Pepys in his *Diary* for January 27, 1664, mentions "the new play, *The Indian Queen*, which for show, they say, exceeds *Henry the Eighth*." (Compare note on *The Rehearsal*, p. 418, l. 4.) As to the date of the other play Malone says: "*The Rival Ladies* probably was exhibited in the winter of 1663, being entered on the Stationers' Books, June 5, 1664; and it not being customary at that time to commit plays to the press till they had run their course on the stage." (*Prose Works of John Dryden*, I. 1 57.)

The Rival Ladies in 1664 Dryden wrote a *Dedication* to that nobleman, in which he defends rime in the drama by the same arguments that he afterwards elaborated in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.¹ Then, encouraged by the success of *The Indian Queen*, Dryden, unaided by Howard, wrote a sequel to it, *The Indian Emperor*, acted in 1665.

The Indian Queen and *The Indian Emperor* continue the succession of heroic plays begun by *The Siege of Rhodes*. They have essentially the same characteristics as the later *Conquest of Granada*, of which an analysis follows below. Briefly, they retain the brisk, bustling action, exaggerated sentiment, and disregard of stage decorum of *The Siege of Rhodes*, but add "fullness of plot," "variety of characters," "beauty of style," and supernatural machinery, all imitated from fashionable epic poetry. As Dryden himself tells us, he wrote under the inspiration of Ariosto and Tasso, whom he admired more than he did Calprenède. Thus the heroic plays, once started on their course, grew up under the influence of purer models than the French romances. The form of their verse, the necessity, in a drama, for compression of plot, and the bent of Dryden's own genius, all tended to separate them in style from their prose sources, and to bring them nearer the Italian epic poems. Finally, *The Indian Queen* and *The Indian Emperor* were show plays, made attractive by scenery, costumes, dances, and songs.² The latter play definitely established Dryden's reputation as a leader among the English dramatists of his time.

In 1665 the Great Plague invaded London, and the theaters were closed until the last months of 1666.³ During his enforced retirement to the country, Dryden wrote his first long prose work, *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*,⁴ which remains his most important

1. Other Restoration dramatists had already made some use of the heroic couplet; for example, Sir Samuel Tuke in some scenes of his *Adventures of Five Hours*, acted in 1662. Saintsbury in his introduction to the *Mermaid* Dryden points out that rime is also found occasionally in some plays of dramatists who wrote just before the closing of the theaters, for example in *The Virgin Widow* of Quarles. (Quarles died in 1644; his play was not printed till 1649.) He cites also the plays of Goffe, to which I am unable to refer. But Dryden, in his many arguments on the question of rime in the drama, never cites these obscure predecessors; nor, except for the possible parody of *The Virgin Widow* in *The Rehearsal*, have I found references to them in other Restoration dramatists. I see no reason to doubt that the French influence was the chief cause of the adoption of rime in the heroic plays. Perhaps the frequent use of the couplet for narrative heroic poetry, as in Cowley's *Davidis*, helped to establish it, in the heroic drama.

2. See Pepys on *The Indian Queen*, quoted on p. xx, n. 3.

3. Downes says that the theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields was closed in May, 1665. (*Roscius Anglicanus*, ed. Knight, 1886, p. 26.) The Theater Royal must have been closed at about the same time. On November 20, 1666, Pepys writes:

"Then to church, it being thanksgiving-day for the cessation of the plague; but, Lord! how the town do say that it is hastened before the plague is quite over, there dying some people still, but only to get ground for plays to be publicly acted, which the Bishops would not suffer till the plague was over."

4. First printed in 1668.

contribution to dramatic criticism. In it he attempts a survey of the theater of the ancients (Greeks and Romans), the French, and the English, with special reference to contemporary conditions. From its clear, simple, yet elegant style, and its fine critical appreciations, particularly of Shakspeare and Jonson, this treatise is of prime importance in the history of English prose and of English criticism, and has received due attention from recent scholars. Less heed has been paid to the fact that, like Dryden's other critical works, the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* is an occasional production, designed to justify its author's dramatic methods, and, above all, his heroic plays. It contains three main lines of argument:—

(1) Dryden himself tells us in his note *To the Reader*: "The drift of the ensuing discourse was chiefly to vindicate the honor of our English writers from the censure of those who unjustly prefer the French before them." This he accomplishes by masterly criticisms of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher. In general, he dismisses the ancient theater as deserving only a sentimental respect, and pronounces the English drama of his own day equal or superior to the French, and inferior only to the English "of the former age."¹

(2) In a less emphatic manner, Dryden defends the principles of the French drama, as expounded in the *Trois Discours*² of Corneille, though he has scant respect for French practice. Like Corneille, from whom he borrows many of his arguments, he emphasizes, not the general spirit of this drama, but the "integrity of scenes" and the minor unities of time and place. These rules poets should observe as closely as is possible without bringing on themselves "that dearth of plot, and narrowness of imagination, which may be observed in all their [French] plays."³ Jonson in *The Silent Woman* has made a perfect comedy by combining fullness of plot and variety of characters with an exact observance of the dramatic rules.

In one important respect, however, Dryden takes without reserve the side of the Elizabethan dramatists. He will not admit that "compassion and mirth in the same subject destroy each other," and concludes, "to the honor of our nation, that we have invented, increas'd, and perfected a more pleasant way of writing for the stage than was ever known to the ancients or moderns of any nation, which is tragi-comedy."⁴

1. Ss. xv. 354.

2. *Sur le Poème Dramatique, Sur la Tragédie, Sur les Trois Unités* (1660).

3. Ss. xv. 339.

4. Ss. xv. 382. By tragi-comedy, as the context makes plain, Dryden understands plays in which comic scenes are inserted in a tragic action; such, for example, as *Hamlet* and other tragedies of Shakspeare. He seems never to use the word in the sense defined by Fletcher in his preface to *The Faithful Shep-*

In regard to the decorum of the stage, Dryden occupies a safe middle ground. He condemns scenes of death on the stage, but says finally: "If we are to be blam'd for showing too much of the action, the French are as faulty for discovering too little of it; a mean betwixt both should be observ'd by every judicious writer, so as the audience may neither be left unsatisfied by not seeing what is beautiful, or shock'd by beholding what is either incredible or undecent."¹

(3) Dryden's plea for tragi-comedy and his protest against French decorum are really a defense of his own dramatic methods. A long argument in support of rime in the drama, more detailed than its predecessor in the dedication of *The Rival Ladies*, applies directly to the heroic plays. The following synopsis does great injustice to Dryden's urbanity.

(a) The usage of the English stage is, to be sure, in favor of blank verse. But the English fathers of the drama have won such distinction in it that their successors, to rival them, must choose some new way of writing. Rime has shown its practical value by the success of *The Siege of Rhodes*, *Mustapha*, *The Indian Queen*, and *The Indian Emperor*.

(b) Some critics argue that since dialogue in a play is represented as the result of sudden thought, rime is unnatural in it: that this artificiality is especially marked in speaking of common things, as in bidding a servant shut a door; or in scenes of repartee, where the couplet is divided between two persons. But all these arguments apply only against unskilful rimers, not against rime itself. A skilful poet can make rimed verse appear as natural as blank verse; he can use grand language even for commonplace ideas. Finally, the beauty that rime adds to scenes of repartee compensates for any increase in artificiality.² Rime is admittedly improper for comedy, which is the imitation of common persons and ordinary speaking. A serious play, however, "is indeed the representation of nature, but 'tis nature wrought up to a higher pitch. The plot, the characters, the wit, the passions, the descriptions, are all exalted above the level of common converse, as high as the

herdess: "A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned." Corneille's *Cinna*, with which Dryden must have been familiar, would conform to Fletcher's definition.

1. Ss. xv. 338. Dryden's practice in *The Indian Emperor* does not wholly accord with these principles. Deaths on the stage are frequent, and the torturing of Montezuma (act v, sc. 2) is certainly "undecent." One scene (act ii, sc. 4) represents a series of combats in the course of a battle.

2. In the dedication of *The Rival Ladies* Dryden had written: "In the quickness of repartees . . . it [rime] has so particular a grace, and is so aptly suited to them, that the sudden smartness of the answer, and the sweetness of the rime, set off the beauty of each other" (Ss. ii. 137).

imagination of the poet can carry them, with proportion to verisimilitude. Tragedy, we know, is wont to image to us the minds and fortunes of noble persons, and to portray these exactly; heroic rime is nearest nature,¹ as being the noblest kind of modern verse."²

(c) Finally, rime is valuable as a check on "a wild overflowing fancy"³ in a poet; it makes him pause over his work and exercise his judgment to the best advantage. This argument shows how the rationalistic spirit of the time exercised its sway even over the fantastic heroic plays. It indicates that Dryden will one day lay aside his bombastic style and strive for an ideal of chastened elegance.

In conclusion, we may say that Dryden, unlike Corneille and Jonson, to whom he owes so many of his arguments, advocates freedom in dramatic development instead of submission to authority; the Elizabethans without the law are justified by their works; general progress in the drama, beyond anything yet accomplished by French or English authors, is at least not impossible.

The plays of Dryden that come between *The Indian Emperor* and *The Conquest of Granada* may be dismissed in a few words. *Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen* (acted in March, 1667), is a tragi-comedy of the same type as *Marriage à la Mode*. The serious or "heroic" part of the play is based on an episode in *Le Grand Cyrus* of Mlle. de Scudéry.⁴ Dryden probably had this play in preparation when he wrote his defense of English tragi-comedy in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. *Sir Martin Mar-All* (acted in August, 1667) is an adaptation, only partly by Dryden, of Molière's *L'Étourdi*. *The Tempest* (acted in November, 1667) is a wretched adaptation from Shakspeare by Dryden and Davenant. *An Evening's Love* (acted in June, 1668) is a comedy based on *Le Feint Astrologue* of Thomas Corneille. *Tyrannic Love* (acted in the spring of 1669) is a heroic play; the ranting of Maximin, tyrant of Rome, rivals that of his greater successor, Almanzor.

The Conquest of Granada, a long play in two parts and ten acts, was put on the stage early in 1670, and by its brilliant success established Dryden's reputation as the foremost English dramatist of his day. Since it is the most perfect example of the heroic drama, it demands our careful attention.

The plot of *The Conquest of Granada* is composed of three

1. On the peculiar meanings of "nature" in Dryden and his contemporaries, see W. P. Ker, *Essays of John Dryden*, vol. 1, pp. xxiv-xxvi. Here "nature" seems to be "the principles of sound reason in poetry."

2. Ss. xv. 369.

3. Ss. xv. 375.

4. The story of Philocles in part ix, book 3. See A. Tüchert, *John Dryden als Dramatiker in seinen Beziehungen zu Madeleine de Scudéry's Romandichtung*, Zweibrücken, 1885.

parts, skilfully interwoven: first, the story of Almanzor, Almahide, Boabdelin, and Abdalla; second, that of Abdalla, Abdelmelech, and Lyndaraxa; third, that of Osmyn, Benzayda, Abenamar, and Selin. The first of these stories is drawn mainly from the *Almahide* (1660) of Mlle. de Scudéry, but owes some of its incidents to a Spanish historical romance by Ginés Perez de Hita, the *Guerras Civiles de Granada* (1595-1604), which Dryden probably read in a French translation.¹ The second story is from *Le Grand Cyrus* (part ix, book 1); and the third is from *Ibrahim* (part i, book 1, and part iv, book 4). Furthermore, Dryden himself states that he has modeled Almanzor upon the Achilles of Homer, the Rinaldo of Tasso, and upon Artaban, the hero of the *Cléopâtre* (1647) of La Calprenède. Names, incidents, characterization, and sentiment, however freely manipulated by Dryden, all bear marks of their French origin.² But the swift development of the play, and its loud, tumultuous dialogue, remind us rather of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* than of a leisurely court romance. Dryden compressed a complicated action into limits prescribed by the length of a ten-act play, and adapted his work to the tastes of an audience that wanted to see something done on the stage, rather than to listen to long speeches filled with delicate psychological analysis.

The contrast between *The Conquest of Granada* and a French classical tragedy is still more marked. Dryden shows, to be sure, some respect for the French rules. The time of action of each part of *The Conquest of Granada* is within one day, and the two parts are separated from each other by only one night. But these two days are more full of stirring incidents than a month of ordinary warfare.³ The place of action, again, never departs from the immediate vicinity of Granada. The minor intrigues are subordinate to the main plot, and assist its progress, so that in a broad sense unity of action is preserved. "Integrity of scenes," though not strictly observed, is not lost from sight.⁴ But the *spirit* of Dryden's hurried, complicated action, with its frequent reversals of fortune, its drums and trumpets, its battles

1. See Tüchert, *op. cit.* There is no evidence that Dryden could read Spanish. To be sure, Spence says, in his *Anecdotes*, that Bolingbroke told him that Dryden asserted that he "got more from the Spanish critics alone, than from the Italian and French, and all other critics put together." In reality Dryden never even implies that he could read Spanish, never quotes a line of the language, never gives evidence of having read any Spanish book not accessible in an English or French translation. His only reference to a Spanish critic is an allusion, taken from Rapin, to the *Arte Nueva* of Lope de Vega. See Dryden, *A Parallel of Poetry and Painting* (Ss. xvii. 316), and Rapin, *Réflexions sur la Poétique* (*Oeuvres*, Amsterdam, 1709-10, vol. II, pp. 93, 94.)

2. Tüchert, *op. cit.*

3. Dryden, following Corneille's principle, gives few indications of the time of action, so that this absurdity is not forced on the reader's attention.

4. To be exact, acts 1, 2 and 3 of Part I are "unbroken," that is, the *liaison des scènes* is exactly observed in them; act 4 of Part I and act 1 of Part II are broken once; act 5 of Part I and acts 2, 3 and 4 of Part II are broken twice; and act 5 of Part II is broken three times.

and shoutings, is that of an early Elizabethan play, a chronicle history or a tragedy of blood; and is essentially opposite to that of a French classical tragedy, in which events, as such, count for little, and the interest centers on the orderly development of a psychological crisis.

In style *The Conquest of Granada* marks the culmination of Dryden's second poetic period, which is characterized by fluency and bombast, just as his early works, notably his youthful elegy on Lord Hastings, had been disfigured by "metaphysical" conceits of the school of Cowley. The following vaunt of Almanzor to his beloved Almahide is a fair specimen of the tone of the play:

Born, as I am, still to command, not sue,
Yet you shall see that I can beg for you;
And if your father will require a crown,
Let him but name the kingdom, 'tis his own.
I am, but while I please, a private man;
I have that soul which empires first began.
From the dull crowd which every king does lead
I will pick out whom I will choose to head:
The best and bravest souls I can select,
And on their conquer'd necks my throne erect.¹

More specifically, the play shows the love of argument in verse, and the genius for it, which reached their highest point in *Religio Laici* and *The Hind and the Panther*. Two years before, Dryden had written, "I am of opinion that they cannot be good poets, who are not accustom'd to argue well;"² and in this play he shows himself a poet after his own heart. Witness the discussion between Osmyn and Benzayda in Part 2, act III, scene ii; or, still better, that between Almanzor and Lyndaraxa in the following scene. In particular, Almanzor's couplet:

By reason man a godhead may discern,
But how he would be worship'd cannot learn,³

might be spoken by the "milk-white hind" herself. Though *The Conquest of Granada* gives small scope for the powers of satire of which Mr. Bayes boasts,⁴ certain lines show the same talent for epigrammatic expression that later triumphed in *Absalom and Achitophel*. Thus:

A blush remains in a forgiven face:
It wears the silent tokens of disgrace.
Forgiveness to the injur'd does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.⁵

1. Part 1; IV. ll. 471-480 (p. 57).

2. *Defense of an Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (Ss. ll. 303); cf. *The Rehearsal*, p. 400, ll. 1-18; p. 416, ll. 15-17.

3. Part 2; IV. iii. 129, 130 (p. 115).

4. But see Part 2; I. ll. 35-40 (p. 77), and note; cf. p. 426, l. 345.

5. Part 2; I. ll. 3-6 (p. 76).

Finally, this play contains, amid much that offends our modern taste, many passages of true poetry, such as the song inserted in the third act of Part 1, the farewell address of Almanzor to Lyndaraxa at the close of the third act of Part 2, and Almanzor's soliloquy at the opening of the fifth act of the same part.¹

Since Dryden owed his greatest popularity as a dramatist to the heroic plays, and specially to *The Conquest of Granada*, it is necessary to consider carefully the characteristics of this literary type as developed by him. In the first place, though the heroic plays are the most important serious dramas of the years immediately following the Restoration, they are not tragedies in any true sense of the term. Indeed Dryden does not often style them such in his critical essays, and the name is by no means universal on the title-pages of early editions.² Dryden's dictum, "that an heroic play ought to be an imitation, in little, of an heroic poem; and, consequently, that love and valor ought to be the subject of it,"³ indicates the distinguishing feature of these plays; they are really narrative poems, of the artificial epic sort, cast in the form of dialogue. No true dramatic conflict is to be found in them. The plot has no organic relation with the characters; its development is only a series of accidental happenings. Granting that Dryden in *The Conquest of Granada* enlists our sympathy, he arouses only admiration and wonder, not the true tragic passions of pity and fear.⁴ Though deaths are frequent in the heroic plays, the outcome, at least as regards the principal characters, is always a happy one: the murders committed are only a more vigorous punishment of vice than that usual in comedy.⁵ Virtue is rewarded and lovers are united in triumphant marriage. In a word, the heroic plays are melodramas with a happy ending.

Love and valor are, as Dryden says, the controlling motives in the heroic plays. Love is a sudden passion, which flashes up in a moment, as in Almanzor at the first sight of Almahide, or in Ben-zayda at the spectacle of Osmyn's peril, and burns with a fierce flame, hardly or not at all to be controlled. In man it is inspired only by the beauty of woman; in woman, only by the valor of man.⁶

1. See Saintsbury's note (Ss. iv. 66), and his comments in his introduction to the play (Ss. iv. 7, 8, 10).

2. It does not occur, for example, on the title-pages of *The Conquest of Granada* or *The Indian Emperor*; or on those of Crowne's *Destruction of Jerusalem*, or his *History of Charles the Eighth of France*.

3. *Essay of Heroic Plays*, p. 8, ll. 33-35.

4. When in *A Defense of an Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (Ss. ll. 302) Dryden tells us that admiration is the delight of tragedy, as satire is of comedy, he is probably thinking of his own heroic plays.

5. St. Catherine, the heroine of *Tyrannic Love*, to be sure, is put to death by the tyrant Maximin, but she has such obvious "influence," in a personal way, with the heavenly powers, that further stay on earth would be tiresome for her.

6. For an insignificant exception see the account of Alibech in the first lines of footnote on p. xxix.

No hero ever praises the character of his beloved, not even her maidenly modesty; no heroine is moved by the wisdom or moral dignity of her lover. Abdelmelech remains devoted to Lyndaraxa long after he is convinced of her faithlessness and selfishness, and frees himself from her only when her villainy has become so apparent as to be almost ludicrous. Every warrior, whether villain or hero, is brave; cowardice would be a comic trait, alien to the exalted spirit of the heroic plays. Aside from love, honor, which may be defined as an exaggerated fidelity to duty, whether to family, country, or one's own word, is the only passion that has power over Dryden's heroes and heroines. Yet there is no real conflict between love and honor, as in the French tragedies. Dryden's heroes always manage to remain faithful to both. Almanzor, who, as a hero without country or family, is bound only by faithfulness to his own nature, will not stoop to meanness or deceit in pursuit of his love; he triumphs because of his valor—and because of the revelation of the secret of his birth. Osmyn, who strictly observes his duty to his country and to his cruel father, still manages to reconcile the dictates of honor with those of love. Abdelmelech, one of the few exceptions to this rule, dies through devotion to his country, rather than to a faithless mistress. In general, the plots of Dryden's plays are so contrived that honor imposes no fatal check on the progress of a worthy passion.¹

Fantastic as are the notions of love and honor in the heroic plays, these emotions are yet real working principles in the lives of the characters. A hero, like Osmyn or Abdelmelech, is ruled by fidelity to home and country, which coöperates with love for a good woman, or overcomes that for a bad one, as the case may be. A villain, like Abdalla, strives only for his personal ends, which he will advance by any sort of perfidy. Lyndaraxa, the type of a bad woman, makes even love the tool of her ambition. The heroine Benzayda, like her lover Osmyn, refuses to let love extinguish all other natural feelings. Almahide will not retract a vow made under constraint, before she has seen Almanzor.²

1. This of course is necessitated by the fact that the heroic plays always have a happy ending.

2. Professor L. N. Chase, in his volume on *The English Heroic Play* (New York, 1903) denies that "the element of honor" was "either of great extent or of vital nature" in the heroic plays (p. 122). As a proof he cites a speech of the villain Zulema in *The Conquest of Granada*. (See p. 30, ll. 208-211.) One might as well say that Falstaff's famous soliloquy proves that Shakspeare had no conception of honor! Similar lines, which Professor Chase quotes from *The Indian Queen*, are spoken by the wicked queen Zempoalla. (See Ss. ll. 250.) An exclamation of Cortez in *The Indian Emperor* is of more account:

Honor, be gone! what art thou but a breath?

I'll live, proud of my infamy and shame.

Grac'd with no triumph but a lover's name.

(Ss. ll. 348.)

Yet this is uttered in a burst of passion, and is not borne out by the subsequent conduct of Cortez.

Yet this parade of heroic virtue, these panegyrics of love and honor, are not altogether convincing. The flippant prologue and epilogue to Part 1 and the prologue to Part 2 of *The Conquest of Granada* show the low moral tone that is characteristic of Restoration comedy. Hints of the same indecent ribaldry appear beneath the polished rhetoric of the play itself. Almanzor is meant to have the sympathy of the audience when, in reply to Boabdelin's lament at Almahide's supposed infidelity, he exclaims:

Your love and honor! Mine are ruin'd worse:
Furies and hell! What right have you to curse?
Dull husband as you are,
What can your love, or what your honor be?
I am her lover, and she's false to me.¹

Wedded love, indeed, finds neither respect nor sympathy in the heroic plays. Boabdelin's diatribes against marriage reflect the prevailing view.² Boabdelin himself is made quite as ludicrous, though not in exactly the same way, as Don Gomez in *The Spanish Friar* or Sir Paul Plyant in Congreve's *Double-Dealer*.

Evidently these heroic plays will furnish no such variety of characters as are found in Shakspeare or even in Beaumont and Fletcher. The field of observation has been restricted and the motives underlying dramatic action have been simplified and conventionalized. Yet the chief figures in *The Conquest of Granada* are all well distinguished; and, once we have become accustomed to the atmosphere of the play, we can follow their fortunes with interest. In Selin and Abenamar Dryden even attempts to show development

Professor Chase further notes that Alibech in *The Indian Emperor* (Ss. ll. 377) rejects Guyomar because he prefers to obey honor rather than her commands. But she has been urging him to disregard the strict laws of honor for the sake of what she thinks is the good of their country. Furthermore, she a moment later repents her hastiness and loves Guyomar the better for his disobedience:

My inward choice was Guyomar before,
But now his virtue has confirm'd me more.

(Ss. ll. 379.)

Professor Chase even overstates (p. 124) Dryden's opposition to honor as a code of laws for the conduct of gentlemen. He quotes Dryden as saying: "You see how little . . . great authors . . . esteem the point of honor, so much magnified by the French, and so ridiculously ap'd by us" (*An Essay of Heroic Plays*, p. 12). But Dryden writes "these great authors," referring to Homer, Horace, and Tasso. He is defending the impetuous insolence of Almanzor to his superiors in social rank by the examples of Achilles and Rinaldo. He continues: "They [Homer and Tasso] made their heroes men of honor: but so as not to divest them quite of human passions and frailties." Another speech which Professor Chase quotes in support of his position is by the devil's advocate Dianet, in *Aureng-Zebe*, arguing against the virtuous hero. (See Ss. ll. 237.) Professor Chase is quite correct in saying that "that fine essence of gentlemanhood by which the popular conception of chivalry is hallowed" is not found in the heroic plays: but a certain idea of honor does appear in them, and one not wholly to be despised. Compare, for example, p. 116, ll. 191-195.

1. Part 2: IV. iii. 365-369 (p. 120).

2. See pp. 79, 93. I am here indebted to Holzhausen in *Englische Studien*, xvi, pp. 210-213, Holzhausen's three articles on "Dryden's Heroisches Drama" (*Englische Studien*, xiii. 414-445; xv. 13-52; xvi. 201-229) give an exhaustive and an interesting treatment of the subject. Exception may be taken, however, to some of his statements. Compare p. xix. n. 2; p. xxxiv, n. 3.

of character. Nevertheless, as we shall see more clearly later, Dryden's fundamental weakness as a dramatist lies in his inability to create really living human beings.

The heroic plays, the chief works of Dryden's early life, require for their appreciation to-day, in a greater degree than Malory on the one hand or Congreve on the other, an abnegation of our ordinary modes of thought. To enjoy the *Morte d'Arthur*, we cast off the shackles of our grown-up common sense, and fancy ourselves once more among knights and fairies, magic swords and enchanted castles. To relish *The Way of the World*, we must give over looking for the expression of simple emotion, and imagine ourselves members of a perverted society, in which inventiveness supplants imagination and gallantry takes the place of love. The heroic plays require us to make both concessions at once. The case is somewhat similar with Dryden's version of *The Knight's Tale* or Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, both of which apply an artificial style—the phrase is unfortunate, but has become consecrated by usage—to a subject marked by fresh, natural vigor and grace. The heroic plays, however, go many steps further than the freest of stilted translations. They treat ideas descended from old chivalry in a diction permeated with the spirit of elaborate ceremonial manners.

When *The Conquest of Granada* was printed, in 1672, Dryden published with it two important critical essays, *An Essay of Heroic Plays* and *An Essay on the Dramatic Poetry of the Last Age* (*Defense of the Epilogue*). The first of these has already furnished much material for this study. At present it needs only to be said that, instead of "trimming," as in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, Dryden here boldly defends the introduction of scenes of tumult on the stage. And instead of giving a long argument for the use of rime in the drama, he dismisses the subject in a few words, laying stress on the practical success of the heroic couplet and the exaltation of tone gained by it. Later he abandoned the position that he here takes so triumphantly.

At the present time we can see better than Dryden himself the true meaning of this long controversy. The esthetic sense of the English people has established blank verse as the proper medium for English tragedy; it elevates the style without making it seem artificial. But the heroic plays are not normal English tragedies; in plot, character-drawing, and sentiment they are more conventional than ordinary tragedy, and so require for their expression a more artificial form of verse. They are analogous to the tragic scene acted by the players in *Hamlet*, which is put into couplet form, that it may be distinguished by its artificial manner from the main body of the play. Dryden was correct in regarding the heroic

couplet as the appropriate verse for his heroic plays; he was equally well-advised in discarding it when he ceased to write them.

The success of *The Conquest of Granada* had turned Dryden's head. In the epilogue to the second part of the play he had vaunted the progress in dramatic art and poetic style made by himself and his fellow-dramatists over Jonson and the other Elizabethans. The *Defense of the Epilogue* is an attempt to justify this proud self-assertion. Dryden's attitude has entirely changed since he wrote *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. There he had laid stress on the greatness of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Jonson; here, while admitting their merits, he devotes himself to picking flaws in their work. All his judgments are those of a poet who finds his ideal in the artificial "refinement" of the English court of 1670. Dryden's pride was now at its height. It was soon to have a fall.

> II. Because of their frequent exaggerations and absurdities, the heroic plays were peculiarly exposed to satire and parody. The attack came in the stinging farce of *The Rehearsal*. The occasion of this piece is known only from a bookseller's *Key*, published in 1704, some forty years after the event.¹ According to this *Key*, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favorite of Charles II, was keenly impressed by the ludicrous side of the heroic plays on their very first appearance; and, apparently in 1663, headed a body of mockers at the performance of *The United Kingdoms*, by Colonel Henry Howard, brother of the Sir Robert Howard with whom Dryden wrote *The Indian Queen*. A tumult followed, and Buckingham barely escaped chastisement. In revenge, he wrote *The Rehearsal*, of which, in the first draft, he apparently made Davenant the hero.² According to a contemporary satirist, he was

1. By S. Briscoe. For my information in regard to *The Rehearsal* I am indebted almost entirely to the illustrative material collected by Professor Arber for his excellent edition in the *English Reprints*.

2. Malone in his *Life of Dryden* writes as follows:

"In the *Key* to this piece . . . we are told that it was written, and ready for representation, before the middle of the year 1665, and that Sir Robert Howard, under the name of *Bilboa*, was then intended to have been the hero of the farce. That some interlude of this kind might have been thus early intended, is not at all improbable; but assuredly the original hero was not Howard, but D'Avenant; not only on account of the name of *Bilboa*, which alludes to his military character, (for he was Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance under the Duke of Newcastle, in the Civil Wars,) but from the circumstance of the patch that in the course of the drama he is obliged to wear on his nose: which can relate to none but D'Avenant. Besides, he was a much more distinguished character, not only as Poet Laureate, but as superintendent of the Duke of York's Company of Comedians, and the introducer of heroic plays on the English stage. The allusions to Sir Robert Howard's tragedies are so few and inconsiderable, that he never could have been the author's principal object" (*Prose Works of John Dryden*, I. i. 97, 98). These arguments have been generally, and with good reason, accepted as sufficient to prove that Davenant was the principal object of attack in the first draft of *The Rehearsal*, though traits of Sir Robert Howard and other dramatists may have been worked into the portrait of *Bilboa*. But Emil Döhler, in a dissertation entitled *Der Angriff George Villiers's, Herzogs von Buckingham, auf die Heroischen Dramen und Dichter Englands im XVII. Jahrhundert* (Halle, 1887; printed also in *Anglia*, x. 38-75), advances the theory that the original hero of *The Rehearsal* was Col. Henry

assisted in writing his play by his chaplain, Thomas Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and by Martin Clifford, afterwards Master of the Charter-House.¹ *The Rehearsal* was ready for acting in 1665, when its performance was prevented by the Great Plague. It was then laid by for several years, and was finally produced, in a much modified form, in 1671.² Dryden was at that time the most prominent writer of heroic plays, and so, under the name of Bayes, received the post of hero made vacant by the death of Davenant in 1668. Certain traits of Davenant were retained, however, in the remodeled form of *The Rehearsal*, which was published in 1672.³ Buckingham himself took pains to train Lacy, the actor who took the part of Bayes.⁴

To-day the wit of *The Rehearsal* seems so unanswerable that we inevitably overestimate its effect in Dryden's time. Clever as the farce was, it could not, and did not, overthrow an established reputation. Just as we ourselves can enjoy Calverley's parodies of Browning without one whit abating our admiration of their original, so "gentlemen of wit and sense" in the seventeenth century could laugh at Drawcansir and applaud Almanzor.

Dryden was wise enough not to attempt an immediate reply to

Howard, the author of *The United Kingdoms*. (See note to *The Rehearsal*, p. 411, l. 5.) He thinks that Buckingham, out of personal spite, would be sure to make this author the principal object of his satire. He further notes that, according to the *Key*, the funeral scene in *The Rehearsal*, and the two Kings of Brentford, are parodies of *The United Kingdoms*. Finally, he conjectures that the *Key* may have identified Bilboa with Sir Robert Howard through a confusion with his brother, Col. Henry Howard. These arguments against Malone seem to me of no weight whatever.

Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*, Scott (ss. i. 115), and A. H. Bullen (in *Dictionary of National Biography*) attribute *The United Kingdoms* not to Col. Henry Howard, who is otherwise unknown as a dramatist, but to a third brother, the Hon. Edward Howard, who is known as the author of a few inferior plays, and who is also mentioned in the *Key* as an object of Buckingham's satire. (See notes to *The Rehearsal*, p. 390, ll. 61, 62 and p. 404, l. 53. Bullen calls the play *The United Kingdom*.) I can find no contemporary warrant for this statement. Buckingham must have had a grudge against the whole Howard family, for he attacks still a fourth brother, the Hon. James Howard (see note to *The Rehearsal*, p. 408, l. 146).

1. See a lampoon *On the Duke of Bucks*, wrongly ascribed to Dryden, in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1703, vol. ii, pp. 216-218 (quoted by Malone, l. i. 95-97). The preface to the edition of Waller's poems published in 1711 adds Waller and Cowley to the list of collaborators, and Wood (*Athenæ Oxonienses*, 1721, vol. ii, col. 804) adds Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*. Whether Butler was a contributor to *The Rehearsal* or not, he gives a clever parody of the heroic manner of Dryden and other dramatists in his poem, *Repartees between Cat and Puss at a Caterwauling*.

2. The long time spent on *The Rehearsal* is ridiculed in the lampoon just referred to. See also the last quotation in note 3, on p. xxxlii.

3. The second edition of *The Rehearsal* has not been accessible to me. The third edition (1675) contains, as the title-page states, "amendments and large additions by the author." These have been duly recorded in the notes to the present volume: they cast new ridicule on Dryden and his writings. A collation of the sixth edition (1692) shows that it agrees with the third, from which it varies only in spelling, punctuation, and some insignificant details due to the printer rather than to the author. This revised text is printed, with similar unessential variations, in the collected edition of Buckingham's works, 1775.

4. We know from Downes that Lacy created the part of Bayes. The story of Buckingham's training him is given on the authority of Dr. Lockier, Dean of Peterborough, in Spence's *Anecdotes*.

Buckingham's attack on him. More than twenty years later he says: "I answer'd not *The Rehearsal*, because I knew the author sate to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce."¹ In the critical essays published with *The Conquest of Granada* in 1672 Dryden certainly makes no allusion to the attack on him. He even seems determined, as we shall see from the following passage, to show generosity by returning good for evil. "Fletcher's Don John is our [modern dramatists'] only bugbear; and yet I may affirm, without suspicion of flattery, that he now speaks better, and that his character is maintain'd with much more vigor in the fourth and fifth acts than it was by Fletcher in the three former."² This is a direct compliment to Buckingham's alteration of Fletcher's *The Chances*. Nine years later, in 1681, when Buckingham had long been out of favor with the Court, Dryden laid aside his air of magnanimity, and, by the portrait of Zimri in *Absalom and Achitophel*, repaid old scores with interest.³

One definite effect on Dryden's work has been ascribed to the influence of Buckingham's ridicule. The episode of Prince Prettyman in *The Rehearsal* certainly ridicules the tragic underplot of Dryden's *Marriage à la Mode*.⁴ Now this play was not acted until May, 1672, and was first printed in 1673, while Buckingham's farce was first performed on December 7, 1671.⁵ Hence we must suppose that Dryden's play was handed about for some time in manuscript

1. See *Discourse Concerning Satire*, 1692 (Ss. xiii. 9). In *The Vindication of the Duke of Guise*, 1683, there is a somewhat similar passage: "Much less am I concern'd at the noble name of Bayes; that is a brat so like his own father, that he cannot be mistaken for any other body" (Ss. vii. 175).

2. *Defense of the Epilogue of The Conquest of Granada*, p. 145.

3. For the sake of completeness, I here add a chronological list of Dryden's other references to *The Rehearsal*:—

1674. *Notes and Observations on The Emptess of Morocco*. The phrase "trans-prose his verse" (Ss. xv. 403) is due to *The Rehearsal* (p. 31). This passage is not certainly by Dryden himself. See p. xxxvi.

1678. The epilogue to *All for Love* contains a good-humored reference to Mr. Bayes.

1679. The preface to *Œdipus* refers with equal good humor to "his other King of Brentford" (Ss. vi. 132).

1683. In *The Vindication of The Duke of Guise* Dryden refers to his title of Bayes (Ss. vii. 179). Compare note 1 above.

1686. Dryden's *Letter to Sir George Etherege* closes with the lines:

If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His Grace of Bucks has made a farce,
And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
Can hardly fall below *Rehearsal*.
Then finish what you have began,
But scribble faster if you can;
For yet no George, to our discerning,
Has writ without a ten years' warning.

(Ss. xi. 44, 45.)

For the portrait of Zimri see *Absalom and Achitophel*, 543-568 (Ss. ix. 257-262). In his *Discourse concerning Satire* (Ss. xiii. 99), Dryden commends this bit of his own work.

4. See *The Rehearsal*, p. 401, l. 30, and note; pp. 406-408.

5. *Athenæ Oxonienses*, 1721; vol. ii, col. 804.

before it was put upon the stage.¹ Like *The Maiden Queen*, *Marriage à la Mode* is a tragi-comedy, but it is a better play, particularly in the comic scenes. Scott says of it:

"The state-intrigue bears evident marks of hurry and inattention; and it is at least possible that Dryden originally intended it for the subject of a proper heroic play, but, startled at the effect of Buckingham's satire, hastily added to it some comic scenes, either lying by him, or composed on purpose. The higher or tragic plot is not only grossly inartificial and improbable, but its incidents are so perplexed and obscure, that it would have required much more action to detail them intelligibly. Even the language has an abridged appearance, and favors the idea that the tragic intrigue was to have been extended into a proper heroic play, instead of occupying a spare corner in a comedy. But to make amends, the comic scenes are executed with spirit, and in a style resembling those in *The Maiden Queen*."²

Of course this supposition cannot be proved, and in itself it is far from convincing.³ If it were true, we should expect the comic scenes, "hastily added" to the play by the author, to be "perplexed and obscure," rather than the tragic plot, the effect of which he had ample time to consider, even though he was obliged to develop it in less space than he originally intended to devote to it; and, on revising his work, Dryden would hardly have left unchanged the very incident that aroused Buckingham's ridicule. As he wrote *The Maiden Queen*, a tragi-comedy, immediately after *The Indian Emperor*, so he may have intended to follow *The Conquest of Granada* by a second tragi-comedy, *Marriage à la Mode*, of which the completion or production may have been hindered by causes unknown to-day. It is thus needless to assume that *The Rehearsal* had any influence whatever on Dryden's dramatic work.

Whatever its genesis may have been, *Marriage à la Mode* is important as the liveliest and most entertaining of Dryden's comedies. It is his most successful attempt at the comedy of manners, which was being developed at this very time by Wycherley, and which later reached perfection in the works of Congreve.⁴

1. In his dedication, Dryden tells us that Rochester saw *Marriage à la Mode* in manuscript, made suggestions for its revision, and showed it to King Charles, thereby aiding in its kind reception at the theater later on. So it is natural enough that Buckingham and his collaborators should learn of the general character of the play.

2. *Ss.* i. 122. The state-intrigue is taken from *Le Grand Cyrus*, part iv, book 2. See Tüchert, pp. 34-42. We have here one more indication of the indebtedness of the heroic plays to the French romances.

3. Holzhausen (*Englische Studien*, xiii. 436) accepts Scott's conjecture as intrinsically probable.

4. Wycherley's four plays come in the years 1672-76 (see article by Churchill, in *Modern Philology*, iv. 381-388); Congreve's come from 1693 to 1700.

Dryden's *Melantha* is, as Saintsbury says,¹ a predecessor of Congreve's *Millamant*; and her character still shines with true comic charm. Though much indecency disfigures the play, it is rather superficial grossness than the deep-seated corruption of Wycherley. Dryden's characters are at least not heartless. The loose tone of the comic scenes in *Marriage à la Mode* is made more repellent, however, by the inflated sentiment and exaggerated virtue of the heroic portion of the play. These sharp contrasts injure the value of *Marriage à la Mode* as a work of art, and are a clear indication of the essential insincerity of the entire heroic drama.

Two wretched plays, a comedy, *The Assignment*, and a tragedy, *Amboyna*, followed *Marriage à la Mode*. They are hack work, of which no discussion is necessary here.

More effectual than *The Rehearsal* in abating Dryden's enthusiasm for the heroic plays were, in all probability, certain formal critical works published in France and England soon after *The Conquest of Granada*; and, above all, a quarrel in which he foolishly engaged with the young dramatist, Elkanah Settle, who at that time seemed likely to be a rival of his own fame.

Elkanah Settle, born in 1648, had already, in 1666, gained a certain reputation by his tragedy of *Cambyses*. He now came forward with a new play, *The Empress of Morocco* which, through the patronage of the Earl of Norwich, to whom the poet dedicated it on its publication in 1673,² was first performed at Court, by a company of ladies and gentlemen. The prologue for the first representation was written by Lord Mulgrave, and that for the second by Lord Rochester, both of them patrons of Dryden.³ The play

1. Ss. iv. 251.

2. Wood (*Ath. Oxon.*, 1721, vol. ii, col. 1076) states that *The Empress of Morocco* was first printed in 1671. But I can find no other independent statement that the play was published before the appearance of the illustrated edition in 1673, which is the first mentioned in the *Term Catalogues* (ed. Arber). The title of Dryden's attack on the play indicates that he regarded the 1673 edition, with "sculptures," as the first. Wood's assertion is probably a simple blunder.

3. Malone (I. i. 124-126), who apparently had not consulted the early copies of *The Empress of Morocco*, seizes on a statement by Dennis that Rochester wrote the prologue when Settle's play was acted at Whitehall, and asserts that Rochester introduced Settle at Court "as a rival, if not superior poet" to Dryden. Scott (Ss. i. 156) and Beljame (*Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre*, p. 97) somewhat uncritically accept Malone's theory. But Settle's own statement that *The Empress of Morocco* owed its performance at Court to the Earl of Norwich settles the question: "You gave it a noble education, when you bred it up amongst princes, presented it in a court theater, and by persons of such birth and honor that they borrowed no greatness from the characters they acted." Dryden's language in his *Notes and Observations* (Ss. xv. 397) makes it plain that the court performances preceded the public representation. Malone, Scott, and Beljame proceed to say that Rochester then became jealous of Settle's prosperity, and, to spite both him and Dryden, in 1675 advanced Crowne's masque of *Calisto* to the honor of a court performance. This statement rests on the doubtful authority of Dennis (*Original Letters*, 1721, p. 49) and St. Evremond (?) (*Letter to the Duchess of Mazarin*, prefaced to Rochester's Works, 1709, referred to by Beljame). Crowne had dedicated his *Charles the Eighth* to Rochester in 1672, so that a kindness shown him by that nobleman three years later would simply imply a continuance of his favor, not a desire to insult other poets. In *Miscellany Poems*, 1684, edited by Dryden,

was then transferred to the public theater; when published, it was adorned with engravings, or "sculptures," as the title-page terms them, then first used in a printed drama; and was sold for two shillings, double the ordinary price. In his dedication Settle inserted the following passage, which was clearly aimed at Dryden's *Conquest of Granada* and his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*:

"The poet . . . picks out a person of honor, tells him he has a great deal of wit, gives us an account who writ sense in the last age, supposing we cannot be ignorant who writes it in this; disputes the nature of verse, answers a cavil or two, quibbles upon the Court, huffs the critics, and the work's done. 'Tis not to be imagined how far a sheet of this goes to make a bookseller rich, and a poet famous.

"But, my Lord, whilst I trouble you with this kind of discourse, I beg you would not think I design to give rules to the press, as some of our tribe have done to the stage; or that I find fault with their dedications, in compliment to my own. No, that's a trick I do not pretend to."

The poet laureate had good reason to feel aggrieved and insulted. To revenge himself he wrote, in partnership with Crowne and Shadwell, a pamphlet, published anonymously in 1674, entitled *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco; or, Some few Erratas to be printed instead of the Sculptures with the Second Edition of that Play*, and with the familiar motto, from Juvenal, *Nunquamne reponam, Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?*¹ As this work was a joint production, we cannot be sure that Dryden wrote any particular part of it; but, as he undoubtedly read and approved the whole, the question is of little moment; we may regard the opinions and general temper of the pamphlet as Dryden's own.

occurs an anonymous *Epilogue intended to have been spoken by the Lady Henr. Mar. Wentworth, when Calisto was acted at Court*. In the third edition of this book, in 1702, Dryden's name is attached to this piece. Malone (I. i. 129) treats the epilogue as unquestionably authentic and conjectures that it was rejected by Rochester's interference. In Scott and Beljame, Malone's guess becomes a positive statement.

A further assertion by Scott and Beljame, that Rochester deserted Crowne in favor of Otway, is apparently supported only by the author of the *Letter to the Duchess of Mazarin* (St. Evremond ?) prefaced to Curll's collection of Rochester's Works, 1709. (See Beljame, *op. cit.*, p. 104.) Dennis, in the letter referred to above, says nothing about the matter. The fact that Rochester patronized Otway does not in itself indicate that he deserted other poets.

At a later time, probably in 1677 or 1678, Rochester attacked all four poets in his *Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace*, and Dryden made a spirited reply in his preface to *All for Love*, published in 1678. (See notes, pp. 446, 447.) Dennis, St. Evremond (?) and modern writers following them, have apparently no warrant for transferring this quarrel to an earlier date. Christie (Globe edition of Dryden, p. 429) partially corrects his predecessors.

1. Crowne, in his "epistle" before *Caligula* (Works, Edinburgh and London, 1874, iv. 353) claims above three-fourths of this pamphlet as his own. The ascription of a share in it to Dryden and Shadwell rests on Settle's own statement in his reply; see Malone, II. 273. Settle probably had good reasons for his statement, though at this date it is hard to see how Shadwell was involved. Settle makes Dryden the principal author.

Stung to the quick, Dryden forgets his customary urbanity, and assails Settle with coarse abuse:

"When I first saw *The Empress of Morocco*," he begins, "tho' I found it then to be a rhapsody of nonsense, I was very well contented to have let it pass, that the reputation of a new author might not be wholly damn'd."

Soon he warms up to his subject:

"Never did I see such a confus'd heap of false grammar, improper English, strain'd hyperboles, and downright bulls. His plot is incoherent and full of absurdities, and the characters of his persons so ill chosen, that they are all either knaves or fools; only his knaves are fools into the bargain, and so must be of necessity, while they are in his management. . . . In short, he's an animal of a most deplor'd understanding, without reading and conversation; his being is in a twilight of sense, and some glimmering of thought, which he can never fashion either into wit or English. His style is boisterous and rough-hewen; his rime incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers perpetually harsh and ill-sounding."

After some pages of such polemic, the pamphlet gives minute criticisms of single passages from Settle. Thus on the line: "As men in incense send up vows to heaven," Dryden remarks: "As if incense could carry up thoughts, or a thought go up in smoke; he may as well say, he will roast or bake thoughts, as smoke them."¹

That Dryden felt such raillery to be beneath his dignity is clear from the anonymity of the scurrilous pamphlet. But the attack was worse than undignified; it was unskilful, giving Settle an opportunity for retort of which he availed himself immediately. His rejoinder, published in 1674, was, to use Scott's phrase,² "contumaciously entitled": *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco, revised, with some few erratas; to be printed instead of the Postscript with the next edition of The Conquest of Granada*.³

Settle begins with insults like those of his antagonists: "With very little conjuration, by those three remarkable qualities of railing, boasting, and thieving, I found a Dryden in the frontispiece." He then proceeds to analyze passages from *The Conquest of Granada*, and has no trouble in finding there quite as great absurdities as Dryden could discover in *The Empress of Morocco*. Thus he cites Almanzor's bombastic lines:

If I would kill thee now, thy fate's so low,
That I must stoop ere I can give the blow:

1. *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco*, p. 16.

2. *Ibid.* l. 161.

3. In 1687 Settle reprinted this pamphlet under the title, *Reflections on several of Mr. Dryden's Plays, particularly the first and second part of The Conquest of Granada* [sic].

But mine is fix'd so far above thy crown,
That all thy men,
Pil'd on thy back, can never pull it down.¹

On this he comments:

"Now where that is, Almanzor's fate is fixed, I cannot guess: but, wherever 'tis, I believe Almanzor, and think that all Abdalla's subjects, piled upon one another, might not pull down his fate so well as without piling; besides, I think Abdalla so wise a man, that if Almanzor had told him piling his men upon his back might do the feat, he would scarce bear such a weight, for the pleasure of the exploit. But 'tis a huff, and let Abdalla do it if he dare."²

Evidently such comparisons of foolish passages would do more harm to the greater writer. Dryden's play differs from Settle's in that it atones for its bombast by its genuine poetic beauty, so that it may still be read with pleasure as a piece of pseudo-romantic poetry, if one may use the expression. But this distinction must be felt in the play as a whole; it cannot be proved by captious analysis of single lines. "Dryden gained no more by his dispute with Settle," to quote Scott once more, "than a well-dressed man who should condescend to wrestle with a chimney-sweeper."³

Dryden apparently accepted his defeat in silence; he certainly made no open reply before 1682, when, in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, he conferred an unpleasant immortality upon Settle under the name of Doeg.⁴ But Settle must have been chief among the captious critics to whom he alludes condescendingly in his *Apology for Heroic Poetry and Poetic License*, a critical essay which he prefixed to his opera *The State of Innocence*, a dramatized version of certain incidents from Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The date of publication of this book is not quite certain, but it was probably early in 1677.⁵

1. *The Conquest of Granada*, Part 1, III. 510-514 (p. 44).

2. Settle, *Reflections*, etc., 1687, p. 78. Some other comments by Settle are given in the notes to *The Conquest of Granada* (pp. 436, 437). For an account of other attacks on *The Conquest of Granada* than those of Buckingham and Settle, see Scott's *Life of Dryden* (Ss. i. 130-138). Dryden refers contemptuously to two of them in his dedication of *The Assignation* (1673), Ss. iv. 375, 376. The notes to *The Conquest of Granada* (pp. 435, 438, 440) give some references to *The Censure of the Rota on Mr. Driden's Conquest of Granada* [by Richard Leigh], Oxford, 1673, a piece the little humor of which consists in showing that Dryden himself committed the same faults that he censures in his *Defense of the Epilogue*. An extract from *Notes upon Mr. Dryden's Poems, in Four Letters*, by Martin Clifford, London, 1687, is given below (p. liii, note 1). In 1730 Fielding included *The Conquest of Granada* and other plays by Dryden among the pieces which he ridiculed in his *Tragedy of Tragedies*; or, *The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*; see *Notes*, p. 440.

3. Ss. i. 161.

4. *Absalom and Achitophel*, part II, ll. 412-456; Ss. ix. 355-362.

5. Malone (I. ii. 395) and Saintsbury (Ss. v. 94) date the first publication of *The State of Innocence* in 1674. In that case it must have appeared late in the year, as the *Apology* refers to the death of Milton, which occurred on November 8. On the other hand Professor Ker writes: "*The State of Innocence* is said by some authors to have been published in 1674, but I cannot find this edition. The book was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1674 (Masson's *Life of Milton*, vi. 710); it is recorded as a new book in the *Catalogue for Hilary Term*,

In 1674 two important critical works appeared in France: Boileau's translation of the treatise *On the Sublime* attributed to Longinus, and Rapin's *Réflexions sur la Poétique*. Both books were immediately recognized as authorities in critical literature, and both contained critical dicta helpful to Dryden in his time of need. Rapin declaims against the affected purism of his French contemporaries. Longinus dwells continually on the distinction between true sublimity and what Dryden would call "a bladdered greatness."¹ Upon Longinus and Rapin, therefore, Dryden bases much of his reasoning in his *Apology for Heroic Poetry and Poetic License*.

In this *Apology*, after an eloquent tribute to the departed Milton, Dryden defends the dignity of heroic poetry against the assaults of quibbling critics. He thus magnanimously exalts the reputation of a great poet of a different poetical and political faith. He supports himself at every step by citations from authorities, and refrains from any personal charges or recriminations. But, knowing the circumstances under which the *Apology* was published, we can read in each page a covert attack on the miserable Settle and his fellow-railers,² whom Dryden scorns to mention by name. Defeated in a contest of mud-slinging, Dryden assumes the tone of a dignified, high-minded man of letters:

"We are fallen into an age of illiterate, censorious, and detracting people, who, thus qualified, set up for critics.

"In the first place, I must take leave to tell them, that they wholly mistake the nature of criticism who think its business is principally to find fault. . . . If the design, the conduct, the thoughts, and the expressions of a poem, be generally such as proceed from a true genius of poetry, the critic ought to pass his judgment in favor of the author. It is malicious and unmanly to snarl at the little lapses of a pen, from which Virgil himself stands not exempted. . . . Longinus, who was undoubtedly, after Aristotle, the greatest critic amongst the Greeks, in his twenty-seventh chapter ΠΕΡΙ ΥΨΟΥΣ has judiciously preferr'd the sublime genius that sometimes errs, to the middling or indifferent one,

1676 (1. e. 1676-7); the earliest copy in the British Museum is dated 1677" (*Essays of John Dryden*, i. 313). The omission of the book in the *Term Catalogues* for 1674 is an important piece of negative evidence, though not absolutely conclusive: the first edition of *All for Love*, for example, is not recorded in them. Mr. W. H. Hagen, of New York, writes me that after a careful search for the 1674 edition, he has become convinced that it does not exist. The whole question is discussed in an article by Professor G. B. Churchill, "The Relation of Dryden's *State of Innocence* to Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*," in *Modern Philology*, iv. 381-388.

1. See *Dedication of the Æneis* (Ss. xiv. 216).

2. Dryden's words apply to Leigh and his other critics as well as to Settle, but probably Settle's satire had wounded him most. It is of course possible that he is thinking, not of Settle and other critics of *The Conquest of Granada*, but only of coffee-house wits who had orally attacked *The State of Innocence*. But this seems unlikely.

which makes few faults, but seldom or never rises to any excellence."¹

"I wish I could produce any one example of excellent imaging in all this poem. Perhaps I cannot; but that which comes nearest it, is in these four lines, which have been sufficiently canvass'd by my well-natur'd censors:

Seraph and cherub, careless of their charge,
And wanton, in full ease now live at large:
Unguarded leave the passes of the sky,
And all dissolv'd in hallelujahs lie.

"'I have heard,' says one of them, 'of anchovies *dissolv'd* in sauce; but never of an angel in *hallelujahs*.'² A mighty witticism! (if you will pardon a new word,) but there is some difference between a laugher and a critic. He might have burlesqued Virgil too, from whom I took the image. *Invadunt urbem, somno vinoque sepultam*. A city's being buried, is just as proper on occasion, as an angel's being dissolv'd in ease and songs of triumph."³

To a rebuke expressed in this lofty, temperate, impersonal tone Settle could make no rejoinder without becoming ridiculous.⁴ Yet Dryden, despite the dignified manner which he was able to assume, must have been sorely shaken by the miserable quarrel in which he had engaged. Settle's success with a drama in which the most ludicrous features of the heroic plays were present in an exaggerated form, would do far more than *The Rehearsal* to disgust him with the whole type. And however much Dryden might try to find comfort in Rapin and in Boileau's *Longinus*, the general tenor of those critics' writings was opposed to the swelling style and extravagant plots of the heroic plays. Dryden may also have been influenced by Boileau's *Art Poétique*, published in 1674, although he does not refer to it until a later period.⁵ The whole drift of contemporary French criticism, for which Dryden, from the logical temper of his mind, had a sincere admiration, was towards a temperate, reserved, dignified, and chastened style, such as he later

1. Ss. v. 112, 113.

2. Dryden here evidently rebukes some coffee-house critic of *The State of Innocence*.

3. Ss. v. 121, 122.

4. Settle made no further attack on Dryden until after the publication of *Absalom and Achitophel*, to which he foolishly replied with his *Absalom Senior; or, Achitophel Transpos'd*. For this worthless satire Dryden gave him deserved chastisement; see p. xxxviii.

5. Tonson states that Dryden revised a translation of Boileau's *Art Poétique*, made by Sir William Soame in 1680, and published in 1683; see Ss. xv. 223. Dryden's first direct allusion to the *Art Poétique* seems to be in the *Discourse concerning Satire*, 1692 (Ss. xiii. 22). A similar passage occurs in a letter to Dennis, 1694 (Ss. xviii. 116). In the *Apology for Heroic Poetry* Dryden groups Boileau with Rapin as a great critic, but does not refer to any particular work (Ss. v. 115). In the preface to *Troilus and Cressida* (1679) he seems to have borrowed from the *Art Poétique* without specific acknowledgement; see p. 1.

attained in *All for Love*, in his translation of Virgil, and in his *Fables*.

It is then no wonder that Dryden produced no new acting drama during the year 1674. He was probably dissatisfied with the plays that had brought him temporary fame,¹ and harassed by mournful reflections on the fickleness of court and popular favor. Yet he must have felt it pusillanimous entirely to abandon the stage, and, more especially, his beloved heroic plays. By doing so he would have confessed defeat. Hence, rousing himself once more to work, in 1675 Dryden produced *Aureng-Zebe*, his last rimed tragedy.²

Though at first sight similar to *The Conquest of Granada*, *Aureng-Zebe* is in many ways sharply distinguished from its "heroic" predecessors. The plot is simpler, the characters more plausible, the dialogue "often domestic, and therefore susceptible of sentiments accommodated to familiar incidents."³ Dryden has entirely altered the historic events that form the background of his play, and has constructed a plot resembling that of the *Mithridate* of Racine.⁴ The adoption of Racine for a model was certainly not without its effect. As Scott remarks, "there is a grave and moral turn in many of the speeches, which brings it nearer the style of a French tragedy."⁵ The unities of time and place are closely observed, and the subordinate actions are subservient and helpful to the main interest. Though some deaths occur on the stage, tumult is in the main avoided. On the whole, *Aureng-Zebe* is, so far as form is concerned, a compromise between the heroic plays and the classic French model. But in drawing his characters Dryden spurns the restraints of French etiquette and strives to imitate his Elizabethan predecessors. Shakspeare, not Calprenède, or even Racine, is here the source of his inspiration.

The critical utterances published with *Aureng-Zebe* prove that

1. See the dedication of *Aureng-Zebe*: "I desire to be no longer the Sisypus of the stage . . . I never thought myself very fit for an employment, where many of my predecessors have excell'd me in all kinds; and some of my contemporaries, even in my own partial judgment, have outdone me in comedy. Some little hopes I have . . . that I may make the world some part of amends for many ill plays by an heroic poem" (Ss. v. 195, 196).

2. Malone (I. i. 115) states that *Aureng-Zebe* "was exhibited in the spring of 1675, or before, being entered in the *Stationers' Register* on the 29th of November in that year, and published probably in the next month, though according to the usual practice of booksellers it bears the date of 1676." But in the *Term Catalogues* it is noted for Easter Term, 1676.

3. Johnson's *Life of Dryden*.

4. Langbaine (*Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, p. 156) says that the source of Dryden's plot is to be found in Tavernier's *Voyages into the Indies*, vol. 1, pt. 2, ch. 2. Since Tavernier's book was not published until 1676-77—and the second part of it, containing the *Aureng-Zebe* material, in the latter of these two years—this statement must be a mistake. I am indebted to Holzhausen (*Englische Studien*, xiii. 443, 444; xv. 14, 15) for my characterization of *Aureng-Zebe* and the indication of a resemblance to Racine. *Mithridate* was at this time a new play, having been acted and published in 1673. Holzhausen also states that one episode of the plot of *Aureng-Zebe* is taken from *Le Grand Cyrus*.

5. Ss. 1. 175.

these alterations were conscious and deliberate. In his dedication (to Lord Mulgrave), his prologue, and his epilogue, Dryden shows an increased regard for the rules and the decorum, though not the elaborate etiquette of the French stage. He is dissatisfied with his own dramas and full of admiration for the great Elizabethan dramatists, particularly Shakspeare. Finally, he is eager to throw off the restraints of rime, which he had so long defended as useful to every poet:

———He has now another taste of wit;
And, to confess a truth, tho' out of time,
Grows weary of his long-lov'd mistress, Rime.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And nature flies him like enchanted ground.

Within this storm and stress period of Dryden's life, from 1671 to 1675, we may place his abandonment of bombast and his adoption of "beautiful turns of words" as a characteristic of his style. His rejection of those swelling phrases that he later called "Dalilahs of the theater"¹ will at once be seen if we compare *The Conquest of Granada* with *Aureng-Zebe*. What is meant by "beautiful turns of words" will be made clear by the following citations from his *Discourse concerning Satire*, published in 1692:

"Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts, which are as requisite in this, as in heroic poetry itself, of which this satire is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns, I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie, he ask'd me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham, of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleasure, and with some profit, those two fathers of our English poetry, but had not seriously enough consider'd those beauties which give the last perfection to their works. . . . I had recourse to . . . Spenser, the author of that immortal poem call'd *The Fairy Queen*, and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. . . . Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poetry. And the French at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first beauties; *délicat et bien tourné* are the highest commendations which they bestow on somewhat which they think a masterpiece.

"An example of the turn on words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:

1. Dedication of *The Spanish Friar*, 1681 (p. 308, l. 26).

Heu! quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condi!
 Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus;
 Alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto.'¹

Perhaps the following lines from *Aureng-Zebe* may illustrate Dryden's meaning from his own work:

Wert thou to empire by my baseness brought,
 And wouldst thou ravish what so dear I bought?
 Dear! for my conscience and its peace I gave;—
 Why was my reason made my passion's slave?
 I see Heaven's justice; thus the powers divine
 Pay crimes with crimes, and punish mine by thine.²

We may now sum up the significant changes that have taken place in Dryden's critical views between 1665 and 1676. In *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy* Dryden had advocated a compromise between French theatrical rules and English variety of action; of the two, inclining rather to the latter. Then, in the heroic plays, he was led to neglect entirely the real spirit of the French classic drama; and, while preserving some outward respect for critical rules, wrote plays that combined English noise and bustle with a general atmosphere, and with types of character, based on the French romances. Now he seems to have formed a new and quite different plan of compromise between the two schools. Accepting more fully than before the rules of the French drama, he attempted to combine with them a drawing of character modeled on that of the Elizabethan dramatists.

We should not be surprised, therefore, to find *Aureng-Zebe* followed immediately by *All for Love*, a tragedy in which Dryden carried out more fully the same methods of work, and, taking for his subject the familiar theme of *Antony and Cleopatra*, laid aside the rimed verse of the heroic plays, and imitated Shakspeare's style as well as his drawing of character. As a matter of fact, the two dramas are separated by about two years. During this interval of silence, which is a sufficient proof of his disgust with the theater, Dryden was undoubtedly maturing his theories of dramatic construction. Shortly after he had written his great tragedy, and before he had printed it, an important critical work appeared in England, which undoubtedly confirmed him in his changed point of view.

In the latter part of 1677 Thomas Rymer published a little book called *The Tragedies of the Last Age considered and examined by the Practice of the Ancients and the Common Sense of All*

1. Ss. xiii. 115-117. The quotation from Ovid is *Metamorphoses*, xv. 88-90.
 2. Act. iv (Ss. v. 270).

Ages.¹ In it he condemned unsparingly all the tendencies of the national English tragedy, first by arguments based on general dramatic theory, second by a detailed analysis of three plays of Beaumont and Fletcher: *Rollo*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, and *A King and No King*, all of which Dryden had praised in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.² In fact, though Dryden had written more fully of comedy, and Rymer discusses only tragedy, Rymer's treatise, which was the first long piece of dramatic criticism published in England since 1668, was in a certain sense a reply to Dryden's essay. The Greek tragic poets, of whom Dryden had the most limited knowledge, and to whom he had paid only perfunctory attention, Rymer recognized as establishing an absolute standard of taste. The English tradition, for which Dryden had shown a strong affection, Rymer denounced as worthless because of its divergence from ancient methods. Modern philosophers, he says, agree well enough in the main with the ancients, and hence deserve respect; modern dramatists have taken "a by-road that runs directly cross to that of nature, manners, and philosophy, which gained the ancients so great veneration."³ Rymer lacks entirely the instinct of a practical dramatist. What pleased the ancient Greeks, he argues, being based on universal reason, must be pleasing to all time; the success of plays based on opposite principles can be explained only by accidental causes, such as the excellence of the actors. In style and general manner, as in opinions, Rymer is a strong contrast to Dryden. He writes in clumsy, lumbering sentences, destitute of grace or dignity. In controversy he adopts a carping, sneering tone, quite the opposite of Dryden's kindly urbanity.

On the other hand, though Rymer has no sense of style and almost no literary taste, he shows throughout his work the scholastic, logical temperament that formed one element in Dryden's own character,⁴ and for which in others Dryden had always the highest respect. Rymer professes to make universal reason the guide of all his opinions. His doctrines, like those of the pseudo-classic school in general, are partly drawn from Aristotle's *Poetics*

1. This book is mentioned in the *Term Catalogue* for Michaelmas Term, 1677, which was licensed for the press on November 26. The preceding catalogue, for Trinity Term, was licensed on July 5. Dryden's *All for Love* was entered at Stationers' Hall on January 31, 1678 (Malone, I. i. 116). As the entry was usually made about six months after the first acting of a play, we may assume that *All for Love* was written at least as early as the first half of 1677, before the publication of Rymer's volume.—To-day Rymer is best known by Macaulay's contemptuous epithet (in his *Essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson*), "the worst critic that ever lived." A good summary of his opinions is given in Saintsbury's *History of Criticism*, II. 391-397. See also Lounsbury, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, pp. 227-241.

2. Ss. xv. 320. 326. 335.

3. *The Tragedies of the Last Age*, ed. 2, 1692, p. 3.

4. Compare p. xxvi.

and from the practice of the Greek tragedians, of whom he had a real, though prejudiced knowledge; and partly result from the political, social, and philosophical theories of the seventeenth century. Thus Rymer accepts Aristotle's definition of tragedy and insists on pity and fear as the only emotions proper to be excited by it. But in contrast to Aristotle, he dwells continually on the necessity for a moral aim in every literary work. Poetic justice must never be neglected; it is more elevated and philosophical than human justice. The tragedians Sophocles and Euripides entered into a confederacy with the philosopher Socrates for teaching virtue and good life. Fancy,¹ Rymer puts in a subordinate position; like faith in religion, it may supplement reason, but not contradict it. Dryden might well be abashed by conclusions reached through a method for which he had an innate respect, and supported by a learning much greater than his own.

For us, Rymer is important only from an historical point of view, but in his own time he was regarded as a great critic. A lucky chance has preserved for us Dryden's first impressions of him. Rymer sent to Dryden a copy of his book, on the blank leaves of which the latter jotted down some notes for a future reply. The projected essay was never written, but the scattered notes have been printed under the title, *Heads of an Answer to Rymer's Remarks on the Tragedies of the Last Age*.²

In these *Heads* Dryden shows less inclination than before to defend English tragedy on grounds of general reason; but he makes a strong historical argument for it, and defends English style and character-drawing. He argues that the plot, which is the chief subject of Rymer's treatise, is of no such exclusive importance in tragedy as Rymer would have us believe.³ Dryden's general verdict is as follows:

"My judgment on this piece is this: that it is extremely learned, but that the author of it is better read in the Greek than in the English poets; that all authors ought to study this critique, as the best account I have ever seen of the ancients; that the model of tragedy he has here given is excellent, and extreme correct; but that it is not the only model of all tragedy, because it is too much circumscrib'd in plot, characters, etc.; and lastly, that we may be taught here justly to admire and imitate the ancients, without

1. By "fancy" Rymer means approximately what we call "imagination." In his time the two words were used as synonyms.

2. It is impossible to prove that Dryden wrote these notes immediately after reading Rymer's book, but internal evidence points strongly in that direction.

3. It is more difficult to judge of Dryden's point of view in these hastily-written, confused *Heads* than in a developed essay. Justification of my summary would involve very extensive quotations.

giving them the preference, with this author, in prejudice to our own country."¹

When confronted by the mathematical Rymer, Dryden shows himself not a logician, but an empiricist and impressionist. Beaten on one side of his nature, he retreats to the other. His discussion is eminently suggestive and practical, but shows no understanding of Aristotle's theory of tragedy; no appreciation even of Rymer's theory that tragic justice should transcend human justice. Finally, as if conscious of his own weakness, and anxious to set one authority against another, Dryden makes repeated references to Rapin.

One can only conjecture why Dryden did not expand these *Heads* into a regular essay. Perhaps he was simply lazy, or reluctant to engage in a fresh literary controversy; perhaps he felt too keenly his own lack of scholarship. But another explanation of Dryden's silence, based on the known facts of his literary development, is at least possible.

The Tragedies of the Last Age was, as we have seen, a direct attack on the opinions which Dryden had expressed in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, and which he had never formally abjured. Hence, on receiving Rymer's book, Dryden felt moved to attempt a defense of his beloved Elizabethan authors, and immediately set down the notes which we now possess. But with advancing age, and for the special reasons that have been already suggested, he now felt much more inclined towards classicism, or pseudo-classicism, than he had a dozen years before. Hence, even in these first notes, he expresses admiration for Rymer's work, and partial sympathy with his views. As the days passed, he found himself in closer sympathy with Rymer than he at first suspected, and so laid aside his plan for a reply. In the *Heads* he had made his last argument for English tragi-comedy on grounds of absolute reason;² from his failure to develop them we may date his definite adoption of the pseudo-classic ideal of dramatic construction.

The production of *All for Love* in 1677, with its combination of English style and French construction, marks the highest point of Dryden's dramatic career. In this tragedy, while in style, and to some extent in the drawing of character, he "professes to imitate

1. Ss. xv. 390, 391.

2. "For the fable itself: it is in the English more adorn'd with episodes, and larger than in the Greek poets; consequently more diverting. For if the action be but one, and that plain, without any counterturn of design or episode, i. e., underplot, how can it be so pleasing as the English, which have both underplot and a turn'd design, which keeps the audience in expectation of the catastrophe? whereas in the Greek poets we see thro' the whole design at first." (Ss. xv. 387, 388). Here Dryden does not expressly name tragi-comedy, but he probably has that type in mind, rather than plays of complicated, though purely tragic action.

the divine Shakspeare,"¹ Dryden applies the pseudo-classic dramatic rules to the familiar subject of *Antony and Cleopatra*. "I have endeavor'd in this play," he states, "to follow the practice of the ancients, who, as Mr. Rymer has judiciously observ'd, are and ought to be our masters."² "The fabric of the play is regular enough, as to the inferior parts of it; and the unities of time, place, and action more exactly observ'd, than perhaps the English theater requires. Particularly, the action is so much one that it is the only of the kind without episode or underplot; every scene in the tragedy conducing to the main design, and every act concluding with a turn of it."³ Dryden might have added that, as in Racine, each act of *All for Love* is composed of a single scene, in the English sense of the term; that the time of action falls within a single day, and that the place of action changes but once, being in the first act the temple of Isis, in the remaining acts the palace of Cleopatra.

For this play Dryden had an enduring affection. Writing much later, in 1695, he tells us: "The faults of [*The Spanish Friar*] are in the kind of it, which is tragi-comedy. But it was given to the people; and I never writ anything for myself but *Antony and Cleopatra*."⁴

All for Love is now by far the best known of Dryden's plays. In excellence of style and character drawing only *Don Sebastian* can compare with it. But *Don Sebastian* is disagreeable in subject, is so long as to be tedious, and is disfigured by inharmonious comic scenes. Yet *All for Love*, great as are its merits, is not of an essentially different nature from its author's earlier dramas. In it many traits of the heroic plays still survive. Antony's submission to his beloved is rather that of Almanzor or Aureng-Zebe, the conventional valiant lover of the French romances, than the devotion of Shakspeare's living and breathing hero.⁵ So Cleopatra loses her intellectual brilliancy and her "infinite variety" and becomes a fond and faithful mistress. According to the conventions of the time, no tragic heroine must be guilty of inconstancy. Hence Dryden, transforming Cleopatra's character, makes the catastrophe of the play depend on her momentary yielding to an unworthy suggestion from Alexas. For an instant she becomes, not unfaithful, but coquettish! In agony she exclaims, repentant for her crime:

—Thus one minute's feigning has destroy'd
My whole life's truth.⁶

1. Preface to *All for Love*, p. 234, ll. 35-45 and pp. 229-231. It would be more accurate to say that in the drawing of character he is influenced by the general English tradition.

2. *Ibid.* p. 234, ll. 25-27.

3. *Ibid.* p. 229, ll. 19-24.

4. *A Parallel of Poetry and Painting*, Ss. xvll. 333.

5. Dryden seems to admit this in his Prologue, ll. 10-13.

6. On this whole topic see Scott (Ss. vl. 243), and Lounsbury, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, pp. 237, 238. Dryden's treatment of Cressida, in his

Still, the imitation of Shakspeare has borne fruit; the speeches of Antony and of Cleopatra, though they may express conventional emotion, are so masterly in expression that, as one reads, their fundamental unreality is concealed. Dryden's progress is even more plainly seen in the secondary figures of his drama. Ventidius and Octavia are agitated by genuine passion, not by the finespun notions, drawn from books of etiquette, that control Ozymyn and Benzayda.

Like its predecessor *The Conquest of Granada*, *All for Love* is not free from the taint of low morality that disfigures nearly the whole Restoration drama. The play, with all its dignity and power, is but a panegyric on illicit love. Dryden himself recognized this, and admitted that the introduction of Octavia was an unhappy thought, dividing the interest of the play:

"I had not enough consider'd, that the compassion she mov'd to herself and children was destructive to that which I reserv'd for Antony and Cleopatra; whose mutual love, being founded upon vice, must lessen the favor of the audience to them, when virtue and innocence were oppress'd by it."¹

The comparison of *All for Love* with Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* is a fascinating problem. The best tribute to Dryden's power is that one can read him with enjoyment immediately after finishing Shakspeare's play. Dryden treats the old story from a new point of view; he does not merely remodel and debase a great drama, as he had done in the version of *The Tempest* made by Davenant and himself.² His object is to simplify the action, and thus to concentrate the reader's entire attention on the crisis in the story of the two lovers. This to a certain extent he succeeds in doing. But at the same time, owing to his transformation of the characters of Antony and Cleopatra, he fails in a more important direction. In Shakspeare, the tragedy depends on the real struggle, in Antony himself, between his blind infatuation for Cleopatra and his "Roman thoughts." This gives a central unity to a superficially irregular drama. In Dryden, Antony is already lost at the beginning of the play; the struggle is over; the Roman

remodeling of Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, is still more striking. He makes her, this proverbial false one, into a tender and faithful maiden, who meets her death, like Desdemona, because of a misunderstanding. Perhaps he was influenced directly by Rymer, whose utterance on this subject is so characteristic as to deserve quotation:

"Tragedy cannot represent a woman without modesty as natural and essential to her.

"If a woman has got any accidental historical impudence; if, documented in the school of Nanna or Heloisa, she is furnished with some stock of acquired impudence, she is no longer to stalk in tragedy on her high shoes; but must rub off and pack down with the carriers into the province of comedy, there to be kicked about and exposed to laughter" (*Op. cit.* pp. 113, 114).

1. See preface to *All for Love*, p. 229, ll. 26-30.

2. See p. xxiv. To be just to Dryden, this debased play was mainly the work of Davenant.

warrior has become "a sighing swain of Arcadia."¹ Ventidius tries to save him, first by direct exhortations, then by means of Octavia and her children, and finally by working on Antony's jealousy of Dolabella; but he is already a doomed man. In a word, *All for Love*, like the heroic plays, is narrative rather than dramatic in its structure. The action, despite its confinement within a single day, is, as Aristotle would call it, "episodic;" like that of *The Conquest of Granada*, it deals with successive adventures in the life of one man, not with one central crisis. No mere observation of rules could make Dryden a truly dramatic poet.²

Despite its faults, *All for Love* is the happiest result of the French influence on English tragedy. However conventional the emotion expressed in it may be, this tragedy remains alive to-day by virtue of its vigorous, dignified, and truly poetic style, and of the sustained interest of its action. It is the best proof that Dryden, who through certain qualities of his genius became the founder of the eighteenth century "classic" literature, was by other and not less essential qualities closely related to the great Elizabethan poets and dramatists.

III. Dryden had now definitely adopted the point of view of French dramatic criticism, though his devotion to it was tempered by his admiration for the Elizabethan dramatists, and above all for Shakspeare. From this position he never formally receded, but in his own writing for the stage he remained an opportunist, and was frequently unfaithful to his critical principles.

In 1678 Dryden joined Lee in writing *Ædipus*, a tragedy on a classic subject, and constructed according to the French rules. In his preface, probably remembering Rymer's book, he even apologizes for expanding the simple plot of Sophocles by the addition of a secondary intrigue, though he has the precedent of Corneille to justify his course. "Perhaps, after all," he admits, "if we could think so, the ancient method, as it is the easiest, is also the

1. See Scott's *Life of Dryden*: Ss. 1. 183.

2. In this discussion of *All for Love* the editor is much indebted to Miss Margaret Sherwood, *Dryden's Dramatic Theory and Practice* (Yale University Dissertation, 1898), pp. 85-93; and to Hannmann, *Dryden's Tragödie "All for Love" und ihr Verhältniss zu Shakspeare's "Antony and Cleopatra,"* Rostock, 1903. Dellus's short treatment of this topic in his article "Dryden und Shakspeare" (*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakspeare-Gesellschaft*, iv. 6-40) is extremely unfair to Dryden. Lundbeck's more extended comparison of the two dramas (in his *Dryden som Tragediedigter*, Copenhagen, 1894) is impartial and penetrating. Of *All for Love* he writes: "The narrow, circumscribed compass of the drama narrows its effect. We hear accounts of Cæsar's army outside the town, and of a battle and a victory; but we see only the mutual relations of two lovers and their sad conclusion. That an event of world-wide importance lies behind this conclusion, we do not really believe" (pp. 106, 107). His general verdict on the two dramas is as follows: "One really cannot judge Dryden in comparison with Shakspeare. . . . Each of these dramas is an expression of the peculiarities of its age: Shakspeare's of the comprehensive view of the Renaissance, its grasp of totality; Dryden's of the analytic criticism of the pseudo-classic time, and of its narrowly circumscribed vision; the first of youth and passion in art, the second of discretion and the rule of reason" (p. 112).

most natural and the best. For variety, as it is manag'd, is too often subject to breed distraction; and while we would please too many ways, for want of art in the conduct, we please in none."¹

In the next year, 1679, Dryden emphasized his belief in French principles by remodeling on classic lines Shakspeare's distinctly "irregular" play, *Troilus and Cressida*.² With this drama he published an important critical preface, containing a short essay on "the grounds of criticism in tragedy," and composed in large measure of extracts from previous critics, especially Longinus (in Boileau's translation), Rapin, and Bossu (a new French critic whose *Traité du Poème Épique* had been published in 1675). Dryden also quotes from Aristotle's *Poetics*, probably through a translation, and from Quintilian, and he was somewhat indebted to Boileau's *Art Poétique*, published in 1674.³ By the following denunciation of tragi-comedy, which he had so enthusiastically praised in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*,⁴ he shows his conversion to the classic point of view:

"Two different independent actions distract the attention and concernment of the audience, and consequently destroy the intention of the poet; if his business be to move terror and pity, and one of his actions be comical, the other tragical, the former will divert the people, and utterly make void his greater purpose. Therefore, as in perspective, so in tragedy, there must be a point of sight in which all the lines terminate; otherwise the eye wanders, and the work is false. This was the practice of the Grecian stage. But Terence made an innovation in the Roman: all his plays have double actions; for it was his custom to translate two Greek comedies, and to weave them into one of his, yet so, that both their actions were comical, and one was principal, the other but secondary or subservient. And this has obtain'd on the English stage, to give us the pleasure of variety."⁵

Thus we see that Dryden has now definitely abandoned his defense of tragi-comedy by arguments based on general critical principles.

Yet, such is the poet's subservience to public taste, such his apparent inconsistency, that his very next play, *The Spanish Friar*, acted late in 1680 or early in 1681, and published in the latter year, is a most patent tragi-comedy. He admits this in his dedication

1. Ss. vi. 133, 134.

2. Lundbeck comments well on Dryden's altered choice of subjects: "While the sources of the heroic plays were found directly or indirectly in the French romances, with their code of love and honor, the later tragedies have a different origin. They point back to Shakspeare, to Sophocles, or, as *Cleomenes* (1692), to that old goldmine of the English drama, *Plutarch's Lives*" (*Op. cit.* p. 192).

3. Lundbeck, *op. cit.* p. 118; H. Morley, *First Sketch of English Literature*, p. 700.

4. See above, p. xxii.

5. Ss. vi. 260, 261.

of the play, and prides himself on the skill with which he has combined the two plots. Yet he rather apologizes for tragi-comedy than supports it by serious arguments. "This time I satisfied my own humor," Dryden tells us, "which was to tack two plays together; and to break a rule for the pleasure of variety. The truth is, the audience are grown weary of continued melancholy scenes; and I dare venture to prophesy that few tragedies, except those in verse [*i. e.* heroic plays], shall succeed in this age, if they are not lighten'd with a course of mirth; for the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles."¹

Despite the fact that his last play, *Love Triumphant* (1693), is again a tragi-comedy, which he defends in a similar apologetic fashion, as a concession to public taste,² Dryden's mature critical opinion is always averse to that type. Thus in the preface to *Cleomenes* (1692), he writes: "After all, it was a bold attempt of mine, to write upon a single plot, unmix'd with comedy; which, tho' it be the natural and true way, yet is not to the genius of the nation."³ And in his *Parallel of Poetry and Painting* (1695) he inserts a yet more significant passage:

"The Gothic manner, and the barbarous ornaments, which are to be avoided in a picture, are just the same with those in an ill-order'd play. For example, our English tragi-comedy must be confess'd to be wholly Gothic, notwithstanding the success which it has found upon our theater. . . . Neither can I defend my *Spanish Friar*, as fond as otherwise I am of it, from this imputation: for tho' the comical parts are diverting, and the serious moving, yet they are of an unnatural mingle: for mirth and gravity destroy each other, and are no more to be allow'd for decent, than a gay widow laughing in a mourning habit."⁴

Dryden's final dislike of tragi-comedy is sound, so far as his own practice in that type is concerned. In *The Spanish Friar*, even more than in *Marriage à la Mode*,⁵ most readers will feel and resent the absence of that harmonious tone that distinguishes *The Conquest of Granada* or *All for Love*, or, in a different way, any

1. Dedication of *The Spanish Friar*, p. 310, ll. 1-7. The passage shows that heroic plays still found favor with the English public.

2. "For my action, it is evidently double; and in that I have the most of the ancients for my examples. Yet I dare not defend this way by reason, much less by their authority; for their actions, tho' double, were of the same species; that is to say, in their comedies, two amours; and their persons were better link'd in interest than mine. Yet even this is a fault which I should often practice, if I were to write again, because it is agreeable to the English genius. We love variety more than any other nation; and so long as the audience will not be pleas'd without it, the poet is oblig'd to humor them." (Dedication of *Love Triumphant*, Ss. viii. 375, 376.)

3. Ss. viii. 220.

4. Ss. xvii. 327; compare p. xlvii, above.

5. See pp. xxxiii-xxxv.

one of Shakspeare's tragedies or comedies. Why is it that the succession of scenes in one key causes no monotony in *All for Love*? Why is it, that while we are offended by the contrast between Lorenzo's ribaldry and the serious plot of *The Spanish Friar*, we feel no dissonance in the grave-diggers' mirth in *Hamlet*? The explanation is to be found in the strained, unnatural character of Restoration tragedy. The tone of the tragic scenes in Dryden is not merely pitched in a key higher than that of life, as is the case with all tragedy; it is elevated into a falsetto, which is instantly forced on our notice, and which cannot be made to harmonize with the rude boisterousness of the comedy of humors or with the flippant wit of the comedy of manners. In *The Merchant of Venice*, tragedy and comedy succeed each other without jarring on our feelings; the two are blended in an atmosphere of gracious poetry that hides from us any dramatic conventions that might challenge belief. But in Dryden's tragi-comedies, when, after some effort, we have come to sympathize with the affectations of Melantha or the waggish wickedness of Lorenzo, we refuse to be transported in the next scene to the heights of equally artificial heroism. Dryden could attain excellence only by a consistency of tone and by a clear distinction of dramatic types, such as prevailed in France. This he secured in one form in *The Conquest of Granada*, in another and higher form in *All for Love*. By writing *All for Love*, Dryden showed that he had at last gained clearness of sight in regard to his own dramatic work; yet, through weakness of the flesh, and through desire for immediate popularity, he was too often unfaithful to his new-found wisdom. He rejected tragi-comedy, despite his encomium on it in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, owing to an advance in critical discernment; he returned to it owing to his shifty, genial temperament, and to his willingness to gratify public taste even when he knew it to be false.

Among Dryden's tragi-comedies *The Spanish Friar* holds a very high position. The character of Friar Dominic, from whom the play derives its title, unoriginal and debased as it is, has real humor; and many scenes, such as that in the court room, where Lorenzo threatens Gomez, are lively and amusing. These merits, and the skilful construction of the plot, go far to atone for the repulsiveness of the subject.

With this successful play Dryden bade a long farewell to regular work for the stage. In 1681, by the production of *Absalom and Achitophel*, he suddenly became famous as the foremost English satirist. And in 1680, by two contributions to a small volume of *Ovid's Epistles*, he had begun his work as a translator, on which he was to rely during the closing years of his life. Only in 1690, after the Revolution, under the pressure of poverty and neglect,

did he turn again to the theater for support.¹ His later plays brought him some profit, and some increase in reputation, but they did not reestablish his fame as the leading English dramatist. On the failure of the tragi-comedy *Love Triumphant* (1693) he again abandoned the stage, this time forever.

No detailed criticism of Dryden's latest dramas is needed here. In general, though they contain work by no means inferior to that of his earlier periods, they show no advance in critical theory or in dramatic technique. In them the poet merely used again methods the value of which he had learned by his previous experience.

IV.

The four plays included in this volume thus give a fairly complete idea of Dryden's dramatic work. They show the versatility of a great writer who is now known chiefly for his political satires, his translations, his critical essays, and one or two famous odes, but who was also, in his own time, a leader among English dramatists. Our long discussion may lead to some general conclusions.

In the first requisite of a great dramatist as distinguished from a successful playwright, the ability to create living men and women, Dryden was fatally deficient. He can describe character marvelously; no writer ever drew more brilliant satiric portraits than those of Shaftesbury and Buckingham in *Absalom and Achitophel*. But he cannot do his work from the inside, entering into another man's life as if it were his own; genial and kindly as he was, he lacked sympathy. With his keenly literary temperament, he was more interested in books than in life itself; when he wrote plays, he depended for inspiration rather on his intimate knowledge of the dramatists, poets, and romance-writers of England and France than on his independent observation of the world about him.² Hence his characters, even in his best work, are always variations on certain well-known types; their creator manipulates them skilfully, but does not succeed in inspiring them with the breath of life. Melantha is an affected town lady; Friar Dominic, a greedy, sensual ecclesiastic; Ventidius, a bluff soldier: no one of

1. In 1682 Dryden joined Lee in writing *The Duke of Guise*, a political play. In 1684 and 1685 he produced two political operas, *Albion and Albanus* and *King Arthur*, the former of which was acted and published in 1685, the latter, in a revised form, in 1691. In 1690 he returned to regular theatrical work with *Don Sebastian*.

2. What Mr. Andrew Lang has recently written of a modern poet is curiously applicable to Dryden:

"Mr. Swinburne's passion was never natural and sincere; it was always declamatory and literary. This is the defect of his poetry; the emotions have a literary origin, and every character is equally copious, vigorous, and unconvincing. In the dramas it is the verbal music and the rhetoric that please us; Mary Stuart and Mary Beaton certainly did not express themselves in Mr. Swinburne's way." (*The Nation*, lxxxviii. 507; May 20, 1909).

them is a person with whom we feel the same intimate personal acquaintance that we do with Beatrice or Falstaff or Hotspur.¹ We read about his characters, we do not feel with them.

For this reason, there is no true conflict between opposing emotions in Dryden's dramas; as his puppets are in the beginning, so they remain until the end.² A half-dozen pages of prosaic, commonplace talk in Ibsen give us a picture of an individual man or woman, torn by a dozen different feelings. Nora at the close of *A Doll's House* is a different woman from what she was at the opening of the play. Her talk is often silly and puerile; yet in her, as a living woman, we are intensely interested. On the other hand, a hundred pages of Dryden furnish mere variations on a few stock themes; sexual passion, jealousy, ambition, as the case may be. Antony and Cleopatra express themselves differently in different scenes, but their natures never vary; each speech tells the same story in different words. What they say is eloquent and beautiful, but we are interested in the phrases, not in the person who utters them.

On the other hand, once we are content to forego this highest quality of a great dramatist, the ability to create living men and women, Dryden's dramas have great merits. The interest rarely flags; Dryden knows how to tell a story. As *Marriage à la Mode* and *The Spanish Friar* amply illustrate, he is far superior to Congreve in his handling of plot, inferior though he may be in finished drawing of character and in brilliancy of dialogue. And *The Conquest of Granada*, if we can once accustom ourselves to its gaudy diction, has the charm of rapid narrative that makes *Marmion* dear to every one who has not lost his boyish love of adventure. Sir Walter Scott's judgment on this play is of special interest:

"If . . . the reader can abstract his mind from the qualities now deemed essential to a play, and consider *The Conquest of Granada* as a piece of romantic poetry, there are few compositions in the English language which convey a more lively and favorable display of the magnificence of fable, of language, and of action, proper to that style of composition. Amid the splendid ornaments

1. The following sneer by Dryden's enemy, Martin Clifford, has some foundation in fact:

"But I am strangely mistaken if I have not seen this very Almanzor of yours in some disguise about this town, and passing under another name. Prethee tell me true, was not this huff-cap once the Indian Emperor, and at another time did not he call himself Maximin? Was not Lyndaraxa once called Almeria, I mean under Montezuma the Indian Emperor? I protest and vow they are either the same, or so alike, that I can't for my heart distinguish one from the other. You are therefore a strange unconscionable thief, that art not content to steal from others, but dost rob thy poor wretched self, too." (*Notes upon Mr. Dryden's Poems, in Four Letters*. London, 1687, p. 7.)

2. For an insignificant exception, see pp. xxix, xxx.

of the structure we lose sight of occasional disproportion and incongruity; and, at an early age particularly, there are few poems which make a more deep impression on the imagination than *The Conquest of Granada*."¹

Both in comedy and in tragedy, Dryden is an imitator and an adapter, but he is an imitator and an adapter of a most genial and versatile sort. Though he yields in comic force to Wycherley and to Congreve, probably even to Etherege and to Shadwell, he is wider in his range than any of these men. In his first play, *The Wild Gallant*, he experimented with Jonson's comedy of humors, and, though he did little further work of the same sort, his portrait of the brutal and hypocritical Dominic in *The Spanish Friar* shows the influence of Jonson's cynicism. His second drama, *The Rival Ladies*, is somewhat akin to the romantic comedies of Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and his repeated tragi-comedies continue the Elizabethan tradition. Yet in the comic scenes of these same tragi-comedies he frequently blends comedy of intrigue with comedy of manners, the most typical form of the drama of the later Restoration period. The best scenes of *Marriage à la Mode* point forward to the work of Congreve; Melantha is a predecessor of Millamant in *The Way of the World*.

Of tragedy Dryden may be regarded as the greatest writer during the Restoration period. Though still an imitator, he was here working in a field far more congenial to his own talents, and by the genuine merits of his productions he exercised a strong influence on the future of tragedy in England. He first developed to such perfection as it was capable of attaining, a new species of drama, the melodramatic heroic plays. He later succeeded in uniting French technique with the English dramatic tradition, and thus gave powerful aid in starting English tragedy in the direction that it was destined to follow for almost a century after his death, though it never again attained the height to which he raised it in his *All for Love*. To his achievements in both these types of tragedy he gave distinction by his supreme command of English verse. Always buoyant, varied, melodious, and vigorous, Dryden's style progresses from bombast in his earlier work to sustained dignity in his later. Those who do not know *The Conquest of Granada* and *All for Love* cannot fully understand the spell that Dryden's name cast over the century that followed him.

1. Ss. iv. 6.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF DRYDEN'S DRAMATIC WORKS

(The titles of some of the poet's more important non-dramatic works are added, in brackets, for purposes of comparison.)

	Date of acting.	Date of first edition.
○ The Wild Gallant.....	1663	1669
The Rival Ladies.....	1663?	1664
✓ The Indian Queen (with Howard).....	1664	1665
✕ The Indian Emperor.....	1664?	1667
[Annus Mirabilis]		1667
✓ Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen.....	1667	1668
○ Sir Martin Mar-All (with the Duke of Newcastle; adapted from Molière).....	1667	1668
The Tempest (with Davenant; adapted from Shak- spere)	1667	1670
[An Essay of Dramatic Poesy].....		1668
✓ An Evening's Love.....	1668	1671
✕ Tyrannic Love	1669	1670
✕ The Conquest of Granada.....	1670?	1672
✓ Marriage à la Mode.....	1672	1673
✓ The Assignation	1672?	1673
▷ Amboyna	1672	1673
The State of Innocence (written in 1674?).....		1677?
✕ Aureng-Zebe	1675	1676
▷ All for Love.....	1677 ✓	1678
○ The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham.....	1678	1679
▷ Œdipus (with Lee).....	1678	1679
▷ Troilus and Cressida (adapted from Shakspeare)..	1678	1679
[Translations from Ovid's Epistles].....		1680
✓ The Spanish Friar	1680?	1681
[Absalom and Achitophel].....		1681
[The Medal]		1682
[Mac Flecknoe]		1682
▷ The Duke of Guise (with Lee).....	1682	1683
[Religio Laici]		1682
Albion and Albanus.....	1685	1685
[The Hind and the Panther].....		1687
✓ Don Sebastian	1689	1690
○ Amphitryon	1690	1690
✓ King Arthur.....	1691	1691
▷ Cleomenes	1692	1692
[Translations from Juvenal and Persius].....		1692
✓ Love Triumphant	1693?	1694
[Translation of Virgil].....		1697
[Fables]		1700

THE
CONQUEST OF GRANADA
BY THE
SPANIARDS
PART I

*Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo;
Majus opus moveo.*

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vii. 44, 45.

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA was first printed in 1672; other quarto editions followed in 1673, 1678, 1687, and 1695. These are cited as Q1, Q2, Q3, Q4, Q5. In general, Q2 was printed from Q1, Q3 from Q2 (see p. 60, l. 67; p. 124, l. 39), Q4 from Q1 (see p. 70, l. 22), Q5 from Q4 (see p. 11, l. 6; p. 45, l. 44); and the Folio of 1701 (F) from Q5 (see p. 44, l. 508; p. 131, l. 49). Some changes of text, however, would seem to indicate a different arrangement: see p. 58, l. 68; p. 67, ll. 269, 270; p. 76, l. 145; p. 99, l. 68. Of these changes, only those on p. 60, l. 67, and p. 67, ll. 269, 270 are certainly due to Dryden. The present edition follows Q1 except when there are obvious reasons for departing from its text. Some pages were lacking in the Harvard copy of Q2, used by the editor, so that the citation of its readings is incomplete: see pp. 10, 11, 137.

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE
DUKE

SIR,

HEROIC poesy has always been sacred to princes, and to heroes. Thus Virgil inscrib'd his *Æneids* to Augustus Cæsar; and, of latter ages, Tasso and Ariosto dedicated their poems to the house of Este. 'Tis, indeed, but justice that the most excellent and most profitable kind of writing should be address'd by poets to such persons whose characters have, for the most part, been the guides and patterns of their imitation. And poets, while they imitate, instruct. The feign'd hero inflames the true, and the dead virtue animates the living. Since, therefore, the
10 world is govern'd by precept and example, and both these can only have influence from those persons who are above us; that kind of poesy which excites to virtue the greatest men is of greatest use to humankind.

'Tis from this consideration that I have presum'd to dedicate to your Royal Highness these faint representations of your own worth and valor in heroic poetry; or, to speak more properly, not to dedicate, but to restore to you those ideas which, in the more perfect part of my characters, I have taken from you. Heroes may lawfully be delighted with their own praises, both as they are farther incitements to their virtue, and as they are the highest returns which mankind can make them
20 for it.

And certainly, if ever nation were oblig'd either by the conduct, the personal valor, or the good fortune of a leader, the English are acknowledging, in all of them, to your Royal Highness. Your whole life has been a continued series of heroic actions; which you began so early, that you were no sooner nam'd in the world, but it was with praise and admiration. Even the first blossoms of your youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening manhood. While you practic'd but the rudiments of war, you outwent all other captains; and have since found none to surpass, but yourself alone. The opening of your glory was
30 like that of light: you shone to us from afar; and disclos'd your first beams on distant nations; yet so, that the luster of them was spread

4. Este] Dryden's spelling is *Est*.
12. of greatest] QqF. of the greatest SsM.

abroad, and reflected brightly on your native country. You were then an honor to it, when it was a reproach to itself; and, when the fortunate usurper sent his arms to Flanders, many of the adverse party were vanquish'd by your fame, ere they tried your valor. The report of it drew over to your ensigns whole troops and companies of converted rebels, and made them forsake successful wickedness, to follow an oppress'd and exil'd virtue. Your reputation wag'd war with the enemies of your royal family, even within their trenches; and the more obstinate, or more guilty of them, were fore'd to be spies over those whom they
 10 commanded, lest the name of York should disband that army, in whose fate it was to defeat the Spaniards and force Dunkirk to surrender. Yet those victorious forces of the rebels were not able to sustain your arms. Where you charg'd in person, you were a conqueror. 'Tis true, they afterwards recover'd courage, and wrested that victory from others which they had lost to you; and it was a greater action for them to rally than it was to overcome. Thus, by the presence of your Royal Highness, the English on both sides remain'd victorious; and that army which was broken by your valor became a terror to those for whom they conquer'd. Then it was that at the cost of other nations you inform'd
 20 and cultivated that valor which was to defend your native country, and to vindicate its honor from the insolence of our incroaching neighbors. When the Hollanders, not contented to withdraw themselves from the obedience which they ow'd their lawful sovereign, affronted those by whose charity they were first protected; and (being swell'd up to a pre-eminence of trade, by a supine negligence on our side, and a sordid parsimony on their own) dar'd to dispute the sovereignty of the seas, the eyes of three nations were then cast on you; and, by the joint suffrage of king and people, you were chosen to revenge their common injuries; to which, tho' you had an undoubted title by your birth, you had yet a
 30 greater by your courage. Neither did the success deceive our hopes and expectations. The most glorious victory which was gain'd by our navy in that war was in that first engagement; wherein, even by the confession of our enemies, who ever palliate their own losses, and diminish our advantages, your absolute triumph was acknowledg'd. You conquer'd at the Hague as intirely as at London; and the return of a shatter'd fleet, without an admiral, left not the most impudent among them the least pretense for a false bonfire, or a dissembled day of public thanksgiving. All our achievements against them afterwards, tho' we sometimes conquer'd, and were never overcome, were but a copy of that
 40 victory; and they still fell short of their original: somewhat of fortune was ever wanting, to fill up the title of so absolute a defeat. Or, perhaps the guardian angel of our nation was not enough concern'd when you were absent, and would not employ his utmost vigor for a less important stake than the life and honor of a royal admiral.

And if, since that memorable day, you have had leisure to enjoy in peace the fruits of so glorious a reputation, 'twas occasion only has

2. *itself; and, when*] QqF, with colon, not semicolon. *itself.* When SsM
 27. *on*] QqF. *upon* SsM.
 29. *had yet a*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *had a* Q5F SsM.
 45. *And if, since*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. Q5F omit *if*.

been wanting to your courage, for that can never be wanting to occasion. The same ardor still incites you to heroic actions, and the same concernment for all the interests of your king and brother continue to give you restless nights, and a generous emulation for your own glory. You are still meditating on new labors for yourself, and new triumphs for the nation; and when our former enemies again provoke us, you will again solicit fate to provide you another navy to overcome, and another admiral to be slain. You will then lead forth a nation eager to revenge their past injuries; and, like the Romans, inexorable to peace, till they
 10 have fully vanquish'd. Let our enemies make their boast of a surprise, as the Samnites did of a successful stratagem; but the *Furcæ Caudinæ* will never be forgiv'n till they are reveng'd. I have always observ'd in your Royal Highness an extreme concernment for the honor of your country; 'tis a passion common to you with a brother, the most excellent of kings; and in your two persons are eminent the characters which Homer has given us of heroic virtue; the commanding part in Agamemnon, and the executive in Achilles. And I doubt not, from both your actions, but to have abundant matter to fill the annals of a glorious reign, and to perform the part of a just historian to my royal master,
 20 without intermixing with it anything of the poet.

In the meantime, while your Royal Highness is preparing fresh employments for our pens, I have been examining my own forces, and making trial of myself, how I shall be able to transmit you to posterity. I have form'd a hero, I confess, not absolutely perfect, but of an excessive and over-boiling courage; but Homer and Tasso are my precedents. Both the Greek and the Italian poet had well consider'd that a tame hero, who never transgresses the bounds of moral virtue, would shine but dimly in an epic poem. The strictness of those rules might well give precepts to the reader, but would administer little of
 30 occasion to the writer. But a character of an eccentric virtue is the more exact image of human life, because he is not wholly exempted from its frailties. Such a person is Almanzor, whom I present, with all humility, to the patronage of your Royal Highness. I design'd in him a roughness of character, impatient of injuries; and a confidence of himself, almost approaching to an arrogance. But these errors are incident only to great spirits; they are moles and dimples, which hinder not a face from being beautiful, tho' that beauty be not regular; they are of the number of those amiable imperfections which we see in mistresses, and which we pass over without a strict examination, when they
 40 are accompanied with greater graces. And such, in Almanzor, are a frank and noble openness of nature, an easiness to forgive his conquer'd enemies, and to protect them in distress; and, above all, an inviolable faith in his affection.

This, sir, I have briefly shadow'd to your Royal Highness, that you may not be asham'd of that hero whose protection you undertake.

3. continue] QqF. continues SsM. The confusion in grammar is probably due to Dryden himself.

31. he is not] Q3Q4Q5F. he not Q1Q2.

41. an easiness] Q1Q2Q3Q4. and easiness Q5F.

44. This, etc.] No ¶ in Q2Q3Q4.

Neither would I dedicate him to so illustrious a name, if I were conscious to myself that he did or said anything which was wholly unworthy of it. However, since it is not just that your Royal Highness should defend or own what, possibly, may be my error, I bring before you this accus'd Almanzor in the nature of a suspected criminal. By the suffrage of the most and best he already is acquitted; and, by the sentence of some, condemn'd. But, as I have no reason to stand to the award of my enemies, so neither dare I trust the partiality of my friends. I make my last appeal to your Royal Highness, as to a sovereign tribunal.

10 Heroes should only be judg'd by heroes, because they only are capable of measuring great and heroic actions by the rule and standard of their own. If Almanzor has fail'd in any point of honor, I must therein acknowledge that he deviates from your Royal Highness, who are the pattern of it. But if at any time he fulfils the parts of personal valor and of conduct, of a soldier, and of a general; or if I could yet give him a character more advantageous than what he has, of the most unshaken friend, the greatest of subjects, and the best of masters, I should then draw to all the world a true resemblance of your worth and virtues; at least, as far as they are capable of being copied by the

20 mean abilities of,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble and most

Obeïent servant,

J. DRYDEN.

6. *already is*] Qq. *is already* F.
 18. *draw to all*] Q1. *draw all* Q2Q3Q4Q5F.

OF
HEROIC PLAYS
AN ESSAY

WHETHER heroic verse ought to be admitted into serious plays, is not now to be disputed: 'tis already in possession of the stage, and I dare confidently affirm that very few tragedies, in this age, shall be receiv'd without it. All the arguments which are form'd against it can amount to no more than this, that it is not so near conversation as prose, and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all who understand poetry that serious plays ought not to imitate conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be rais'd above that level, the foundation of poetry would be destroy'd. And if you once admit of a latitude, that thoughts
10 may be exalted, and that images and actions may be rais'd above the life, and describ'd in measure without rime, that leads you insensibly from your own principles to mine: you are already so far onward of your way, that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary converse. You are gone beyond it; and to continue where you are, is to lodge in the open fields, betwixt two inns. You have lost that which you call natural, and have not acquir'd the last perfection of art. But it was only custom which cozen'd us so long; we thought, because Shakspeare and Fletcher went no farther, that there the pillars of poetry were to be erected; that, because they excellently describ'd passion without rime,
20 therefore rime was not capable of describing it. But time has now convinc'd most men of that error. 'Tis, indeed, so difficult to write verse, that the adversaries of it have a good plea against many who undertake that task without being form'd by art or nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worst in it, would have written worse without it: they have cozen'd many with their sound, who never took the pains to examine their sense. In fine, they have succeeded; tho' 'tis true, they have more dishonor'd rime by their good success than they could have done by their ill. But I am willing to let fall this argu-
30 ment: 'tis free for every man to write, or not to write in verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be, his talent; or as he imagines the audience will receive it.

For heroic plays (in which only I have us'd it without the mixture of prose), the first light we had of them on the English theater was from the late Sir William Davenant. It being forbidden him in the

23. *undertake*] QqF. *undertook* SsM.

27. *they could have*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. Q5F SsMK omit *could*, thereby spoiling the sense.

32. *only I have*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *I have only* Q5F.

rebellious times to act tragedies and comedies, because they contain'd some matter of scandal to those good people, who could more easily dispossess their lawful sovereign than endure a wanton jest, he was forc'd to turn his thoughts another way, and to introduce the examples of moral virtue, writ in verse, and perform'd in recitative music. The original of this music, and of the scenes which adorn'd his work, he had from the Italian operas; but he heighten'd his characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of Corneille and some French poets. In this condition did this part of poetry remain at his Majesty's
 10 return; when, growing bolder, as being now own'd by a public authority, he review'd his *Siege of Rhodes*, and caus'd it to be acted as a just drama. But, as few men have the happiness to begin and finish any new project, so neither did he live to make his design perfect. There wanted the fulness of a plot and the variety of characters to form it as it ought; and, perhaps, something might have been added to the beauty of the style. All which he would have perform'd with more exactness, had he pleas'd to have given us another work of the same nature. For myself and others, who come after him, we are bound, with all veneration to his memory, to acknowledge what advantage we re-
 20 ceiv'd from that excellent groundwork which he laid; and, since it is an easy thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without envy to him, or partiality to ourselves, to yield him the precedence in it.

Having done him this justice, as my guide, I may do myself so much as to give an account of what I have perform'd after him. I observ'd then, as I said, what was wanting to the perfection of his *Siege of Rhodes*; which was design, and variety of characters. And in the midst of this consideration, by mere accident, I open'd the next book that lay by me, which was an Ariosto in Italian; and the very first
 30 two lines of that poem gave me light to all I could desire:

*Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,
 Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto, &c.*

For the very next reflection which I made was this, that an heroic play ought to be an imitation, in little, of an heroic poem; and, consequently, that love and valor ought to be the subject of it. Both these Sir William Davenant had begun to shadow; but it was so, as first discoverers draw their maps, with headlands, and promontories, and some few outlines of somewhat taken at a distance, and which the designer saw not clearly. The common drama oblig'd him to a plot well form'd and
 40 pleasant, or, as the ancients call'd it, one entire and great action; but this he afforded not himself in a story which he neither fill'd with persons, nor beautified with characters, nor varied with accidents. The laws of an heroic poem did not dispense with those of the other, but rais'd them to a greater height, and indulg'd him a farther liberty of fancy, and of drawing all things as far above the ordinary proportion

6. *his work*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *this work* Q5F.
 11. *it to be*] QqF. *it be* SsMK.
 32. *l'audaci*] Q2Q3Q4Q5F. *l'audace* Q1.
 40. *call'd*] QqF. *call* SsMK.

of the stage, as that is beyond the common words and actions of human life; and, therefore, in the scanting of his images and design, he complied not enough with the greatness and majesty of an heroic poem.

I am sorry I cannot discover my opinion of this kind of writing without dissenting much from his, whose memory I love and honor. But I will do it with the same respect to him as if he were now alive, and overlooking my paper while I write. His judgment of an heroic poem was this: *that it ought to be dress'd in a more familiar and easy shape; more fitted to the common actions and passions of human life; and, in*
 10 *short, more like a glass of nature, showing us ourselves in our ordinary habits, and figuring a more practicable virtue to us, then was done by the ancients or moderns.* Thus he takes the image of an heroic poem from the drama, or stage poetry; and accordingly intended to divide it into five books, representing the same number of acts; and every book into several cantos, imitating the scenes which compose our acts.

But this, I think, is rather a play in narration (as I may call it) than an heroic poem, if at least you will not prefer the opinion of a single man to the practice of the most excellent authors, both of ancient and latter ages. I am no admirer of quotations; but you shall hear, if
 20 you please, one of the ancients delivering his judgment on this question; 'tis Petronius Arbiter, the most elegant, and one of the most judicious authors of the Latin tongue; who, after he had given many admirable rules for the structure and beauties of an epic poem, concludes all in these following words:

Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt, quod longe melius historici faciunt: sed, per ambages, deorumque ministeria, præcipitandus est liber spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis, sub testibus, fides.

In which sentence, and in his own essay of a poem, which imme-
 30 diately he gives you, it is thought he taxes Lucan, who follow'd too much the truth of history, crowded sentences together, was too full of points, and too often offer'd at somewhat which had more of the sting of an epigram than of the dignity and state of an heroic poem. Lucan us'd not much the help of his heathen deities: there was neither the ministry of the gods, nor the precipitation of the soul, nor the fury of a prophet (of which my author speaks) in his *Pharsalia*; he treats you more like a philosopher than a poet, and instructs you in verse with what he had been taught by his uncle Seneca in prose. In one word, he walks soberly, afoot, when he might fly. Yet Lucan is not always this religious
 40 historian. The oracle of Appius, and the witchcraft of Erietho, will somewhat atone for him, who was indeed bound up, by an ill-chosen and known argument, to follow truth with great exactness. For my part, I am of opinion that neither Homer, Virgil, Statius, Ariosto, Tasso, nor our English Spenser, could have form'd their poems half so beautiful, without those gods and spirits, and those enthusiastic parts of

13. accordingly intended to] Q1Q2Q3Q4. accordingly to Q5F.
 19. latter] Q1Q2Q3Q4. later Q5F.
 29. and in his] Q1Q2Q3. and his Q4Q5F SsMK.

poetry which compose the most noble parts of all their writings. And I will ask any man who loves heroic poetry (for I will not dispute their tastes who do not), if the ghost of Polydorus in Virgil, the Enchanted Wood in Tasso, and the Bower of Bliss in Spenser (which he borrows from that admirable Italian) could have been omitted, without taking from their works some of the greatest beauties in them. And if any man object the improbabilities of a spirit appearing, or of a palace rais'd by magic, I boldly answer him that an heroic poet is not tied to a bare representation of what is true, or exceeding probable; but that

10 he may let himself loose to visionary objects, and to the representation of such things, as, depending not on sense, and therefore not to be comprehended by knowledge, may give him a freer scope for imagination. 'Tis enough that, in all ages and religions, the greatest part of mankind have believ'd the power of magic, and that there are spirits, or specters, which have appear'd. This, I say, is foundation enough for poetry; and I dare farther affirm that the whole doctrine of separated beings, whether those spirits are incorporeal substances, (which Mr. Hobbes, with some reason, thinks to imply a contradiction,) or that

20 they are a thinner or more aërial sort of bodies, (as some of the fathers have conjectur'd,) may better be explicated by poets than by philosophers or divines. For their speculations on this subject are wholly poetical; they have only their fancy for their guide; and that, being sharper in an excellent poet, than it is likely it should in a phlegmatic, heavy gownman, will see farther in its own empire, and produce more satisfactory notions on those dark and doubtful problems.

Some men think they have rais'd a great argument against the use of specters and magic in heroic poetry, by saying they are unnatural; but whether they or I believe there are such things, is not material: 'tis enough that, for aught we know, they may be in nature; and whatever

30 is, or may be, is not properly unnatural. Neither am I much concern'd at Mr. Cowley's verses before *Gondibert* (tho' his authority is almost sacred to me). 'Tis true, he has resembled the old epic poetry to a fantastic fairyland; but he has contradicted himself by his own example, for he has himself made use of angels and visions in his *Davidéis*, as well as Tasso in his *Godfrey*.

What I have written on this subject will not be thought digression by the reader, if he please to remember what I said in the beginning of this essay, that I have model'd my heroic plays by the rules of an heroic poem. And if that be the most noble, the most pleasant, and

40 the most instructive way of writing in verse, and withal the highest pattern of human life, as all poets have agreed, I shall need no other argument to justify my choice in this imitation. One advantage the drama has above the other, namely, that it represents to view what the poem only does relate; and, *Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures, Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*, as Horace tells us.

10. may] Q1Q3Q4. might Q5F.

32. the old epic] QqF. SsMK omit old.

36. thought digression] QqF. thought a digression SsMK.

40. writing in verse] Qq. F omits in.

To those who object my frequent use of drums and trumpets, and my representations of battles, I answer, I introduced them not on the English stage: Shakespere us'd them frequently; and tho' Jonson shows no battle in his *Catiline*, yet you hear from behind the scenes the sounding of trumpets and the shouts of fighting armies. But I add farther, that these warlike instruments, and even the representations of fighting on the stage, are no more than necessary to produce the effects of an heroic play; that is, to raise the imagination of the audience, and to persuade them, for the time, that what they behold on the theater is really perform'd. The poet is, then, to endeavor an absolute dominion over the minds of the spectators; for, tho' our fancy will contribute to its own deceit, yet a writer ought to help its operation. And that the Red Bull has formerly done the same, is no more an argument against our practice, than it would be for a physician to forbear an approv'd medicine because a mountebank has us'd it with success.

Thus I have given a short account of heroic plays. I might now, with the usual eagerness of an author, make a particular defense of this. But the common opinion (how unjust soever) has been so much to my advantage that I have reason to be satisfied, and to suffer, with patience, all that can be urg'd against it.

For, otherwise, what can be more easy for me than to defend the character of Almanzor, which is one great exception that is made against the play? 'Tis said that Almanzor is no perfect pattern of heroic virtue, that he is a contemner of kings, and that he is made to perform impossibilities.

I must therefore avow, in the first place, from whence I took the character. The first image I had of him was from the Achilles of Homer; the next from Tasso's Rinaldo, (who was a copy of the former,) and the third from the Artaban of Monsieur Calprenède, (who has imitated both). The original of these, Achilles, is taken by Homer for his hero; and is describ'd by him as one who in strength and courage surpass'd the rest of the Grecian army; but, withal, of so fiery a temper, so impatient of an injury, even from his king and general, that when his mistress was to be forc'd from him by the command of Agamemnon, he not only disobey'd it, but return'd him an answer full of contumely, and in the most opprobrious terms he could imagine. They are Homer's words which follow, and I have cited but some few amongst a multitude:

Οἶνοβαρὲς, κινὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο.

Δημοβόρος βασιλεύς, &c.

Nay, he proceeded so far in his insolence, as to draw out his sword with intention to kill him:

Ἐλκετο δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο μέγα ξίφος.

and, if Minerva had not appear'd, and held his hand, he had executed his design; and 'twas all she could do to dissuade him from it. The

3. shows no] Q1Q3Q4. shows no Q5. shows me no F.
6. the representations] Q1Q3. there presentations Q4. their presentations Q5F SsMK.

event was, that he left the army, and would fight no more. Agamemnon gives his character thus to Nestor:

Ἄλλ' ὃδ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει περὶ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
Πάντων μὲν κρατεῖν ἐθέλει, πάντεσσι δ' ἀνάσσειν.

and Horace gives the same description of him in his *Art of Poetry*:

*Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.*

Tasso's chief character, Rinaldo, was a man of the same temper; 10 for, when he had slain Gernando in his heat of passion, he not only refus'd to be judg'd by Godfrey, his general, but threaten'd that if he came to seize him, he would right himself by arms upon him; witness these following lines of Tasso:

*Venga egli, o mandi, io terrò fermo il piede:
Giudici fian tra noi la sorte, e l'arme;
Fera tragedia vuol che s'appresenti,
Per lor diporto, alle nemiche genti.*

You see how little these great authors did esteem the point of honor, 20 so much magnified by the French, and so ridiculously ap'd by us. They made their heroes men of honor; but so as not to divest them quite of human passions and frailties; they contented themselves to show you what men of great spirits would certainly do when they were provok'd, not what they were oblig'd to do by the strict rules of moral virtue. For my own part, I declare myself for Homer and Tasso, and am more in love with Achilles and Rinaldo than with Cyrus and Oroondates. I shall never subject my characters to the French standard, where love and honor are to be weigh'd by drachms and scruples. Yet, where I have design'd the patterns of exact virtue, such as in this play are the parts of Almahide, of Ozmyn, and Benzayda, I may safely challenge 30 the best of theirs.

But Almanzor is tax'd with changing sides: and what tie has he on 40 him to the contrary? He is not born their subject whom he serves, and he is injur'd by them to a very high degree. He threatens them, and speaks insolently of sovereign power; but so do Achilles and Rinaldo, who were subjects and soldiers to Agamemnon and Godfrey of Bulloign. He talks extravagantly in his passion; but, if I would take the pains to quote an hundred passages of Ben Jonson's Cethegus, I could easily shew you that the rodomontades of Almanzor are neither so irrational as his, nor so impossible to be put in execution; for Cethegus threatens to destroy nature, and to raise a new one out of it; to kill all the senate for his part of the action; to look Cato dead; and a thousand other things as extravagant he says, but performs not one action in the play.

21. contented] Q1. content Q2Q3Q4Q5F.

28. virtue] Q1Q2Q3. virtues Q4Q5F SsMK.

But none of the former calumnies will stick; and, therefore, 'tis at last charg'd upon me that Almanzor does all things; or, if you will have an absurd accusation, in their nonsense who make it, that he performs impossibilities. They say, that, being a stranger, he appeases two fighting factions, when the authority of their lawful sovereign could not. This is, indeed, the most improbable of all his actions, but 'tis far from being impossible. Their king had made himself contemptible to his people, as the history of Granada tells us; and Almanzor, tho' a stranger, yet was already known to them by his gallantry in the *juego de toros*, his engagement on the weaker side, and more especially by the character of his person and brave actions, given by Abdalla just before; and, after all, the greatness of the enterprise consisted only in the daring, for he had the king's guards to second him. But we have read both of Cæsar, and many other generals, who have not only calm'd a mutiny with a word, but have presented themselves single before an army of their enemies; which, upon sight of them, has revolted from their own leaders, and come over to their trenches. In the rest of Almanzor's actions you see him for the most part victorious; but the same fortune has constantly attended many heroes who were not imaginary. Yet, you see it no inheritance to him; for, in the first part, he is made a prisoner; and, in the last, defeated, and not able to preserve the city from being taken. If the history of the late Duke of Guise be true, he hazarded more, and perform'd not less in Naples, than Almanzor is feign'd to have done in Granada.

I have been too tedious in this apology; but to make some satisfaction, I will leave the rest of my play expos'd to the critics, without defense.

The concernment of it is wholly pass'd from me, and ought to be in them who have been favorable to it, and are somewhat oblig'd to defend their own opinions. That there are errors in it, I deny not:

Ast opere in tanto fas est obrepere somnum.

But I have already swept the stakes; and, with the common good fortune of prosperous gamesters, can be content to sit quietly; to hear my fortune curst by some, and my faults arraign'd by others; and to suffer both without reply.

20. *part*] QqF. *place* SsMK, spoiling the sense.

32. *their own opinions*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *their opinions* Q5. *their opinion* F.

PROLOGUE

TO THE FIRST PART

SPOKEN BY

MRS. ELLEN GWYN

IN A BROAD-BRIMM'D HAT, AND WAIST-BELT

THIS jest was first of t' other house's making,
And five times tried, has never fail'd of taking;
For 'twere a shame a poet should be kill'd
Under the shelter of so broad a shield.

This is that hat, whose very sight did win ye
To laugh and clap as tho' the devil were in ye.
As then, for Nokes, so now I hope you'll be
So dull, to laugh, once more, for love of me.

10 "I'll write a play," says one, "for I have got
A broad-brimm'd hat, and waist-belt, tow'rds a plot."
Says t' other, "I have one more large than that."
Thus they outwrite each other with a hat!

The brims still grew with every play they writ;
And grew so large, they cover'd all the wit.
Hat was the play; 'twas language, wit, and tale:
Like them that find meat, drink, and cloth in ale.
What dulness do these mungril wits confess,
When all their hope is acting of a dress!

20 Thus, two the best comedians of the age
Must be worn out, with being blocks o' th' stage;
Like a young girl who better things has known,
Beneath their poet's impotence they groan.
See now what charity it was to save!

They thought you lik'd, what only you forgave;
And brought you more dull sense, dull sense much worse
Than brisk gay nonsense, and the heavier curse.
They bring old ir'n and glass upon the stage,
To barter with the Indians of our age.

30 Still they write on, and like great authors show; }
But 'tis as rollers in wet gardens grow }
Heavy with dirt, and gath'ring as they go.
May none, who have so little understood,
To like such trash, presume to praise what's good!

And may those drudges of the stage, whose fate
Is damn'd dull farce more dully to translate,
Fall under that excise the State thinks fit
To set on all French wares, whose worst is wit.
French farce, worn out at home, is sent abroad;
And, patch'd up here, is made our English mode.
40 Henceforth, let poets, ere allow'd to write,
Be search'd, like duelists, before they fight,
For wheel-broad hats, dull humor, all that chaff
Which makes you mourn, and makes the vulgar laugh:
For these, in plays, are as unlawful arms,
As, in a combat, coats of mail and charms.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

MEN

MAHOMET BOABDELIN, *the last king of Granada.*
PRINCE ABDALLA, *his brother.*
ABDELMELECH, *chief of the Abencerrages.*
ZULEMA, *chief of the Zegrys.*
ABENAMAR, *an old Abencerrago.*
SELIN, *an old Zegry.*
OZMYN, *a brave young Abencerrago, son to Abenamar.*
HAMET, *brother to Zulema, a Zegry.*
GOMEL, *a Zegry.*
ALMANZOR.

FERDINAND, *king of Spain.*
Duke of ARCOS, *his General.*
Don ALONZO D'AGUILAR, *a Spanish Captain.*

WOMEN

ALMAHIDE, *queen of Granada.*
LYNDARAXA, *sister of ZULEMA, a Zegry lady.*
BENZAYDA, *daughter to SELIN.*
ESPERANZA, *slave to the queen.*
HALYMA, *slave to LYNDARAXA.*

ISABELLA, *queen of Spain.*

Messengers, Guards, Attendants, Men, and Women.

*The SCENE in Granada, and the Christian Camp
besieging it.*

ALMANZOR AND ALMAHIDE
OR
THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA
PART I
ACT I

BOABDELIN, ABENAMAR, ABDELMELECH, *Guards*.

Boab. Thus, in the triumphs of soft peace, I reign;
And, from my walls, defy the pow'rs of Spain;
With pomp and sports my love I celebrate,
While they keep distance, and attend my state.—
Parent to her, whose eyes my soul inthral,
Whom I, in hope, already father call,
Abenamar, thy youth these sports has known,
Of which thy age is now spectator grown;
Judge-like thou sit'st, to praise, or to arraign

[*To ABEN.*

10 The flying skirmish of the darted cane:
But when fierce bulls run loose upon the place,
And our bold Moors their loves with danger grace,
Then heat new-bends thy slacken'd nerves again,
And a short youth runs warm thro' every vein.

Aben. I must confess th' encounters of this day
Warm'd me indeed, but quite another way:
Not with the fire of youth; but gen'rous rage,
To see the glories of my youthful age
So far outdone.

20 *Abdelm.* Castile could never boast, in all its pride,
A pomp so splendid, when the lists, set wide,
Gave room to the fierce bulls, which wildly ran
In Sierra Ronda, ere the war began;
Who, with high nostrils snuffing up the wind,
Now stood the champions of the salvage kind.
Just opposite, within the circled place,
Ten of our bold Abencerrages' race
(Each brandishing his bull-spear in his hand)

Did their proud ginnets gracefully command.

- 30 On their steel'd heads their demi-lances wore
 Small pennons, which their ladies' colors bore.
 Before this troop did warlike Ozmyn go;
 Each lady, as he rode, saluting low;
 At the chief stands, with reverence more profound,
 His well-taught courser, kneeling, touch'd the ground;
 Thence rais'd, he sidelong bore his rider on,
 Still facing, till he out of sight was gone.

Boab. You praise him like a friend; and I confess,
 His brave deportment merited no less.

- 40 *Abdelm.* Nine bulls were launch'd by his victorious arm,
 Whose wary ginnet, shunning still the harm,
 Seem'd to attend the shock, and then leap'd wide:
 Meanwhile, his dext'rous rider, when he spied
 The beast just stooping, 'twixt the neck and head
 His lance, with never-erring fury, sped.

Aben. My son did well, and so did Hamet too;
 Yet did no more then we were wont to do;
 But what the stranger did was more then man.

- *Abdelm.* He finished all those triumphs we began.
 50 One bull, with curl'd black head, beyond the rest,
 And dewlaps hanging from his brawny chest,
 With nodding front awhile did daring stand,
 And with his jetty hoof spurn'd back the sand;
 Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out aloud:
 Th' amaz'd assistants back each other crowd,
 While monarch-like he rang'd the listed field;
 Some toss'd, some gor'd, some trampling down he kill'd.
 Th' ignobler Moors from far his rage provoke
 With woods of darts, which from his sides he shook.

- 60 Meantime your valiant son, who had before
 Gain'd fame, rode round to every mirador;
 Beneath each lady's stand a stop he made,
 And, bowing, took th' applauses which they paid.
 Just in that point of time, the brave unknown
 Approach'd the lists.

Boab. I mark'd him, when alone
 (Observ'd by all, himself observing none)

- He enter'd first, and with a graceful pride
 His fiery Arab dext'rously did guide,
 Who, while his rider every stand survey'd,
 70 Sprung loose, and flew into an escapade;
 Not moving forward, yet, with every bound,
 Pressing, and seeming still to quit his ground.
 What after pass'd

Was far from the ventanna where I sate,
 But you were near, and can the truth relate.

[To ABDELM.]

Abdelm. Thus while he stood, the bull, who saw this foe,
His easier conquests proudly did forego;
And, making at him with a furious bound,
From his bent forehead aim'd a double wound.

80 A rising murmur ran thro' all the field,
And every lady's blood with fear was chill'd:
Some shriek'd, while others, with more helpful care,
Cried out aloud, "Beware, brave youth, beware!"
At this he turn'd, and, as the bull drew near,
Shunn'd and receiv'd him on his pointed spear:
The lance broke short; the beast then bellow'd loud,
And his strong neck to a new onset bow'd.

Th' undaunted youth
Then drew; and from his saddle bending low,
90 Just where the neck did to the shoulders grow, }
With his full force discharg'd a deadly blow.
Not heads of poppies (when they reap the grain)
Fall with more ease before the lab'ring swain,
Then fell this head:
It fell so quick, it did even death prevent,
And made imperfect bellowings as it went.
Then all the trumpets victory did sound,
And yet their clangors in our shouts were drown'd.

[*A confus'd noise within.*]

Boab. Th' alarm-bell rings from our Alhambra walls,
100 And from the streets sound drums and atabals.

[*Within, a bell, drums, and trumpets.*]

To them a Messenger.

How now? From whence proceed these new alarms?

Mess. The two fierce factions are again in arms;
And, changing into blood the day's delight,—
The Zegrays with the Abencerrages fight;
On each side their allies and friends appear;
The Maças here, the Alabazes there:
The Gazuls with the Bencerrages join,
And with the Zegrays, all great Gomel's line.

Boab. Draw up behind the Vivarambla place;
110 Double my guards,—these factions I will face;
And try if all the fury they can bring,
Be proof against the presence of their king.

[*Exit BOAB.*]

*The Factions appear: at the head of the Abencerrages, OZMYN;
at the head of the Zegrays, ZULEMA, HAMET, GOMEL, and
SELIN: ABENAMAR and ABDELMELECH, join'd with the
Abencerrages.*

Zul. The faint Abercerrages quit their ground:
Press 'em; put home your thrusts to every wound.

Abdelm. Zegry, on manly force our line relies;
 Thine poorly takes th' advantage of surprise:
 Unarm'd and much outnumber'd we retreat;
 You gain no fame, when basely you defeat.
 If thou art brave, seek nobler victory;
 120 Save Moorish blood; and, while our bands stand by,
 Let two to two an equal combat try.

Ham. 'Tis not for fear the combat we refuse,
 But we our gain'd advantage will not lose.

Zul. In combating, but two of you will fall;
 And we resolve we will dispatch you all.

Ozm. We'll double yet th' exchange before we die,
 And each of ours two lives of yours shall buy.

ALMANZOR enters betwixt them, as they stand ready to engage.

Alm. I cannot stay to ask which cause is best;
 But this is so to me, because oppress'd. [*Goes to the Abencerrages.*]

To them BOABDELIN and his guards, going betwixt them.

130 *Boab.* On your allegiance, I command you stay;
 Who passes here, thro' me must make his way;
 My life's the Isthmos; thro' this narrow line
 You first must cut, before those seas can join.
 What fury, Zegrys, has possess'd your minds?
 What rage the brave Abencerrages blinds?
 If of your courage you new proofs would show,
 Without much travel you may find a foe.
 Those foes are neither so remote nor few,
 That you should need each other to pursue.

140 *Lean times and foreign wars should minds unite;*
When poor, men mutter, but they seldom fight.
 O holy Alba! that I live to see
 Thy Granadins assist their enemy!
 You fight the Christians' battles; every life
 You lavish thus, in this intestine strife,
 Does from our weak foundations take one prop,
 Which help'd to hold our sinking country up.

Ozm. 'Tis fit our private enmity should cease;
 Tho' injur'd first, yet I will first seek peace.

150 *Zul.* No, murd'rer, no; I never will be won
 To peace with him whose hand has slain my son.

Ozm. Our prophet's curse
 On me, and all th' Abencerrages light,
 If unprovok'd I with your son did fight.

Abdelm. A band of Zegrys ran within the place,
 Match'd with a troop of thirty of our race.
 Your son and Ozmyr the first squadrons led,
 Which, ten by ten, like Parthians, charg'd and fled;

The ground was strow'd with canes where we did meet,
 160 Which crackled underneath our coursers' feet:
 When Tarifa (I saw him ride apart)
 Chang'd his blunt cane for a steel-pointed dart;
 And, meeting Ozmyn next,
 Who wanted time for treason to provide,
 He basely threw it at him, undefied.

Ozm. [*Showing his arm.*] Witness this blood—which when by treason
 sought,
 That follow'd, sir, which to myself I ought.

Zul. His hate to thee was grounded on a grudge
 Which all our generous Zegrys just did judge:
 170 Thy villain-blood thou openly didst place
 Above the purple of our kingly race.

Boab. From equal stems their blood both houses draw,
 They from Morocco, you from Cordova.

Ham. Their mungril race is mix'd with Christian breed;
 Hence 'tis that they those dogs in prisons feed.

Abdelm. Our holy prophet wills that charity
 Should ev'n to birds and beasts extended be:
 None knows what fate is for himself design'd;
 The thought of human chance should make us kind.

180 *Gom.* We waste that time we to revenge should give:
 Fall on; let no Abencerrago live.

[*Advancing before the rest of his party. ALMANZOR, advancing
 on the other side, and describing a line with his sword,*

Almanz. Upon thy life, pass not this middle space;
 Sure death stands guarding the forbidden place.

Gom. To dare that death, I will approach yet nigher;
 Thus—wert thou compass'd in with circling fire.

[*They fight.*

Boab. Disarm 'em both; if they resist you, kill.

[*ALMANZOR, in the midst of the guards, kills GOMEL,
 and then is disarm'd.*

Almanz. Now you have but the leavings of my will.

Boab. Kill him! this insolent unknown shall fall,
 And be the victim to atone you all.

190 *Ozm.* If he must die, not one of us will live:
 That life he gave for us, for him we give.

Boab. It was a traitor's voice that spoke those words;
 So are you all, who do not sheathe your swords.

Zul. Outrage unpunish'd, when a prince is by,
 Forfeits to scorn the rights of majesty:
 No subject his protection can expect,
 Who what he owes himself does first neglect.

Aben. This stranger, sir, is he
 Who lately in the Vivarambla place
 200 Did, with so loud applause, your triumphs grace.

161. *Tarifa*] In QqF the spelling varies between *Tarifa* and *Tariffa*.

166. *arm*] Q1Q4Q5F. Q2 and Q3 omit the stage-direction. *arms* SsM.

Boab. The word which I have giv'n, I'll not revoke;
If he be brave, he's ready for the stroke.

Almanz. No man has more contempt than I of breath,
But whence hast thou the right to give me death?

{ Obey'd as sovereign by thy subjects be,
But know that I alone am king of me.

{ I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran. }

210 *Boab.* Since, then, no pow'r above your own you know,
Mankind should use you like a common foe;
You should be hunted like a beast of prey:
By your own law I take your life away.

Almanz. My laws are made but only for my sake;
No king against himself a law can make.
If thou pretend'st to be a prince like me,
Blame not an act which should thy pattern be.
I saw th' oppress'd, and thought it did belong
To a king's office to redress the wrong:

220 I brought that succor which thou ought'st to bring,
And so, in nature, am thy subjects' king.

Boab. I do not want your counsel to direct,
Or aid to help me punish or protect.

Almanz. Thou want'st 'em both, or better thou wouldst know,
Then to let factions in thy kingdom grow.
Divided int'rests, while thou think'st to sway,
Draw, like two brooks, thy middle stream away:
For tho' they band and jar, yet both combine
To make their greatness by the fall of thine.

230 Thus, like a buckler, thou art held in sight,
While they, behind thee, with each other fight.

Boab. Away, and execute him instantly! [To his Guards

Almanz. Stand off; I have not leisure yet to die.

To them, ABDALLA hastily.

Abdal. Hold, sir! for heav'n sake hold!
Defer this noble stranger's punishment,
Or your rash orders you will soon repent.

Boab. Brother, you know not yet his insolence.

Abdal. Upon yourself you punish his offense:
If we treat gallant strangers in this sort,

240 Mankind will shun th' inhospitable court;
And who, henceforth, to our defense will come,
If death must be the brave Almanzor's doom?
From Africa I drew him to your aid,

220. that succor] Qq. the succor F.
[To them, Abdalla] QqF. SsM insert enter. Similar variations, unrecorded
in these notes, occur later.

234. for heav'n sake] Q1Q2Q4Q5F. heav'ns Q3. heaven's SsM.

And for his succor have his life betray'd.

Boab. Is this th' Almanzor whom at Fez you knew,
When first their swords the Xeriff brothers drew?

Abdal. This, sir, is he who for the elder fought,
And to the juster cause the conquest brought;
Till the proud Santo, seated in the throne,
250 Disdain'd the service he had done to own:
Then to the vanquish'd part his fate he led;
The vanquish'd triumph'd, and the victor fled.
Vast is his courage, boundless is his mind,
Rough as a storm, and humorous as wind:
Honor's the only idol of his eyes;
The charms of beauty like a pest he flies;
And, rais'd by valor from a birth unknown,
Acknowledges no pow'r above his own.

[BOABDELIN coming to ALMANZOR.]

Boab. Impute your danger to our ignorance;
260 The bravest men are subject most to chance:

Granada much does to your kindness owe; }
But towns, expecting sieges, cannot show }
More honor then t' invite you to a foe.

Almanz. I do not doubt but I have been to blame:
But, to pursue the end for which I came,
Unite your subjects first; then let us go,
And pour their common rage upon the foe.

Boab. [to the Factions.] Lay down your arms, and let me beg you
cease

Your enmities.

Zul. We will not hear of peace,
270 Till we by force have first reveng'd our slain.

Abdelm. The action we have done we will maintain.

Selin. Then let the king depart, and we will try
Our cause by arms.

Zul. For us and victory!

Boab. A king intreats you.

Almanz. What subjects will precarious kings regard?

A beggar speaks too softly to be heard:

Lay down your arms! 'Tis I command you now.

Do it—or, by our prophet's soul I vow,

My hands shall right your king on him I seize.

280 Now let me see whose look but disobeys.

Omnes. Long live King Mahomet Boabdelin!

Almanz. No more; but hush'd as midnight silence go:

He will not have your acclamations now.

Hence, you unthinking crowd!—

[The common people go off on both parties.]

Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,

249. 4n] QqF. on SsM.

273. victory!] victory. QqF SsM.

When such as these unmake or make a king!

Abdal. How much of virtue lies in one great soul

[*Embracing him.*

Whose single force can multitudes control!

[*A trumpet within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Duke of Arcos, sir,

290 Does with a trumpet from the foe appear.

Boab. Attend him; he shall have his audience here.

Enter the Duke of ARCOS.

D. Arcos. The monarchs of Castile and Aragon }
Have sent me to you, to demand this town,
To which their just and rightful claim is known. }

Boab. Tell Ferdinand, my right to it appears
By long possession of eight hundred years:
When first my ancestors from Afric sail'd,
In Rodrique's death your Gothic title fail'd.

D. Arcos. The successors of Rodrique still remain,
300 And ever since have held some part of Spain:
Ev'n in the midst of your victorious pow'rs,
Th' Asturias, and all Portugal, were ours.
You have no right, except you force allow;
And if yours then was just, so ours is now.

Boab. 'Tis true from force the noblest title springs;
I therefore hold from that, which first made kings.

D. Arcos. Since then by force you prove your title true,
Ours must be just, because we claim from you.
When with your father you did jointly reign,
310 Invading with your Moors the south of Spain,
I, who that day the Christians did command,
Then took, and brought you bound to Ferdinand.

Boab. I'll hear no more; defer what you would say:
In private we'll discourse some other day.

D. Arcos. Sir, you shall hear, however you are loth,
That, like a perjur'd prince, you broke your oath:
To gain your freedom you a contract sign'd,
By which your crown you to my king resign'd,
From thenceforth as his vassal holding it,
320 And paying tribute such as he thought fit;
Contracting, when your father came to die,
To lay aside all marks of royalty,
And at Purchena privately to live,
Which, in exchange, King Ferdinand did give.

Boab. The force us'd on me made that contract void.

D. Arcos. Why have you then its benefits enjoy'd?
By it you had not only freedom then,
But, since, had aid of money and of men;

And, when Granada for your uncle held,
 330 You were by us restor'd, and he expell'd.
 Since that, in peace we let you reap your grain,
 Recall'd our troops, that us'd to beat your plain;
 And more—

Almanz. Yes, yes, you did with wondrous care,
 Against his rebels prosecute the war,
 While he secure in your protection slept;
 For him you took, but for yourselves you kept.
 Thus, as some fawning usurer does feed
 With present sums th' unwary unthrift's need,
 You sold your kindness at a boundless rate,
 340 And then o'erpaid the debt from his estate;
 Which, mold'ring piecemeal, in your hands did fall,
 Till now at last you came to swoop it all.

D. Arcos. The wrong you do my king I cannot bear;
 Whose kindness you would odiously compare.
 Th' estate was his; which yet, since you deny,
 He's now content, in his own wrong, to buy.

Almanz. And he shall buy it dear what his he calls—
 We will not give one stone from out these walls.

Boab. Take this for answer, then,—
 350 Whate'er your arms have conquer'd of my land,
 I will, for peace, resign to Ferdinand.
 To harder terms my mind I cannot bring;
 But, as I still have liv'd, will die a king.

D. Arcos. Since thus you have resolv'd, henceforth prepare
 For all the last extremities of war:

My king his hope from heaven's assistance draws.

Almanz. The Moors have heav'n, and me, t' assist their cause.

[Exit ARCOS.]

Enter ESPERANZA.

Esper. Fair Almahide,
 (Who did with weeping eyes these discords see,
 360 And fears the omen may unlucky be,)
 Prepares a zambra to be danc'd this night,
 In hope soft pleasures may your minds unite.

Boab. My mistress gently chides the fault I made; }
 But tedious business has my love delay'd: }
 Business, which dares the joys of kings invade.

Almanz. First let us sally out, and meet the foe.

Abdal. Led on by you, we on to triumph go.

Boab. Then with the day let war and tumult cease;
 The night be sacred to our love and peace:
 370 'Tis just some joys on weary kings should wait;
 'Tis all we gain by being slaves of state.

[Exeunt omnes.]

ACT II

ABDALLA, ABDELMELECH, OZMYN, ZULEMA, HAMET, *as returning from the sally.*

Abdal. This happy day does to Granada bring
A lasting peace, and triumphs to the king:
The two fierce factions will no longer jar,
Since they have now been brothers in the war.
Those who, apart, in emulation fought,
The common danger to one body brought;
And, to his cost, the proud Castilian finds
Our Moorish courage in united minds.

Abdelm. Since to each other's aid our lives we owe,
10 Lose we the name of faction, and of foe;
Which I to Zulema can bear no more,
Since Lyndaraxa's beauty I adore.

Zul. I am oblig'd to Lyndaraxa's charms,
Which gain the conquest I should lose by arms;
And wish my sister may continue fair,
That I may keep a good,
Of whose possession I should else despair.

Ozm. While we indulge our common happiness,
He is forgot, by whom we all possess;
20 The brave Almanzor, to whose arms we owe
All that we did, and all that we shall do;
Who, like a tempest that outrides the wind,
Made a just battle ere the bodies join'd.

Abdelm. His victories we scarce could keep in view,
Or polish 'em so fast as he rough-drew.

Abdal. Fate, after him, below with pain did move,
And victory could scarce keep pace above:
Death did at length so many slain forget,
And lost the tale, and took 'em by the great.

To them ALMANZOR with the Duke of ARCOS, prisoner.

Hamet. See, here he comes,
30 And leads in triumph him who did command
The vanquish'd army of King Ferdinand.

Almanz. [To the Duke of Arcos.] Thus far your master's arms a
fortune find

Below the swell'd ambition of his mind;
And Alha shuts a misbeliever's reign
From out the best and goodliest part of Spain.
Let Ferdinand Calabrian conquests make,
And from the French contested Milan take;
Let him new worlds discover to the old,
40 And break up shining mountains, big with gold;
Yet he shall find this small domestic foe,

Still sharp and pointed, to his bosom grow.

D. Arcos. Of small advantages too much you boast;
You beat the out-guards of my master's host:
This little loss, in our vast body, shews
So small, that half have never heard the news.
Fame's out of breath, ere she can fly so far,
To tell 'em all that you have e'er made war.

Almanz. It pleases me your army is so great;
50 For now I know there's more to conquer yet.
By heav'n, I'll see what troops you have behind:
I'll face this storm that thickens in the wind;
And, with bent forehead, full against it go,
Till I have found the last and utmost foe.

D. Arcos. Believe, you shall not long attend in vain:
To-morrow's dawn shall cover all your plain;
Bright arms shall flash upon you from afar,
A wood of lances, and a moving war.
But I, unhappy in my bands, must yet
60 Be only pleas'd to hear of your defeat,
And with a slave's inglorious ease remain,
Till conquering Ferdinand has broke my chain.

Almanz. Vain man, thy hopes of Ferdinand are weak!
I hold thy chain too fast for him to break.
But, since thou threaten'st us, I'll set thee free,
That I again may fight, and conquer thee.

D. Arcos. Old as I am, I take thee at thy word,
And will to-morrow thank thee with my sword.

Almanz. I'll go, and instantly acquaint the king,
70 And sudden orders for thy freedom bring.
Thou canst not be so pleas'd at liberty -
As I shall be to find thou dar'st be free.

[*Exeunt ALMANZOR, ARCOS, and the rest,
excepting only ABDALLA and ZULEMA.*]

Abdal. Of all those Christians who infest this town,
This Duke of Arcos is of most renown.

Zul. Oft have I heard that in your father's reign
His bold advent'urers beat the neighb'ring plain;
Then under Ponce Leon's name he fought,
And from our triumphs many prizes brought;
Till, in disgrace, from Spain at length he went,
80 And since continued long in banishment.

Abdal. But see, your beauteous sister does appear.

To them LYNDARAXA.

Zul. By my desire she came to find me here.

[*ZULEMA and LYNDARAXA whisper; then ZULEMA
goes out, and LYNDARAXA is going after.*]

56. *your plain*] QqF. *the plain* SsM.

59. *bands*] QqF. *bonds* SsM.

80. *long in*] QqF. *in long* SsM.

Abdal. Why, fairest Lyndaraxa, do you fly
A prince, who at your feet is proud to die? [Staying her.]

Lyndar. Sir, I should blush to own so rude a thing, [Staying.]
As 'tis to shun the brother of my king.

Abdal. In my hard fortune I some ease should find,
Did your disdain extend to all mankind.

But give me leave to grieve, and to complain,
90 That you give others what I beg in vain.

Lyndar. Take my esteem, if you on that can live;
For, frankly, sir, 'tis all I have to give:
If from my heart you ask or hope for more,
I grieve the place is taken up before.

Abdal. My rival merits you.—
To Abdelmelech I will justice do;
For he wants worth, who dares not praise a foe.

Lyndar. That for his virtue, sir, you make defense,
Shows in your own a noble confidence.
100 But him defending, and excusing me,
I know not what can your advantage be.

Abdal. I fain would ask, ere I proceed in this,
If, as by choice, you are by promise his?

Lyndar. Th' engagement only in my love does lie,
But that's a knot which you can ne'er untie.

Abdal. When cities are besieg'd, and treat to yield,
If there appear relievers from the field,
The flag of parley may be taken down
Till the success of those without be known.

110 *Lyndar.* Tho' Abdelmelech has not yet possess'd,
Yet I have seal'd the treaty for my breast.

Abdal. Your treaty has not tied you to a day;
Some chance might break it, would you but delay.
If I can judge the secrets of your heart,
Ambition in it has the greatest part;
And wisdom, then, will shew some difference
Betwixt a private person and a prince.

Lyndar. Princes are subjects still.—
Subject and subject can small diff'rence bring:
120 The diff'rence is 'twixt subjects and a king.

And since, sir, you are none, your hopes remove;
For less then empire I'll not change my love.

Abdal. Had I a crown, all I should prize in it,
Should be the pow'r to lay it at your feet.

Lyndar. Had you that crown which you but wish, not hope,
Then I, perhaps, might stoop and take it up.
But till your wishes and your hopes agree,
You shall be still a private man with me.

Abdal. If I am king, and if my brother die—

109. *be known*] QqF. *is known* SsM.

111. *for my breast*] QqF. *in my breast* SsM.

130 *Lyndar.* Two if's scarce make one possibility.

Abdal. The rule of happiness by reason scan;
You may be happy with a private man.

Lyndar. That happiness I may enjoy, 'tis true;
But then that private man must not be you.

Where'er I love, I'm happy in my choice;
If I make you so, you shall pay my price.

Abdal. Why would you be so great?

Lyndar. Because I've seen,
This day, what 'tis to hope to be a queen.

Heav'n, how y'all watch'd each motion of her eye!

140 None could be seen while Almahide was by,
Because she is to be Her Majesty!—

Why would I be a queen? Because my face
Would wear the title with a better grace.

If I became it not, yet it would be

Part of your duty, then, to flatter me.

These are not half the charms of being great;

I would be somewhat—that I know not yet:

Yes! I avow th' ambition of my soul,

To be that one, to live without control!

150 And that's another happiness to me,

To be so happy as but one can be.

Abdal. Madam,—because I would all doubts remove,—
Would you, were I a king, accept my love?

Lyndar. I would accept it; and, to show 'tis true,
From any other man as soon as you.

Abdal. Your sharp replies make me not love you less;
But make me seek new paths to happiness.

What I design, by time will best be seen:

You may be mine, and yet may be a queen.

160 When you are so, your word your love assures.

Lyndar. Perhaps not love you—but I will be yours.—

[*He offers to take her hand, and kiss it.*]

Stay, sir, that grace I cannot yet allow:

Before you set the crown upon my brow.—

That favor which you seek,

Or Abdelmelech, or a king, must have;

When you are so, then you may be my slave.

[*Exit; but looks smiling back on him.*]

Abdal. Howe'er imperious in her words she were,

Her parting looks had nothing of severe;

A glancing smile allur'd me to command,

170 And her soft fingers gently press'd my hand:

I felt the pleasure glide thro' every part;

Her hand went thro' me to my very heart.

For such another pleasure, did he live,

I could my father of a crown deprive.

What did I say!—

Father!—That impious thought has shock'd my mind:

How bold our passions are, and yet how blind!—

She's gone; and now

Methinks there is less glory in a crown:

180 My boiling passions settle, and go down.

Like amber chaf'd, when she is near, she acts;

When farther off, inclines, but not attracts.

To him ZULEMA.

Assist me, Zulema, if thou wouldst be

That friend thou seem'st, assist me against me.

Betwixt my love and virtue I am toss'd;

This must be forfeited, or that be lost.

I could do much to merit thy applause;

Help me to fortify the better cause.

My honor is not wholly put to flight,

190 But would, if seconded, renew the fight.

Zul. I met my sister, but I do not see

What difficulty in your choice can be.

She told me all; and 'tis so plain a case,

You need not ask what counsel to embrace.

Abdal. I stand reprov'd that I did doubt at all;

My waiting virtue stay'd but for thy call:

'Tis plain that she, who, for a kingdom, now

Would sacrifice her love, and break her vow,

Not out of love, but int'rest, acts alone,

200 And would, ev'n in my arms, lie thinking of a throne.

Zul. Add to the rest this one reflection more:

When she is married, and you still adore,

Think then—and think what comfort it will bring—

She had been mine,

Had I but only dar'd to be a king!

Abdal. I hope you only would my honor try;

I'm loth to think you virtue's enemy.

Zul. If, when a crown and mistress are in place,

Virtue intrudes with her lean holy face,

210 Virtue 's then mine, and not I virtue's foe.

Why does she come where she has naught to do?

Let her with anchorites, not with lovers, lie;

Statesmen and they keep better company.

Abdal. Reason was giv'n to curb our headstrong will.

Zul. Reason but shews a weak physician's skill;

Gives nothing, while the raging fit does last;

But stays to cure it, when the worst is past.

Reason's a staff for age, when nature's gone;

But youth is strong enough to walk alone.

220 *Abdal.* In curst ambition I no rest should find,

But must for ever lose my peace of mind.

Zul. Methinks that peace of mind were bravely lost;
A crown, whate'er we give, is worth the cost.

Abdal. Justice distributes to each man his right;
But what she gives not, should I take by might?

Zul. If justice will take all, and nothing give,
Justice, methinks, is not distributive.

Abdal. Had fate so pleas'd, I had been eldest born,
And then, without a crime, the crown had worn.

230 *Zul.* Would you so please, fate yet a way would find;

Man makes his fate according to his mind.

The weak low spirit fortune makes her slave;
But she's a drudge when hector'd by the brave:
If fate weaves common thrif, he'll change the doom,
And with new purple spread a nobler loom.

Abdal. No more!—I will usurp the royal seat;
Thou, who hast made me wicked, make me great.

Zul. Your way is plain: the death of Tarifa
Does on the king our Zegrys' hatred draw:

240 *Tho' with our enemies in show we close,*

'Tis but while we to purpose can be foes.

Selin, who heads us, would revenge his son;

But favor hinders justice to be done.

Proud Ozmyn with the king his pow'r maintains,
And in him each Abencerrago reigns.

Abdal. What face of any title can I bring?

Zul. The right an eldest son has to be king.

Your father was at first a private man,

And got your brother ere his reign began:

250 When, by his valor, he the crown had won,

Then you were born, a monarch's eldest son.

Abdal. To sharp-ey'd reason this would seem untrue;
But reason I thro' love's false optics view.

Zul. Love's mighty pow'r has led me captive too;
I am in it unfortunate as you.

Abdal. Our loves and fortunes shall together go;
Thou shalt be happy, when I first am so.

Zul. The Zegrys at old Selin's house are met,
Where, in close council, for revenge they sit:

260 There we our common int'rest will unite;

You their revenge shall own, and they your right.

One thing I had forgot which may import:

I met Almanzor coming back from court,

But with a discompos'd and speedy pace,

A fiery color kindling all his face:

The king his pris'ner's freedom has denied,

And that refusal has provok'd his pride.

234. *thrif*] Q1Q2Q3. *thread* Q4Q5 SsM. *thaead* F.

247. *be king*] QqF. *be a king* SsM. F inserts *of* after *right*, in the same line.

Abdal. Would he were ours!—

I'll try to gild th' injustice of the cause,
 270 And court his valor with a vast applause.

Zul. The bold are but the instruments o' th' wise;
 They undertake the dangers we advise:
 And, while our fabric with their pains we raise,
 We take the profit, and pay them with praise.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

ALMANZOR, ABDALLA.

Almanz. That he should dare to do me this disgrace!
 Is fool or coward writ upon my face?
 Refuse my pris'ner!—I such means will use,
 He shall not have a pris'ner to refuse.

Abdal. He said you were not by your promise tied;
 That he absolv'd your word, when he denied.

Almanz. He break my promise and absolve my vow!
 'Tis more than Mahomet himself can do!
 The word which I have giv'n shall stand like fate;
 10 Not like the king's, that weathercock of state.
 He stands so high, with so unfix'd a mind,
 Two factions turn him with each blast of wind:
 But now, he shall not veer! My word is pass'd;
 I'll take his heart by th' roots, and hold it fast.

Abdal. You have your vengeance in your hand this hour;
 Make me the humble creature of your pow'r:
 The Granadins will gladly me obey,
 Tir'd with so base and impotent a sway;
 And, when I shew my title, you shall see
 20 I have a better right to reign than he.

Almanz. It is sufficient that you make the claim;
 You wrong our friendship when your right you name.
 When for myself I fight, I weigh the cause,
 - But friendship will admit of no such laws:
 That weighs by th' lump; and, when the cause is light,
 Puts kindness in to set the balance right.
 True, I would wish my friend the juster side;
 But, in th' unjust, my kindness more is tried:
 And all the opposition I can bring,
 30 Is that I fear to make you such a king.

Abdal. The majesty of kings we should not blame,
 When royal minds adorn the royal name;
 The vulgar, greatness too much idolize,
 But haughty subjects it too much despise.

Almanz. I only speak of him,
 Whom pomp and greatness sit so loose about,

That he wants majesty to fill 'em out.

Abdal. ~~Haste, then, and lose no time!—~~

The business must be enterpris'd this night:

40 We must surprise the court in its delight.

Almanz. For you to will, for me 'tis to obey:

But I would give a crown in open day;

And, when the Spaniards their assault begin,

At once beat those without, and these within.

[Exit ALMANZ.]

Enter ABDELMELECH.

Abdelm. Abdalla, hold!—There's somewhat I intend
To speak, not as your rival, but your friend.

Abdal. If as a friend, I am oblig'd to hear;
And what a rival says I cannot fear.

Abdelm. Think, brave Abdalla, what it is you do: }
50 Your quiet, honor, and our friendship too,
All for a fickle beauty you forego. }

Think, and turn back, before it be too late.

Behold in me th' example of your fate:

I am your sea-mark; and, tho' wrack'd and lost,

My ruins stand to warn you from the coast.

Abdal. Your counsels, noble Abdelmelech, move
My reason to accept 'em, not my love.

Ah, why did heav'n leave man so weak defense,
To trust frail reason with the rule of sense!—

60 'Tis overpois'd and kick'd up in the air,
While sense weighs down the scale, and keeps it there;
Or, like a captive king, 'tis borne away,
And forc'd to count'nance its own rebel's sway.

Abdelm. No, no; our reason was not vainly lent;
Nor is a slave, but by its own consent:
If reason on his subject's triumph wait,
An easy king deserves no better fate.

Abdal. You speak too late; my empire's lost too far:
I cannot fight.

Abdelm. Then make a flying war;
70 Dislodge betimes before you are beset.

Abdal. Her tears, her smiles, her every look's a net.
Her voice is like a Siren's of the land;
And bloody hearts lie panting in her hand.

Abdelm. This do you know, and tempt the danger still?

Abdal. Love, like a lethargy, has seiz'd my will.
I'm not myself, since from her sight I went;
I lean my trunk that way, and there stand bent.
As one who, in some frightful dream, would shun
His pressing foe, labors in vain to run;
80 And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans,

With thick short sighs, weak cries, and tender groans,
So I——

Abdelm. Some friend, in charity, should shake,
And rouse, and call you loudly till you wake.
Too well I know her blandishments to gain,
Usurper-like, till settled in her reign;
Then proudly she insults, and gives you cares
And jealousies, short hopes and long despairs.
To this hard yoke you must hereafter bow,
Howe'er she shines all golden to you now.

90 *Abdal.* Like him, who on the ice
Slides swiftly on, and sees the water near,
Yet cannot stop himself in his career,
So am I carried. This enchanted place,
Like Circe's isle, is peopled with a race
Of dogs and swine; yet, tho' their fate I know,
I look with pleasure, and am turning too.

[LYNDARAXA passes over the stage.

Abdelm. Fly, fly, before th' allurements of her face,
Ere she return with some resistless grace,
And with new magic covers all the place. }

100 *Abdal.* I cannot, will not,—nay, I would not fly:
I'll love, be blind, be cozen'd till I die;
And you, who bid me wiser counsel take,
I'll hate, and, if I can, I'll kill you for her sake.

Abdelm. Ev'n I, that counsel'd you, that choice approve:
I'll hate you blindly, and her blindly love.
Prudence, that stemm'd the stream, is out of breath;
And to go down it is the easier death.

[LYNDARAXA reënters, and smiles on ABDALLA.

[Exit ABDALLA.

Abdelm. That smile on Prince Abdalla seems to say,
You are not in your killing mood to-day:
110 Men brand, indeed, your sex with cruelty,
But you're too good to see poor lovers die.
This godlike pity in you I extol;
And more, because, like heav'n's, 'tis general.

Lyndar. My smile implies not that I grant his suit:
'Twas but a bare return of his salute.

Abdelm. It said, you were ingag'd, and I in place;
But, to please both, you would divide the grace.

Lyndar. You've cause to be contented with your part,
When he has but the look, and you the heart.

120 *Abdelm.* In giving but that look, you give what's mine:
I'll not one corner of a glance resign.
All's mine; and I am cov'tous of my store:
I have not love enough; I'll tax you more.

Lyndar. I gave not love; 'twas but civility:
He is a prince; that's due to his degree.

Abdelm. That prince you smil'd on is my rival still,
And should, if me you lov'd, be treated ill.

Lyndar. I know not how to show so rude a spite.

Abdelm. That is, you know not how to love aright;

130 Or, if you did, you would more difference see
Betwixt our souls, than 'twixt our quality.

Mark if his birth makes any difference,
If to his words it adds one grain of sense.
That duty which his birth can make his due
I'll pay, but it shall not be paid by you:
For, if a prince courts her whom I adore,
He is my rival, and a prince no more.

Lyndar. And when did I my pow'r so far resign,
That you should regulate each look of mine?

140 *Abdelm.* Then, when you gave your love, you gavè that pow'r.

Lyndar. 'Twas during pleasure, 'tis revok'd this hour.

Now call me false, and rail on womankind,—
'Tis all the remedy you're like to find.

Abdelm. Yes, there's one more;
I'll hate you, and this visit is my last.

Lyndar. Do 't, if you can; you know I hold you fast:
Yet, for your quiet, would you could resign
Your love, as easily as I do mine!

Abdelm. Furies and hell, how unconcern'd she speaks!
150 With what indifference all her vows she breaks!
Curse on me, but she smiles!

Lyndar. That smile's a part of love, and all's your due:
I take it from the prince, and give it you.

Abdelm. Just heav'n, must my poor heart your May-game prove,
To bandy, and make children's play in love? [Half crying.

Ah! how have I this cruelty deserv'd!
I, who so truly and so long have serv'd!

And left so easily! O cruel maid!
So easily! 'Twas too unkindly said.

160 That heart which could so easily remove
Was never fix'd, nor rooted deep in love.

Lyndar. You lodg'd it so uneasy in your breast,
I thought you had been weary of the guest.
First, I was treated like a stranger there;
But, when a household friend I did appear, }
You thought, it seems, I could not live elsewhere.
Then, by degrees, your feign'd respect withdrew;
You mark'd my actions, and my guardian grew.
But I am not concern'd your acts to blame:

170 My heart to yours but upon liking came;
And, like a bird whom prying boys molest,

Stays not to breed where she had built her nest.

Abdelm. I have done ill,
And dare not ask you to be less displeas'd;
Be but more angry, and my pain is eas'd.

Lyndar. If I should be so kind a fool, to take
This little satisfaction which you make,
I know you would presume some other time
Upon my goodness, and repeat your crime.

180 *Abdelm.* O, never, never, upon no pretense!
My life's too short to expiate this offense.

Lyndar. No, now I think on 't, 'tis in vain to try;
'Tis in your nature, and past remedy.
You'll still disquiet my too loving heart:
Now we are friends, 'tis best for both to part.

Abdelm. [*Taking her hand.*] By this—will you not give me leave
to swear?

Lyndar. You would be perjur'd if you should, I fear:
And, when I talk with Prince Abdalla next,
I with your fond suspicions shall be vex'd.

190 *Abdelm.* I cannot say I'll conquer jealousy,
But, if you'll freely pardon me, I'll try.

Lyndar. And, till you that submissive servant prove,
I never can conclude you truly love.

*To them, the King, ALMAHIDE, ABENAMAR, ESPERANZA,
Guards, Attendants.*

Boab. Approach, my Almahide, my charming fair,
Blessing of peace, and recompense of war.
This night is yours; and may your life still be
The same in joy, tho' not solemnity.

SONG

I.

200 *Beneath a myrtle shade,
Which love for none but happy lovers made,
I slept; and straight my love before me brought
Phyllis, the object of my waking thought.
Undress'd she came my flames to meet,
While love strow'd flow'rs beneath her feet;
Flow'rs which, so press'd by her, became more sweet.*

II.

*From the bright vision's head
A careless veil of lawn was loosely spread:*

SONG] In Q1 this song is printed after the epilogue, with the warning
"misplac'd, sung at the dance or zambra in the third act." It appears here
in Q2Q3Q4Q5F.

210

*From her white temples fell her shaded hair,
Like cloudy sunshine, not too brown nor fair;
Her hands, her lips, did love inspire;
Her every grace my heart did fire:
But most her eyes, which languish'd with desire.*

III.

*"Ah, charming fair," said I,
"How long can you my bliss and yours deny?
By nature and by love this lonely shade
Was for revenge of suff'ring lovers made.
Silence and shades with love agree;
Both shelter you and favor me:
You cannot blush, because I cannot see."*

IV.

220

*"No, let me die," she said,
"Rather than lose the spotless name of maid!"
Faintly, methought, she spoke; for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
"Then die," said I: she still denied;
"And is it thus, thus, thus," she cried,
"You use a harmless maid?"—and so she died!*

V.

230

*I wak'd, and straight I knew,
I lov'd so well, it made my dream prove true:
Fancy, the kinder mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what Phyllis would not do!
Ah, cruel nymph, cease your disdain;
While I can dream, you scorn in vain,—
Asleep or waking, you must ease my pain.*

THE ZAMBRA DANCE

[After the dance, a tumultuous noise of drums and trumpets.

To them, OZMYN; his sword drawn.

*Ozm. Arm, quickly, arm; yet all, I fear, too late;
The enemy's already at the gate.*

Boab. The Christians are dislodg'd; what foe is near?

*Ozm. The Zegrys are in arms, and almost here:
The streets with torches shine, with shoutings ring,
And Prince Abdalla is proclaim'd the king.*

What man could do, I have already done,

240 *But bold Almanzor fiercely leads 'em on.*

*Aben. Th' Alhambra yet is safe in my command; [To the King.
Retreat you thither, while their shock we stand.*

*Boab. I cannot meanly for my life provide;
I'll either perish in 't, or stem this tide.*

The Zambra Dance] This stage direction appears before the song in Q4Q5F
S&M. The text follows Q2Q3.

241. *Th' Alhambra*] Qq. *The Alhambra* F.

To guard the palace, Ozmyn, be your care:

If they o'ercome, no sword will hurt the fair.

Ozm. I'll either die, or I'll make good the place.

Abdelm. And I with these will bold Almanzor face.

[Exeunt all but the Ladies. An alarm within.]

Almah. What dismal planet did my triumphs light!

250 *Discord* the day, and death does rule the night:

The noise my soul does thro' my senses wound.

Lyndar. Methinks it is a noble, sprightly sound,

The trumpet's clangor, and the clash of arms!

This noise may chill your blood, but mine it warms.

[Shouting and clashing of swords within.]

We have already pass'd the Rubicon;

The dice are mine; now, fortune, for a throne!

[A shout within, and clashing of swords afar off.]

The sound goes farther off, and faintly dies;

Curse of this going back, these ebbing cries!

Ye winds, waft hither sounds more strong and quick;

260 *Beat* faster, drums, and mingle deaths more thick.

I'll to the turrets of the palace go,

And add new fire to those that fight below:

Thence, Hero-like, with torches by my side

(Far be the omen, tho'), my love I'll guide.

No; like his better fortune I'll appear,

With open arms, loose veil, and flowing hair,

Just flying forward from my rolling sphere: }

My smiles shall make Abdalla more than man;

Let him look up, and perish if he can.

[Exit.]

An alarm nearer: then enter ALMANZOR and SELIN,

in the head of the Zegrys; OZMYN Pris'ner.

270 *Almans.* We have not fought enough; they fly too soon;

And I am griev'd the noble sport is done.

This only man, of all whom chance did bring *[Pointing to OZMYN.]*

To meet my arms, was worth the conquering.

His brave resistance did my fortune grace;

So slow, so threat'ning forward, he gave place.

His chains be easy, and his usage fair.

Selin. I beg you would commit him to my care.

Almans. Next, the brave Spaniard free without delay;

And with a convoy send him safe away.

[Exit a Guard.]

To them HAMET and others.

280 *Hamet.* The king by me salutes you; and, to show

That to your valor he his crown does owe,

Would from your mouth I should the word receive,

And that to these you would your orders give.

Almans. He much o'errates the little I have done.

[ALMANZOR goes to the door, and there seems to give out orders, by sending people several ways.]

Selin. [to *Ozmyn.*] Now, to revenge the murder of my son,
To-morrow for thy certain death prepare;
This night I only leave thee to despair.

Ozmyn. Thy idle menaces I do not fear:
My business was to die or conquer here.
290 Sister, for you I grieve I could no more:
My present state betrays my want of pow'r;
But, when true courage is of force bereft,
Patience, the noblest fortitude, is left.

[Exit cum SELIN.]

Almah. Ah, *Esperanza*, what for me remains
But death, or, worse than death, inglorious chains!

Esper. Madam, you must not to despair give place;
Heav'n never meant misfortune to that face.
Suppose there were no justice in your cause,
Beauty's a bribe that gives her judges laws.
300 That you are brought to this deplor'd estate,
Is but th' ingenious flatt'ry of your fate;
Fate fears her succor like an alms to give;
And would you, God-like, from yourself should live.

Almah. Mark but how terrible his eyes appear!
And yet there's something roughly noble there,
Which, in unfashion'd nature, looks divine,
And, like a gem, does in the quarry shine.

[ALMANZOR returns; she falls at his feet, being veil'd.]

Almah. Turn, mighty conqu'ror, turn your face this way,
Do not refuse to hear the wretched pray!

310 *Almans.* What business can this woman have with me?

Almah. That of th' afflicted to the Deity.
So may your arms success in battles find;
So may the mistress of your vows be kind,
If you have any; or, if you have none,
So may your liberty be still your own!

Almans. Yes, I will turn my face, but not my mind:
You bane and soft destruction of mankind,
What would you have with me?

Almah. I beg the grace
You would lay by those terrors of your face.

[Unveiling.]

320 Till calmness to your eyes you first restore,
I am afraid, and I can beg no more.

Almans. [Looking fixedly on her.] Well; my fierce visage shall not
murder you.

Speak quickly, woman; I have much to do.

Almah. Where should I find the heart to speak one word?
Your voice, sir, is as killing as your sword.

293. the noblest] Q1Q2Q3Q4. the only Q5F SsM.

304. terrible] QqF. terribly SsM.

312. battles] QqF. battle SsM.

As you have left the lightning of your eye,
So would you please to lay your thunder by.

Almanz. I'm pleas'd and pain'd, since first her eyes I saw,
As I were stung with some tarantula.

330 Arms, and the dusty field, I less admire,
And soften strangely in some new desire;
Honor burns in me, not so fiercely bright,
But pale, as fires when master'd by the light:
Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more,
And now am nothing that I was before.
I'm numb'd, and fix'd, and scarce my eyeballs move:
I fear it is the lethargy of love!

'Tis he; I feel him now in every part:

Like a new lord he vaunts about my heart;

340 Surveys, in state, each corner of my breast,
While poor fierce I, that was, am dispospossess'd;
I'm bound; but I will rouse my rage again;
And, tho' no hope of liberty remain,
I'll fright my keeper when I shake my chain. }

You are——

[*Angrily.*

Almah. I know I am your captive, sir.

Almanz. You are—You shall—And I can scarce forbear——

Almah. Alas!

Almanz. 'Tis all in vain; it will not do:

[*Aside.*

I cannot now a seeming anger show:

My tongue against my heart no aid affords;

550 For love still rises up, and chokes my words.

Almah. In half this time a tempest would be still.

Almanz. 'Tis you have rais'd that tempest in my will.

I wonnot love you; give me back my heart;

But give it, as you had it, fierce and brave.

It was not made to be a woman's slave,

But, lion-like, has been in desarts bred,

And, us'd to range, will ne'er be tamely led.

Restore its freedom to my fetter'd will,

And then I shall have pow'r to use you ill.

360 *Almah.* My sad condition may your pity move;

But look not on me with the eyes of love.——

I must be brief, tho' I have much to say.

Almanz. No, speak; for I can hear you now all day.

Her suing soothes me with a secret pride:

A suppliant beauty cannot be denied.

Ev'n while I frown, her charms the furrows seize;

And I'm corrupted with the pow'r to please.

[*Softly.*

[*Aside.*

Almah. Tho' in your worth no cause of fear I see,
I fear the insolence of victory;

370 As you are noble, sir, protect me then

From the rude outrage of insulting men.

Almanz. Who dares touch her I love? I'm all o'er love:
Nay, I am Love; Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my breast at last.

Almah. You see before you her who should be queen,
Since she is promis'd to Boabdelin.

Almanz. Are you belov'd by him? O wretched fate,
First that I love at all; then, love too late!
Yet, I must love!

Almah. Alas, it is in vain;

380 Fate for each other did not us ordain.

The chances of this day too clearly show
That heav'n took care that it should not be so.

Almanz. Would heav'n had quite forgot me this one day!
But fate's yet hot—

I'll make it take a bent another way.

[He walks swiftly and discomposedly, studying.]

I bring a claim which does his right remove;
You're his by promise, but you're mine by love.

'Tis all but ceremony which is past;
The knot's to tie which is to make you fast.

390 Fate gave not to Boabdelin that pow'r;

He woo'd you but as my ambassador.

Almah. Our souls are tied by holy vows above.

Almanz. He sign'd but his; but I will seal my love.
I love you better, with more zeal than he.

Almah. This day

I gave my faith to him, he his to me.

Almanz. Good heav'n, thy book of fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of this day:

Or, if the order of the world below

400 Will not the gap of one whole day allow,

Give me that minute when she made her vow! }

"That minute, ev'n the happy from their bliss might give;

"And those, who live in grief, a shorter time would live.

So small a link, if broke, th' eternal chain

Would, like divided waters, join again.—

It wonnot be; the fugitive is gone,

Press'd by the crowd of following minutes on:

That precious moment's out of nature fled,

And in the heap of common rubbish laid,

410 Of things that once have been, and are decay'd. }

Almah. Your passion, like a fright, suspends my pain;

It meets, o'erpow'rs, and bears mine back again:

But as, when tides against the current flow,

The native stream runs its own course below,

So, tho' your griefs possess the upper part,

My own have deeper channels in my heart.

378. *love too late*] Q1Q2Q3. *loved too late* Q4Q5F SsM.

402, 403. SsM omit quotes, found in QqF.

412. *bears*] Q1Q2Q3. *beats* Q4Q5F SsM.

Almanz. Forgive that fury which my soul does move;
 'Tis the essay of an untaught first love.
 Yet rude, unfashion'd truth it does express;
 420 'Tis love just peeping in a hasty dress.
 Retire, fair creature, to your needful rest;
 There's something noble lab'ring in my breast:
 This raging fire which thro' the mass does move
 Shall purge my dross, and shall refine my love.

[*Exeunt ALMAHIDE and ESPERANZA.*]

She goes, and I like my own ghost appear;
 It is not living when she is not here.

To him ABDALLA as King, attended.

Abdal. My first acknowledgments to heav'n are due;
 My next, Almanzor, let me pay to you.

Almanz. A poor surprise, and on a naked foe,
 430 Whatever you confess, is all you owe;
 And I no merit own, or understand
 That fortune did you justice by my hand:
 Yet, if you will that little service pay
 With a great favor, I can shew the way.

Abdal. I have a favor to demand of you;
 That is, to take the thing for which you sue.

Almanz. Then, briefly, thus: when I th' Albayzin won,
 I found the beauteous Almahide alone,
 Whose sad condition did my pity move;
 440 And that compassion did produce my love.

Abdal. This needs no suit; in justice, I declare,
 She is your captive by the right of war.

Almanz. She is no captive then; I set her free;
 And, rather than I will her jailer be,
 I'll nobly lose her in her liberty. }

Abdal. Your generosity I much approve;
 But your excess of that shows want of love.

Almanz. No, 'tis th' excess of love, which mounts so high
 That, seen far off, it lessens to the eye.
 450 Had I not lov'd her, and had set her free,
 That, sir, had been my generosity;
 But 'tis exalted passion, when I show
 I dare be wretched, not to make her so.
 And, while another passion fills her breast,
 I'll be all wretched rather than half blest.

Abdal. May your heroic act so prosperous be,
 That Almahide may sigh you set her free.

Enter ZULEMA.

Zul. Of five tall tow'rs which fortify this town,

444. *then*] Q1Q2. *than* Q3Q4Q5F. Similar variants occur elsewhere, but are not recorded here; the spelling *then* seems most frequent in Q1 and Q2.

445. *lose*] Q2Q3Q4. *loose* Q1Q5F.

All but th' Alhambra your dominion own:

460 Now, therefore, boldly I confess a flame,
Which is excus'd in Almahida's name.
If you the merit of this night regard,
In her possession I have my reward.

Almanz. ~~She your reward!~~ Why, she's a gift so great,
That I myself have not deserv'd her yet;
And therefore, tho' I won her with my sword,
I have, with awe, my sacrilege restor'd.

Zul. What you deserve

I'll not dispute, because I do not know;

470 This only I will say, she shall not go.

Almanz. Thou, single, art not worth my answering:
But take what friends, what armies thou canst bring;
What worlds; and, when you are united all,
Then I will thunder in your ears: "She shall!"

Zul. I'll not one tittle of my right resign.
Sir, your implicit promise made her mine;
When I in general terms my love did show,
You swore our fortunes should together go.

Abdal. The merits of the cause I'll not decide,
480 But, like my love, I would my gift divide.
Your equal titles, then, no longer plead;
But one of you, for love of me, recede.

Almanz. I have receded to the utmost line,
When, by my free consent, she is not mine:
Then let him equally recede with me,
And both of us will join to set her free.

Zul. If you will free your part of her, you may;
But, sir, I love not your romantic way.
Dream on, enjoy her soul, and set that free;

490 I'm pleas'd her person should be left for me.

Almanz. Thou shalt not wish her thine; thou shalt not dare
To be so impudent as to despair.

Zul. The Zegrys, sir, are all concern'd to see
How much their merit you neglect in me.

Hamet. Your slighting Zulema this very hour
Will take ten thousand subjects from your pow'r.

Almanz. What are ten thousand subjects such as they?
If I am scorn'd—I'll take myself away.

Abdal. Since both cannot possess what both pursue,
500 I grieve, my friend, the chance should fall on you;
But when you hear what reasons I can urge——

Almanz. None, none that your ingratitude can purge.
Reason's a trick, when it no grant affords;
It stamps the face of majesty on words.

Abdal. Your boldness to your services I give:

461. *Almahida's*] So printed in QqF wherever a word of four syllables is required by the meter; SsM print uniformly *Almahide*.

474. *I will*] QqF. *will I* SsM.

Now take it, as your full reward—to live.

Almanz. To live!

If from thy hands alone my death can be,
I am immortal, and a god, to thee.

510 If I would kill thee now, thy fate's so low,
That I must stoop ere I can give the blow:
But mine is fix'd so far above thy crown,
That all thy men,

Pil'd on thy back, can never pull it down.

But at my ease thy destiny I send,

By ceasing from this hour to be thy friend.

Like heav'n, I need but only to stand still,

And, not concurring to thy life, I kill.

Thou canst no title to my duty bring;

520 I'm not thy subject, and my soul's thy king.

Farewell. When I am gone,

There's not a star of thine dare stay with thee:

I'll whistle thy tame fortune after me;

And whirl fate with me wheresoe'er I fly,

As winds drive storms before 'em in the sky.

[*Exit.*

Zul. Let not this insolent unpunish'd go;

Give your commands; your justice is too slow.

[*ZULEMA, HAMET, and others are going after him.*

Abdal. Stay, and what part he pleases let him take:

I know my throne's too strong for him to shake.

530 But my fair mistress I too long forget;

The crown I promis'd is not offer'd yet.

Without her presence all my joys are vain,

Empire a curse, and life itself a pain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

BOABDELIN, ABENAMAR, *Guards.*

Boab. Advise, or aid, but do not pity me:

No monarch born can fall to that degree.

Pity descends from kings to all below;

But can, no more then fountains, upward flow.

Witness just heav'n, my greatest grief has been,

I could not make your Almahide a queen.

Aben. I have too long th' effects of fortune known,

Either to trust her smiles, or fear her frown.

Since in their first attempt you were not slain,

10 Your safety bodes you yet a second reign.

The people like a headlong torrent go,

And every dam they break, or overflow;

But, unoppos'd, they either lose their force,

Or wind in volumes to their former course.

508. *thy hands*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *my hands* Q5F.

518. *concurring to*] QqF. *concurring in* SsM.

Boab. In walls we meanly must our hopes inclose,
To wait our friends, and weary out our foes:
While Almahide

To lawless rebels is expos'd a prey,
And fore'd the lustful victor to obey.

20 *Aben.* One of my blood, in rules of virtue bred!
Think better of her, and believe she's dead.

To them ALMANZOR.

Boab. We are betray'd, the enemy is here;
We have no farther room to hope or fear.

Almanz. It is indeed Almanzor whom you see,
But he no longer is your enemy.

~~You were ungrateful, but your foes were more;~~
What your injustice lost you, theirs restore.
Make profit of my vengeance while you may;
My two-edg'd sword can cut the other way.—

30 I am your fortune, but am swift like her,
And turn my hairy front if you defer:
That hour when you delib'rate, is too late;
I point you the white moment of your fate.

Aben. Believe him sent as Prince Abdalla's spy;
He would betray us to the enemy.

Almanz. Were I, like thee, in cheats of state grown old
(Those public markets, where for foreign gold
The poorer prince is to the richer sold),
Then thou mightst think me fit for that low part;

40 But I am yet to learn the statesman's art.
~~My kindness and my hate unmask'd I wear;~~
~~For friends to trust, and enemies to fear.~~
My heart's so plain

That men on every passing thought may look,
Like fishes gliding in a crystal brook;
When troubled most, it does the bottom show;
'Tis weedless all above, and rockless all below.

Aben. Ere he be trusted, let him first be tried;
He may be false, who once has chang'd his side.

50 *Almanz.* In that you more accuse yourselves than me;
None who are injur'd can unconstant be.
You were unconstant, you, who did the wrong;
To do me justice does to me belong.

Great souls by kindness only can be tied;
Injur'd again, again I'll leave your side.
Honor is ~~what myself, and friends, I owe;~~
~~And none can lose it who forsake a foe.~~
Since, then, your foes now happen to be mine,

21. *and believe*] Q4Q5F. *and I believe* Q1Q2. *I believe* Q3.

37. *where*] Q3Q4F. *were* Q1Q2Q5.

44. *thought*] Q1Q2Q3. *though* Q4Q5. *through* F.

48. *first*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *then* Q5F.

Tho' not in friendship, we'll in int'rest join:

60 So while my lov'd revenge is full and high,
I'll give you back your kingdom by the by.

Boab. [*Embracing him.*] That I so long delay'd what you desire,
Was not to doubt your worth, but to admire.

Almanz. This counselor an old man's caution shows,

Who fears that little he has left to lose:

Age sets to fortune; while youth boldly throws.

But let us first your drooping soldiers cheer;

Then seek out danger, ere it dare appear:

This hour I fix your crown upon your brow;

70 Next hour fate gives it, but I give it now.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

LYNDARAXA alone.

Lyndar. O could I read the dark decrees of fate,

That I might once know whom to love, or hate!

For I myself scarce my own thoughts can guess,

So much I find 'em varied by success.

As in some weatherglass my love I hold;

Which falls or rises with the heat or cold.

I will be constant yet, if fortune can;

I love the King;—let her but name the man.

To her HALYMA.

Hal. Madam, a gentleman, to me unknown,

10 Desires that he may speak with you alone.

Lyndar. Some message from the king. Let him appear.

To her ABDELMELECH; who ent'ring throws off his disguise.

She starts.

Abdelm. I see you are amaz'd that I am here:

But let at once your fear and wonder end.

In the usurper's guard I found a friend,

Who led me to you safe in this disguise.

Lyndar. Your danger brings this trouble in my eyes.

But what affair this vent'rous visit drew?

Abdelm. The greatest in the world; the seeing you.

Lyndar. The courage of your love I so admire

20 That, to preserve you, you shall straight retire.

[*She leads him to the door.*]

Go, dear! each minute does new dangers bring;

You will be taken; I expect the king.

Abdelm. The king!—the poor usurper of an hour:

His empire's but a dream of kingly pow'r.

66. sets to fortune] Q1Q2Q3. sets fortune Q4Q5F. sets a fortune.

4. find 'em] Q1Q2Q3Q4. find them Q5F.

14. guard] QqF. guards SsM.

I warn you, as a lover and a friend,
To leave him ere his short dominion end:
The soldier I suborn'd will wait at night,
And shall alone be conscious of your flight.

Lyndar. I thank you that you so much care bestow;
80 But, if his reign be short, I need not go.
For why should I expose my life and yours
For what, you say, a little time assures?

Abdelm. My danger in th' attempt is very small;
And, if he loves you, yours is none at all.
But, tho' his ruin be as sure as fate,
Your proof of love to me would come too late.
This trial I in kindness would allow:
'Tis easy; if you love me, show it now.

Lyndar. It is because I love you, I refuse;
40 For all the world my conduct would accuse,
If I should go with him I love away:
And, therefore, in strict virtue, I will stay.

Abdelm. You would in vain dissemble love to me;
Thro' that thin veil your artifice I see.
You would expect th' event, and then declare;
But do not, do not drive me to despair:
For, if you now refuse with me to fly,
Rather then love you after this, I'll die;
And therefore weigh it well before you speak;
50 My king is safe, his force within not weak.

Lyndar. The counsel you have giv'n me may be wise;
But, since th' affair is great, I will advise.

Abdelm. Then that delay I for denial take.

[*Is going.*]

Lyndar. Stay; you too swift an exposition make.
If I should go, since Zulema will stay,
I should my brother to the king betray.

Abdelm. There is no fear; but, if there were, I see
You value still your brother more than me.
Farewell! Some ease I in your falsehood find;
60 It lets a beam in that will clear my mind:
My former weakness I with shame confess,
And, when I see you next, shall love you less.

[*Is going again.*]

Lyndar. Your faithless dealing you may blush to tell; [*Weeping.*]
This is a maid's reward, who loves too well.— [*He looks back.*]
Remember that I drew my latest breath
In charging your unkindness with my death.

Abdelm. [*Coming back.*] Have I not answer'd all you can invent,
Ev'n the least shadow of an argument?

Lyndar. You want not cunning what you please to prove,
70 But my poor heart knows only how to love;
And, finding this, you tyrannize the more:
'Tis plain, some other mistress you adore;

And now, with studied tricks of subtilty,
 You come prepar'd to lay the fault on me. [*Wringing her hands.*
 But, O, that I should love so false a man!

Abdelm. Hear me, and then disprove it, if you can.

Lyndar. I'll hear no more; your breach of faith is plain:

You would with wit your want of love maintain.

But, by my own experience, I can tell,

80 They who love truly cannot argue well.

Go, faithless man!

Leave me alone to mourn my misery;

I cannot cease to love you, but I'll die. [*Leans her head on his arm.*

Abdelm. [*Weeping.*] What man but I so long unmov'd could hear
 Such tender passion, and refuse a tear!

But do not talk of dying any more,

Unless you mean that I should die before.

Lyndar. I fear your feign'd repentance comes too late;

I die, to see you still thus obstinate:

90 But yet, in death my truth of love to show,

Lead me; if I have strength enough, I'll go.

Abdelm. By heav'n, you shall not go! I will not be
 O'ercome in love or generosity.

All I desire, to end th' unlucky strife,

Is but a vow that you will be my wife.

Lyndar. To tie me to you by a vow is hard;

It shows my love you as no tie regard.

Name anything but that, and I'll agree.

Abdelm. Swear then, you never will my rival's be.

100 *Lyndar.* Nay, pr'ythee, this is harder then before.

Name anything, good dear, but that thing more.

Abdelm. Now I too late perceive I am undone;

Living and seeing, to my death I run.

I know you false, yet in your snares I fall;

You grant me nothing, and I grant you all.

Lyndar. I would grant all; but I must curb my will,

Because I love to keep you jealous still.

In your suspicion I your passion find;

But I will take a time to cure your mind.

110 *Halyma.* O, madam, the new king is drawing near!

Lyndar. Haste quickly hence, lest he should find you here!

Abdelm. How much more wretched then I came, I go! }

I more my weakness and your falsehood know; }

And now must leave you with my greatest foe! }

[*Exit ABDELM.*

Lyndar. Go!—How I love thee, heav'n can only tell:

And yet I love thee, for a subject, well.—

Yet, whatsoever charms a crown can bring,

A subject's greater then a little king.

I will attend till time this throne secure;

120 And, when I climb, my footing shall be sure.—
 Music! and, I believe, address'd to me.

[*Music without.*]

SONG

I.

*Wherever I am, and whatever I do,
 My Phyllis is still in my mind;
 When angry, I mean not to Phyllis to go,
 My feet, of themselves, the way find:
 Unknown to myself I am just at her door,
 And, when I would rail, I can bring out no more,
 Than: "Phyllis too fair and unkind!"*

II.

130

*When Phyllis I see, my heart bounds in my breast,
 And the love I would stifle is shown;
 But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from my eyes Phyllis is gone.
 Sometimes a sad dream does delude my sad mind;
 But, alas! when I wake, and no Phyllis I find,
 How I sigh to myself all alone!*

III.

140

*Should a king be my rival in her I adore,
 He should offer his treasure in vain:
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my Phyllis again!
 Let Phyllis be mine, and but ever be kind,
 I could to a desert with her be confin'd,
 And envy no monarch his reign.*

IV.

*Alas! I discover too much of my love,
 And she too well knows her own pow'r!
 She makes me each day a new martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour:
 But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
 I had rather love Phyllis, both false and unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her pow'r.*

ABDALLA enters with guards.

150 *Abdal.* Now, madam, at your feet a king you see;
 Or rather, if you please, a scepter'd slave:
 'Tis just you should possess the pow'r you gave.
 Had love not made me yours, I yet had bin
 But the first subject to Boabdelin.
 Thus heav'n declares the crown I bring your due;
 And had forgot my title, but for you.

Lyndar. Heav'n to your merits will, I hope, be kind;
But, sir, it has not yet declar'd its mind.

'Tis true, it holds the crown above your head;

160 But does not fix it till your brother's dead.

Abdal. All but th' Alhambra is within my pow'r;
And that my forces go to take this hour.

Lyndar. When, with its keys, your brother's head you bring,
I shall believe you are indeed a king.

Abdal. But since th' events of all things doubtful are,
And, of events, most doubtful those of war;
I beg to know before, if fortune frown,
Must I then lose your favor with my crown?

Lyndar. You'll soon return a conqueror again;
170 And therefore, sir, your question is in vain.

Abdal. I think to certain victory I move;
But you may more assure it, by your love.
That grant will make my arms invincible.

Lyndar. My pray'rs and wishes your success foretell.—
Go then, and fight, and think you fight for me;
I wait but to reward your victory.

Abdal. But if I lose it, must I lose you too?

Lyndar. You are too curious, if you more would know.
I know not what my future thoughts will be:
180 Poor women's thoughts are all *extempore*.

Wise men, indeed,
Beforehand a long chain of thoughts produce;
But ours are only for our present use.

Abdal. Those thoughts, you will not know, too well declare
You mean to wait the final doom of war.

Lyndar. I find you come to quarrel with me now;
Would you know more of me than I allow?
Whence are you grown that great divinity
That with such ease into my thoughts can pry?
190 Indulgence does not with some tempers suit;
I see I must become more absolute.

Abdal. I must submit,
On what hard terms so'er my peace be bought.

Lyndar. Submit!—You speak as you were not in fault.
'Tis evident the injury is mine;
For why should you my secret thoughts divine?

Abdal. Yet if we might be judg'd by reason's laws!—

Lyndar. Then you would have your reason judge my cause!—
Either confess your fault, or hold your tongue;
200 For I am sure I'm never in the wrong.

Abdal. Then I acknowledge it.

Lyndar. Then I forgive.

Abdal. Under how hard a law poor lovers live!
Who, like the vanquish'd, must their right release,

And with the loss of reason buy their peace.—

[*Aside.*

Madam, to show that you my pow'r command,

I put my life and safety in your hand.

Dispose of the Albayzin as you please:

To your fair hands I here resign the keys.

Lyndar. I take your gift, because your love it shews,
210 And faithful Selin for alcalde choose.

Abdal. Selin, from her alone your orders take.

This one request, yet, madam, let me make,

That from those turrets you th' assault will see;

And crown, once more, my arms with victory. [*Leads her out.*

[*SELIN remains with GAZUL and REDUAN, his servants.*]

Selin. Gazul, go tell my daughter that I wait.

You, Reduan, bring the pris'ner to his fate. [*Exeunt GAZ. and RED.*

Ere of my charge I will possession take,

A bloody sacrifice I mean to make:

The manes of my son shall smile this day,

220 While I, in blood, my vows of vengeance pay.

Enter at one door BENZAYDA, with GAZUL; at the other, OZMYN bound, with REDUAN.

Selin. I sent, Benzayda, to glad your eyes:

These rites we owe your brother's obsequies.—

You two [*to GAZ. and RED.*] th' accurst Abencerrago bind:

You need no more t' instruct you in my mind.

[*They bind him to one corner of the stage.*

Benz. In what sad object am I call'd to share?

Tell me, what is it, sir, you here prepare?

Selin. 'Tis what your dying brother did bequeath;

A scene of vengeance, and a pomp of death!

Benz. The horrid spectacle my soul does fright;

230 I want the heart to see the dismal sight.

Selin. You are my principal invited guest,

Whose eyes I would not only feed, but feast:

You are to smile at his last groaning breath,

And laugh to see his eyeballs roll in death;

To judge the ling'ring soul's convulsive strife,

When thick short breath catches at parting life.

Benz. And of what marble do you think me made?

Selin. What! Can you be of just revenge afraid?

Benz. He kill'd my brother in his own defense;

240 Pity his youth, and spare his innocence.

Selin. Art thou so soon to pardon murder won?

Can he be innocent, who kill'd my son?

Abenamar shall mourn as well as I;

209. *shews*] F. *shows* Qq SsM.

210. *alcalde choose*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *alcade choose* Q5. *alcade I choose* F.

223. *th' accurst*] Q1Q4. *th' curst* Q2. *the curst* Q3Q5F SsM.

240. *innocence*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *insolence* Q5F.

His Ozmyn for my Tarifa shall die.

But since thou plead'st so boldly, I will see

That justice thou wouldst hinder done by thee. [*Gives her his sword.*]

Here, take the sword, and do a sister's part:

Pierce his, fond girl, or I will pierce thy heart.

Ozm. To his commands I join my own request;

250 All wounds from you are welcome to my breast:

Think only, when your hand this act has done,

It has but finish'd what your eyes begun.

I thought with silence to have scorn'd my doom,

But now your noble pity has o'ercome;

Which I acknowledge with my latest breath;

The first who e'er began a love in death.

Benz. [*to SELIN.*] Alas, what aid can my weak hand afford?

You see I tremble when I touch a sword:

The brightness dazzles me, and turns my sight;

260 Or, if I look, 'tis but to aim less right.

Ozm. I'll guide the hand which must my death convey;

My leaping heart shall meet it half the way.

Selin. [*to BENZ.*] Waste not the precious time in idle breath.

Benz. Let me resign this instrument of death.

[*Giving the sword to her father, and then pulling it back.*]

Ah, no! I was too hasty to resign:

'Tis in your hand more mortal than in mine.

To them HAMET.

Hamet. The king is from th' Alhambra beaten back,

And now preparing for a new attack;

To favor which, he wills that instantly

270 You reinforce him with a new supply.

Selin. [*to BENZ.*] Think not, altho' my duty calls me hence,

That with the breach of yours I will dispense.

Ere my return see my commands you do:

Let me find Ozmyn dead, and kill'd by you.—

Gazul and Reduan, attend her still;

And, if she dares to fail, perform my will.

[*Exeunt SELIN and HAMET.*]

[*BENZAYDA looks languishing on him, with her sword down;*

GAZUL and REDUAN standing with drawn swords by her.]

Ozm. Defer not, fair Benzayda, my death:

Looking for you,

I should but live to sigh away my breath.

280 My eyes have done the work they had to do: }

I take your image with me, which they drew; }

And, when they close, I shall die full of you. }

Benz. When parents their commands unjustly lay,

Children are privileg'd to disobey;

Yet from that breach of duty I am clear,

Since I submit the penalty to bear.

To die, or kill you, is th' alternative;
Rather then take your life, I will not live.

Ozm. This shows th' excess of generosity;

290 But, madam, you have no pretense to die.
I should defame th' Abencerrages' race,
To let a lady suffer in my place.

But neither could that life, you would bestow, }
Save mine; nor do you so much pity owe }
To me, a stranger, and your house's foe. }

Benz. From whence soe'er their hate our houses drew,
I blush to tell you, I have none for you.

'Tis a confession which I should not make,
Had I more time to give, or you to take:

300 But, since death's near, and runs with so much force,
We must meet first, and intercept his course.

Ozm. O, how unkind a comfort do you give!
Now I fear death again, and wish to live.

Life were worth taking, could I have it now; }
But 'tis more good than heav'n can e'er allow }
To one man's portion, to have life and you. }

Benz. Sure, at our births,
Death with our meeting planets danc'd above,
Or we were wounded by a mourning love!

[*Shouts within.*]

310 *Red.* The noise returns, and doubles from behind;
It seems as if two adverse armies join'd.—
Time presses us.

Gaz. If longer you delay,
We must, tho' loth, your father's will obey,

Ozm. Haste, madam, to fulfil his hard commands,
And rescue me from their ignoble hands.
Let me kiss yours, when you my wound begin,
Then easy death will slide with pleasure in.

Benz. Ah, gentle soldiers, some short time allow!

[*To GAZ. and RED.*]

My father has repented him ere now;
320 Or will repent him, when he finds me dead.
My clue of life is twin'd with Ozmyn's thread.

Red. 'Tis fatal to refuse her, or obey.
But where is our excuse? what can we say?

Benz. Say; anything——
Say that to kill the guiltless you were loth;
Or if you did, say I would kill you both.

Gaz. To disobey our orders is to die.—
I'll do 't: who dare oppose it?

Red. That dare I.

[*REDUAN stands before OZMYN, and fights with GAZUL. BEN-ZAYDA unbinds OZMYN, and gives him her sword.*]

Benz. Stay not to see the issue of the fight; [Red. kills GAZ.
330 But haste to save yourself by speedy flight.

Ozm. [*Kneeling to kiss her hand.*] Did all mankind against my life
conspire,

Without this blessing I would not retire.

But, madam, can I go and leave you here?

Your father's anger now for you I fear:

Consider you have done too much to stay.

Benz. Think not of me, but fly yourself away.

Red. Haste quickly hence; the enemies are nigh!

From every part I see our soldiers fly.

The foes not only our assailants beat,

340 But fiercely sally out on their retreat,

And, like a sea broke loose, come on amain.

*To them ABENAMAR, and a party with their swords drawn,
driving in some of the enemies.*

Aben. Traitors, you hope to save yourselves in vain!

Your forfeit lives shall for your treason pay;

And Ozmy's blood shall be reveng'd this day.

Ozm. [*Kneeling to his father.*] No, sir, your Ozmy's lives; and
lives to own

A father's piety to free his son.

Aben. [*Embracing him.*] My Ozmy!—O thou blessing of my age!

And art thou safe from their deluded rage!—

Whom must I praise for thy deliverance?

350 Was it thy valor, or the work of chance?

Ozm. Nor chance, nor valor, could deliver me;

But 'twas a noble pity set me free.

My liberty, and life,

And what your happiness you're pleas'd to call,

We to this charming beauty owe it all.

Aben. [*to her.*] Instruct me, visible divinity!

Instruct me by what name to worship thee!

For to thy virtue I would altars raise,

Since thou art much above all human praise.

360 But see——

*Enter ALMANZOR, his sword bloody, leading in ALMAHIDE, at-
tended by ESPERANZA.*

My other blessing, Almahide, is here!

I'll to the king, and tell him she is near:

You, Ozmy, on your fair deliverer wait,

And with your private joys the public celebrate.

[*Exeunt.*]

ALMANZOR, ALMAHIDE, ESPERANZA.

Almanz. The work is done; now, madam, you are free;

At least, if I can give you liberty:

But you have chains which you yourself have chose;
And O that I could free you too from those!

But you are free from force, and have full pow'r
370 To go, and kill my hopes and me, this hour.

I see, then, you will go; but yet my toil
May be rewarded with a looking-while.

Almah. Almanzor can from every subject raise
New matter for our wonder and his praise.

You bound and freed me; but the difference is,
That show'd your valor; but your virtue this.

Almanz. Madam, you praise a fun'ral victory,
At whose sad pomp the conqueror must die.

Almah. Conquest attends Almanzor everywhere;
380 I am too small a foe for him to fear:

But heroes still must be oppos'd by some,
Or they would want occasion to o'ercome.

Almanz. Madam, I cannot on bare praises live;
Those who abound in praises seldom give.

Almah. While I to all the world your worth make known,
May heav'n reward the pity you have shown!

Almanz. My love is languishing, and sterv'd to death;
And would you give me charity—in breath?
Pray'rs are the alms of churchmen to the poor:

390 They send to heaven's, but drive us from their door.

Almah. Cease, cease a suit
So vain to you, and troublesome to me,
If you will have me think that I am free.
If I am yet a slave, my bonds I'll bear;
But what I cannot grant, I will not hear.

Almanz. You wonnot hear! You must both hear and grant;
For, madam, there's an impudence in want.

Almah. Your way is somewhat strange to ask relief;
You ask with threat'ning, like a begging thief.

400 Once more, Almanzor, tell me, am I free?

Almanz. Madam, you are, from all the world,—but me!
But as a pirate, when he frees the prize
He took from friends, sees the rich merchandise, }
And, after he has freed it, justly buys;
So, when I have restor'd your liberty—
But then, alas, I am too poor to buy!

Almah. Nay, now you use me just as pirates do:
You free me; but expect a ransom too.

Almanz. You've all the freedom that a prince can have;
410 But greatness cannot be without a slave.

A monarch never can in private move,
But still is haunted with officious love.
So small an inconvenience you may bear;

390. send to heaven's] QqF. send's to heaven SsM.

396. wonnot] QqF. will not SsM.

'Tis all the fine fate sets upon the fair.

Almah. Yet princes may retire whene'er they please,
And breathe free air from out their palaces:
They go sometimes unknown, to shun their state;
And then 'tis manners not to know or wait.

Almanz. If not a subject, then a ghost I'll be;
420 And from a ghost, you know, no place is free.
Asleep, awake, I'll haunt you everywhere;
From my white shroud groan love into your ear.
When in your lover's arms you sleep at night,
I'll glide in cold betwixt, and seize my right
And is 't not better, in your nuptial bed,
To have a living lover than a dead?

Almah. I can no longer bear to be accus'd,
As if, what I could grant you, I refus'd.
My father's choice I never will dispute;
430 And he has chosen ere you mov'd your suit.
You know my case; if equal you can be,
Plead for yourself, and answer it for me.

Almanz. Then, madam, in that hope you bid me live;
I ask no more then you may justly give:
But in strict justice there may favor be,
And may I hope that you have that for me?

Almah. Why do you thus my secret thoughts pursue,
Which, known, hurt me, and cannot profit you?
Your knowledge but new troubles does prepare,
440 Like theirs who curious in their fortunes are.
To say, I could with more content be yours,
Tempts you to hope; but not that hope assures.
For since the king has right,
And favor'd by my father in his suit,
It is a blossom which can bear no fruit.
Yet, if you dare attempt so hard a task,
May you succeed; you have my leave to ask.

Almanz. I can with courage now my hopes pursue,
Since I no longer have to combat you.
450 That did the greatest difficulty bring;
The rest are small, a father and a king

Almah. Great souls discern not when the leap's too wide,
Because they only view the farther side.
Whatever you desire, you think is near;
But, with more reason, the event I fear.

Almanz. No; there is a necessity in fate,
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate:
He keeps his object ever full in sight,
And that assurance holds him firm and right.
460 True, 'tis a narrow path that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice:
Fear makes men look aside, and then their footing miss. }

Almah. I do your merit all the right I can,

Admiring virtue in a private man;
 I only wish the king may grateful be
 And that my father with my eyes may see.
 Might I not make it as my last request,
 (Since humble carriage suits a suppliant best,)
 That you would somewhat of your fierceness hide—
 470 That inborn fire—I do not call it pride?

Almans. Born, as I am, still to command, not sue,
 Yet you shall see that I can beg for you;
 And if your father will require a crown,
 Let him but name the kingdom, 'tis his own.
 I am, but while I please, a private man;
I have that soul which empires first began.
 From the dull crowd which every king does lead
 I will pick out whom I will choose to head:
 The best and bravest souls I can select,
 480 And on their conquer'd necks my throne erect.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

ABDALLAH alone, under the walls of the Albayzin.

Abdal. While she is mine, I have not yet lost all,
But, in her arms, shall have a gentle fall:
 Blest in my love, altho' in war o'ercome,
 I fly, like Anthony from Actium,
 To meet a better Cleopatra here.—

You of the watch! you of the watch! appear.

Sold. [*above.*] Who calls below? What's your demand?

Abdal.

'Tis I:

Open the gate with speed; the foe is nigh.

Sold. What orders for admittance do you bring?

10 *Abdal.* Slave, my own orders: look, and know the king.

Sold. I know you; but my charge is so severe
 That none, without exception, enter here.

Abdal. Traitor, and rebel, thou shalt shortly see
 Thy orders are not to extend to me.

Lyndar. [*above.*] What saucy slave so rudely does exclaim,
 And brands my subject with a rebel's name?

Abdal. Dear Lyndaraxa, haste; the foes pursue.

Lyndar. My lord, the Prince Abdalla, is it you?
 I scarcely can believe the words I hear;

20 Could you so coarsely treat my officer?

Abdal. He forc'd me; but the danger nearer draws:
 When I am enter'd, you shall know the cause.

Lyndar. Enter'd! Why, have you any business here?

Abdal. I am pursued, the enemy is near.

Lyndar. Are you pursued, and do you thus delay
 To save yourself? Make haste, my lord, away.

Abdal. Give me not cause to think you mock my grief:
What place have I, but this, for my relief?

Lyndar. This favor does your handmaid much oblige,
30 But we are not provided for a siege:
My subjects few; and their provision thin;
The foe is strong without, we weak within.
This to my noble lord may seem unkind,
But he will weigh it in his princely mind;
And pardon her, who does assurance want
So much, she blushes when she cannot grant.

Abdal. Yes, you may blush; and you have cause to weep
Is this the faith you promis'd me to keep?
Ah yet, if to a lover you will bring

-40 No succor, give your succor to a king.

Lyndar. A king is he whom nothing can withstand;
Who men and money can with ease command.
A king is he whom fortune still does bless;
He is a king, who does a crown possess.
If you would have me think that you are he,
Produce to view your marks of sovereignty;
But if yourself alone for proof you bring,
You're but a single person, not a king.

Abdal. Ingrateful maid, did I for this rebel?
50 I say no more; but I have lov'd too well.

Lyndar. Who but yourself did that rebellion move?
Did I e'er promise to receive your love?
Is it my fault you are not fortunate?
I love a king, but a poor rebel hate.

-- *Abdal.* Who follow fortune, still are in the right;
But let me be protected here this night.

Lyndar. The place to-morrow will be circled round;
And then no way will for your flight be found.

Abdal. I hear my enemies just coming on; [Trampling within.
60 Protect me but one hour, till they are gone.

Lyndar. They'll know you have been here; it cannot be;
That very hour you stay, will ruin me:
For if the foe behold our interview,
I shall be thought a rebel too, like you.
Haste hence; and that your flight may prosperous prove,
I'll recommend you to the pow'rs above. [Exit LYND. from above.

Abdal. She's gone! Ah, faithless and ingrateful maid!
I hear some tread; and fear I am betray'd.
I'll to the Spanish king; and try if he,
70 To count'nance his own right, will succor me: }
There is more faith in Christian dogs, than thee. } [Exit.

63. interview] Qq. interview F SsM.

68. I hear] Q3F. I fear Q1Q2Q4Q5; a misprint evidently caused by the fear, later in the line.

[SCENE II]

OZMYN, BENZAYDA, ABENAMAR.

Benz. I wish

(To merit all these thanks) I could have said,
 My pity only did his virtue aid;
 'Twas pity, but 'twas of a love-sick maid.
 His manly suffering my esteem did move;
 That bred compassion, and compassion love.

Ozm. O blessing sold me at too cheap a rate!
 My danger was the benefit of fate.

[To his father.]

But that you may my fair deliverer know,
 10 She was not only born our house's foe,
 But to my death by pow'rful reasons led;
 At least, in justice, she might wish me dead.

Aben. But why thus long do you her name conceal?*Ozm.* To gain belief for what I now reveal:

Ev'n thus prepar'd, you scarce can think it true,
 The savor of my life from Selin drew
 Her birth; and was his sister whom I slew.

Aben. No more; it cannot, was not, must not be:
 Upon my blessing, say not it was she.

20 The daughter of the only man I hate!
 Two contradictions twisted in a fate!

Ozm. The mutual hate which you and Selin bore
 Does but exalt her generous pity more.
 Could she a brother's death forgive to me,
 And cannot you forget her family?
 Can you so ill requite the life I owe,
 To reckon her who gave it still your foe?
 It lends too great a luster to her line
 To let her virtue ours so much outshine.

30 *Aben.* Thou giv'st her line th' advantage which they have.
 By meanly taking of the life they gave.
 Grant that it did in her a pity show;
 But would my son be pitied by a foe?
 She has the glory of thy act defac'd:
 Thou kill'dst her brother; but she triumphs last:
 Poorly for us our enmity would cease;
 When we are beaten, we receive a peace.

Benz. If that be all in which you disagree,
 I must confess 'twas Ozmyn conquer'd me.

40 Had I beheld him basely beg his life,
 I should not now submit to be his wife;
 But when I saw his courage death control,
 I paid a secret homage to his soul;
 And thought my cruel father much to blame,

SCENE II] not marked in QqF SsM.

30. *giv'st*] Q1Q2Q3. *gavest* Q4Q5. *gav'st* F SsM.35. *kill'dst*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *kill'st* Q5F.

Since Ozmyn's virtue his revenge did shame.

Aben. What constancy canst thou e'er hope to find
In that unstable and soon conquer'd mind?

What piety canst thou expect from her,

Who could forgive a brother's murderer?

50 Or what obedience hop'st thou to be paid

From one who first her father disobey'd?

Ozm. Nature, that bids us parents to obey,

Bids parents their commands by reason weigh;

And you her virtue by your praise did own,

Before you knew by whom the act was done.

Aben. Your reasons speak too much of insolence;

Her birth 's a crime past pardon or defense.

Know, that as Selin was not won by thee,

Neither will I by Selin's daughter be.

60 Leave her, or cease henceforth to be my son:

This is my will; and this I will have done.

[Exit ABEN]

Ozm. It is a murd'ring will

That whirls along with an impetuous sway,

And, like chain-shot, sweeps all things in its way.

He does my honor want of duty call;

To that, and love, he has no right at all.

Benz. No, Ozmyn, no; it is a much less ill

To leave me, than dispute a father's will.

If I had any title to your love,

70 Your father's greater right does mine remove:

Your vows and faith I give you back again,

Since neither can be kept without a sin.

Ozm. Nothing but death my vows can give me back:

They are not yours to give, nor mine to take.

Benz. Nay, think not, tho' I could your vows resign,

My love or virtue could dispense with mine.

I would extinguish your unlucky fire,

To make you happy in some new desire:

I can preserve enough for me and you,

80 And love, and be unfortunate, for two.

Ozm. In all that's good and great

You vanquish me so fast, that in the end

I shall have nothing left me to defend.

From every post you force me to remove;

But let me keep my last retrenchment, love.

Benz. Love then, my Ozmyn; I will be content [Giving her hand.

To make you wretched by your own consent:

Live poor, despis'd, and banish'd for my sake,

And all the burden of my sorrows take;

90 For, as for me, in whatsoe'er estate,

49. could] Qq. would F.

67. it is a much less ill] F. Q1Q4Q5 omit a. 'tis not so great an ill
Q2Q3.

85. retrenchment] QqF. entrenchment SsM, to the detriment of the sense.

While I have you, I must be fortunate.

Osm. Thus then, secur'd of what we hold most dear
(Each other's love), we'll go—I know not where.
For where, alas, should we our flight begin?
The foe's without; our parents are within.

Benz. I'll fly to you, and you shall fly to me;
Our flight but to each other's arms shall be.
To providence and chance permit the rest;
Let us but love enough, and we are blest.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III]

*Enter BOABDELIN, ABENAMAR, ABDELMELECH, Guard: ZULEMA and
HAMET, Prisoners.*

Abdelm. They're Lyndaraxa's brothers; for her sake,
Their lives and pardon my request I make.

Boab. Then, Zulema and Hamet, live; but know,
Your lives to Abdelmelech's suit you owe.

Zul. The grace receiv'd so much my hope exceeds
That words come weak and short to answer deeds.
You've made a venture, sir, and time must show
If this great mercy you did well bestow.

Boab. You, Abdelmelech, haste before 'tis night,
10 And close pursue my brother in his flight.

[*Exeunt ABDELMELECH, ZULEMA, HAMET.*]

Enter ALMANZOR, ALMAHIDE, and ESPERANZA.

But see, with Almahide
The brave Almanzor comes, whose conquering sword
The crown, it once took from me, has restor'd.
How can I recompense so great desert!

Almanz. I bring you, sir, perform'd in every part,
My promise made; your foes are fled or slain;
Without a rival, absolute you reign.
Yet tho', in justice, this enough may be,
It is too little to be done by me:

20 I beg to go,
Where my own courage and your fortune calls,
To chase these misbelievers from our walls.
I cannot breathe within this narrow space;
My heart's too big, and swells beyond the place.

Boab. You can perform, brave warrior, what you please;
Fate listens to your voice, and then decrees.
Now I no longer fear the Spanish pow'rs;
Already we are free, and conquerors.

Almanz. Accept, great king, to-morrow, from my hand,

SCENE III] not marked in QqF. SCENE II SsM.

1. *They're*] QqF. *They are* SsM, to the detriment of the meter.

30 The captive head of conquer'd Ferdinand.

You shall not only what you lost regain,
But o'er the Biscayn mountains to the main
Extend your sway, where never Moor did reign. }

Aben. What, in another, vanity would seem,
Appears but noble confidence in him;
No haughty boasting, but a manly pride;
A soul too fiery and too great to guide:
He moves eccentric, like a wand'ring star
Whose motion 's just, tho' 'tis not regular.

40 *Boab.* It is for you, brave man, and only you,
Greatly to speak, and yet more greatly do.
But, if your benefits too far extend,
I must be left ungrateful in the end:

Yet somewhat I would pay,
Before my debts above all reck'ning grow,
To keep me from the shame of what I owe.
But you

Are conscious to yourself of such desert
That of your gift I fear to offer part.

50 *Almanz.* When I shall have declar'd my high request,
So much presumption there will be confess'd
That you will find your gifts I do not shun,
But rather much o'errate the service done.

Boab. Give wing to your desires, and let 'em fly,
Secure they cannot mount a pitch too high.
So bless me Alha both in peace and war,
As I accord whate'er your wishes are.

Almanz. [*Putting one knee on the ground.*] Embolden'd by the
promise of a prince,
I ask this lady now with confidence.

60 *Boab.* You ask the only thing I cannot grant.

[*The King and ABENAMAR look amazedly on each other.*]

But, as a stranger, you are ignorant
Of what by public fame my subjects know;
She is my mistress.

Aben. —And my daughter too.

Almanz. Believe, old man, that I her father knew:
What else should make Almanzor kneel to you?
Nor doubt, sir, but your right to her was known: }
For had you had no claim but love alone,
I could produce a better of my own. }

Almah. [*softly to him.*] Almanzor, you forget my last request:
70 Your words have too much haughtiness express'd.
Is this the humble way you were to move?

Almanz. [*to her.*] I was too far transported by my love.
Forgive me; for I had not learn'd to sue
To anything before, but heav'n and you.

Sir, at your feet, I make it my request— [To the King.

[First line kneeling: second, rising, and boldly.

Tho', without boasting, I deserve her best;
For you her love with gaudy titles sought,
But I her heart with blood and dangers bought.

Boab. The blood which you have shed in her defense
80 Shall have in time a fitting recompense;
Or, if you think your services delay'd,
Name but your price, and you shall soon be paid.

Almanz. My price! Why, king, you do not think you deal
With one who sets his services to sale?
Reserve your gifts for those who gifts regard;
And know, I think myself above reward.

Boab. Then sure you are some godhead; and our care
Must be to come with incense and with pray'r.

Almanz. As little as you think yourself oblig'd,
90 You would be glad to do 't, when next besieg'd.
But I am pleas'd there should be nothing due;
For what I did was for myself, not you.

Boab. You with contempt on meaner gifts look down;
And, aiming at my queen, disdain my crown.
That crown, restor'd, deserves no recompense,
Since you would rob the fairest jewel thence.
Dare not henceforth ungrateful me to call;
Whate'er I ow'd you, this has cancel'd all.

Almanz. I'll call thee thankless, king, and perjur'd both:
100 Thou swor'st by Alha, and hast broke thy oath.
But thou dost well; thou tak'st the cheapest way;
Not to own services thou canst not pay.

Boab. My patience more than pays thy service past;
But know this insolence shall be thy last.
Hence from my sight! and take it as a grace,
Thou liv'st, and art but banish'd from the place.

Almanz. Where'er I go, there can no exile be;
But from Almanzor's sight I banish thee:
I will not now, if thou wouldst beg me, stay;
110 But I will take my Almahide away.

Stay thou with all thy subjects here; but know,
We leave thy city empty when we go. [Takes ALMAHIDE'S hand.

Boab. Fall on; take; kill the traitor.

[The Guards fall on him; he makes at the King thro' the midst
of them, and falls upon him; they disarm him and rescue
the King.

Almanz. Base and poor,
Blush that thou art Almanzor's conqueror.

[ALMAHIDE wrings her hands, then turns and veils her face.
Farewell, my Almahide!
Life of itself will go, now thou art gone,]

{Like flies in winter when they lose the sun.

[ABENAMAR *whispers the King a little, then speaks aloud.*

Aben. Revenge, and taken so secure a way,
Are blessings which heav'n sends not every day.

120 Boab. I will at leisure now revenge my wrong;
And, traitor, thou shalt feel my vengeance long:
Thou shalt not die just at thy own desire,
But see my nuptials, and with rage expire.

Almanz. Thou dar'st not marry her while I'm in sight:
With a bent brow thy priest and thee I'll fright;
And in that scene
Which all thy hopes and wishes should content,
The thought of me shall make thee impotent.

[*He is led off by Guards.*

Boab. [to Almah.] As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress'd,
130 Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;
And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head;
So, shrouded up, your beauty disappears:
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears.
The storm that caus'd your fright is pass'd and done.

[ALMAHIDE *unveiling, and looking round for ALMANZOR.*

Almah. So flow'rs peep out too soon, and miss the sun.

[*Turning from him.*

Boab. What myst'ry in this strange behavior lies?

Almah. Let me for ever hide these guilty eyes
Which lighted my Almanzor to his tomb;
140 Or, let 'em blaze, to shew me there a room.

Boab. Heav'n lent their luster for a nobler end;
A thousand torches must their light attend,
To lead you to a temple and a crown.
Why does my fairest Almahida frown?
Am I less pleasing than I was before,
Or, is the insolent Almanzor more?

Almah. I justly own that I some pity have,
Not for the insolent, but for the brave.

Aben. Tho' to your king your duty you neglect,
150 Know, Almahide, I look for more respect:
And, if a parent's charge your mind can move,
Receive the blessing of a monarch's love.

Almah. Did he my freedom to his life prefer,
And shall I wed Almanzor's murderer?
No, sir, I cannot to your will submit;
Your way's too rugged for my tender feet.

Aben. You must be driv'n where you refuse to go;
And taught, by force, your happiness to know.

Almah. [Smiling scornfully.] To force me, sir, is much unworthy
you,

160 And, when you would, impossible to do.
If force could bend me, you might think, with shame,

That I debas'd the blood from whence I came.
 My soul is soft, which you may gently lay
 In your loose palm; but, when 'tis press'd to stay,
 Like water, it deludes your grasp and slips away. }

Boab. I find I must revoke what I decreed:

Almanzor's death my nuptials must precede.

Love is a magic which the lover ties;

But charms still end when the magician dies.

170 *Go*; let me hear my hated rival 's dead;

[To his Guards.

And, to convince my eyes, bring back his head.

Almah. Go on: I wish no other way to prove

That I am worthy of Almanzor's love.

We will in death, at least, united be:

I'll shew you I can die as well as he.

Boab. What should I do! when equally I dread

Almanzor living and Almanzor dead!—

Yet, by your promise, you are mine alone.

Almah. How dare you claim my faith, and break your own?

180 *Aben.* This for your virtue is a weak defense:

No second vows can with your first dispense.

Yet, since the king did to Almanzor swear,

And in his death ingrateful may appear,

He ought, in justice, first to spare his life,

And then to claim your promise as his wife.

Almah. Whate'er my secret inclinations be,

To this, since honor ties me, I agree:

Yet I declare, and to the world will own,

That, far from seeking, I would shun the throne,

190 And with Almanzor lead an humble life:

There is a private greatness in his wife.

Boab. That little love I have, I hardly buy;

You give my rival all, while you deny:

Yet, Almahide, to let you see your pow'r,

Your lov'd Almanzor shall be free this hour.

You are obey'd; but 'tis so great a grace

That I could wish me in my rival's place.

[*Exeunt King and ABENAMAR.*

Almah. How blest was I before this fatal day,

When all I knew of love, was to obey! ✓

200 'Twas life becalm'd, without a gentle breath;

Tho' not so cold, yet motionless as death;

A heavy, quiet state; but love, all strife,

All rapid, is the hurrican of life.

Had love not shown me, I had never seen

An excellence beyond Boabdelin.

I had not, aiming higher, lost my rest;

But with a vulgar good been dully blest:

But, in Almanzor, having seen what's rare,

Now I have learnt too sharply to compare;
 210 And, like a fav'rite, quickly in disgrace,
 Just know the value ere I lose the place.

To her ALMANZOR, bound and guarded.

Almanz. I see the end for which I'm hither sent, [*Looking down.*
 To double, by your sight, my punishment.
 There is a shame in bonds I cannot bear;
 Far more than death, to meet your eyes I fear.

Almah. [*Unbinding him.*] That shame of long continuance shall
 not be:

The king, at my intreaty, sets you free.

Almanz. The king! My wonder 's greater than before;
 How did he dare my freedom to restore?
 220 He like some captive lion uses me;
 He runs away before he sets me free,
 And takes a sanctuary in his court:
 I'll rather lose my life than thank him for 't.

Almah. If any subject for your thanks there be,
 The king expects 'em not, you owe 'em me.
 Our freedoms thro' each-other's hands have pass'd;
 You give me my revenge in winning last.

Almanz. Then fate commodiously for me has done;
 To lose mine there where I would have it won.

230 *Almah.* Almanzor, you too soon will understand,
 That what I win is on another's hand.
 The king (who doom'd you to a cruel fate)
 Gave to my pray'rs both his revenge and hate;
 But at no other price would rate your life,
 Then my consent and oath to be his wife.

Almanz. Would you, to save my life, my love betray? }
 Here; take me; bind me; carry me away; } [*To the*
 Kill me! I'll kill you if you disobey. } [*Guards.*

Almah. That absolute command your love does give,
 240 I take, and charge you, by that pow'r, to live.

Almanz. When death, the last of comforts, you refuse,
 Your pow'r, like heav'n upon the damn'd, you use;
 You force me in my being to remain,
 To make me last, and keep me fresh for pain.
 When all my joys are gone,
 What cause can I for living longer give,
 But a dull, lazy habitude to live?

Almah. Rash men, like you, and impotent of will,
 Give Change no time to turn, but urge her still;
 250 She would repent; you push the quarrel on,
 And once because she went, she must be gone.

Almanz. She shall not turn; what is it she can do,
 To recompense me for the loss of you?

Almah. Heav'n will reward your worth some better way:
At least, for me, you have but lost one day.

Nor is 't a real loss which you deplore;
You sought a heart that was ingag'd before.

'Twas a swift love which took you in his way;

Flew only thro' your heart, but made no stay:

260 'Twas but a dream, where truth had not a place;

A scene of fancy, mov'd so swift a pace,

And shifted, that you can but think it was:

Let, then, the short vexatious vision pass.

Almanz. My joys, indeed, are dreams; but not my pain:

'Twas a swift ruin, but the marks remain.

When some fierce fire lays goodly buildings waste,

Would you conclude

There had been none, because the burning's past?

Almah. It was your fault that fire seiz'd all your-breast;

270 You should have blown up some, to save the rest:

But 'tis, at worst, but so consum'd by fire,

As cities are, that by their falls rise high'r.

Build love a nobler temple in my place;

You'll find the fire has but enlarg'd your space.

Almanz. Love has undone me; I am grown so poor, }
I sadly view the ground I had before;

But want a stock, and ne'er can build it more. }

Almah. Then say what charity I can allow;

I would contribute, if I knew but how.

280 Take friendship; or, if that too small appear,

Take love which sisters may to brothers bear.

Almanz. A sister's love! That is so pall'd a thing,

What pleasure can it to a lover bring?

'Tis like thin food to men in fevers spent;

Just keeps alive, but gives no nourishment.

What hopes, what fears, what transports can it move?

'Tis but the ghost of a departed love.

Almah. You, like some greedy cormorant, devour

All my whole life can give you, in an hour.

290 What more I can do for you is to die,

And that must follow, if you this deny.

Since I gave up my love, that you might live,

You, in refusing life, my sentence give.

Almanz. Far from my breast be such an impious thought!

Your death would lose the quiet mine had sought.

I'll live for you, in spite of misery;

But you shall grant that I had rather die.

I'll be so wretched, fill'd with such despair,

259. no stay] Qq. to stay F.

266. buildings] Q1Q2Q3Q4. building Q5F.

269, 270. Q2 omits these two lines, and reads in line 271: *Your Heart's, at worst, but so consum'd by fire.*

272. falls] Q1Q2Q3. fall Q4Q5F.

281. love which] Q1Q3Q4Q5F. love, which Q2. love,—which SsM.

That you shall see to live was more to dare.

300 *Almah.* Adieu, then, O my soul's far better part!

Your image sticks so close

That the blood follows from my rending heart.

A last farewell!

For, since a last must come, the rest are vain,

Like gasps in death, which but prolong our pain.

But, since the king is now a part of me,

Cease from henceforth to be his enemy.

Go now, for pity go! for, if you stay,

I fear I shall have something still to say.

310 Thus—I for ever shut you from my sight.

[*Veils.*

Almanz. Like one thrust out in a cold winter's night,

Yet shivering, underneath your gate I stay;

One look—I cannot go before 'tis day.—

[*She beckons him to be gone.*

Not one—Farewell: whate'er my sufferings be }

Within, I'll speak farewell as loud as she: }

I will not be outdone in constancy.— }

[*She turns her back.*

Then like a dying conqueror I go;

At least I have look'd last upon my foe.

I go—but if too heavily I move,

520 I walk encumber'd with a weight of love.

Fain I would leave the thought of you behind,

But still, the more I cast you from my mind,

You dash, like water, back, when thrown against the wind. }

[*Exit.*

As he goes off, the King meets him with ABENAMAR; they stare at each other without saluting.

Boab. With him go all my fears. A guard there wait,
And see him safe without the city gate.

To them ABDELMELECH.

Now, Abdelmelech, is my brother dead?

Abdelm. Th' usurper to the Christian camp is fled;

Whom as Granada's lawful king they own,

And vow by force to seat him in the throne.

330 Meantime the rebels in th' Albayzin rest;

Which is in Lyndaraza's name possess'd.

Boab. Haste and reduce it instantly by force..

Abdelm. First give me leave to prove a milder course.

She will, perhaps, on summons yield the place.

Boab. We cannot to your suit refuse her grace.

[*One enters hastily, and whispers ABENAMAR.*

Aben. How fortune persecutes this hoary head!

My Ozmyn is with Selin's daughter fled.

But he's no more my son:

My hate shall like a Zegry him pursue,

340 Till I take back what blood from me he drew.

304. *a last*] QqF. *the last* SsM.

329. *in*] QqF. *on* SsM.

Boab. Let war and vengeance be to-morrow's care;
But let us to the temple now repair.
A thousand torches make the mosque more bright:
This must be mine and Almahida's night.
Hence, ye importunate affairs of state,
You should not tyrannize on love, but wait.
Had life no love, none would for business live;
Yet still from love the largest part we give;
And must be forc'd, in empire's weary toil,
350 To live long wretched, to be pleas'd a while.

[*Excunt.*]

EPILOGUE

- SUCCESS, which can no more than beauty last,
 Makes our sad poet mourn your favors past:
 For, since without desert he got a name,
 He fears to lose it now with greater shame.
 Fame, like a little mistress of the town,
 Is gain'd with ease, but then she's lost as soon:
 For, as those tawdry misses, soon or late,
 Jilt such as keep 'em at the highest rate
 (And oft the lackey, or the brawny clown,
 10 Gets what is hid in the loose-bodied gown),—
 So, Fame is false to all that keep her long;
 And turns up to the fop that's brisk and young.
 Some wiser poet now would leave Fame first,
 But elder wits are like old lovers curst;
 Who, when the vigor of their youth is spent,
 Still grow more fond, as they grow impotent.
 This, some years hence, our poet's case may prove;
 But yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.
 When forty comes, if e'er he live to see
 20 That wretched, fumbling age of poetry,
 'Twill be high time to bid his Muse adieu:
 Well he may please himself, but never you.
 Till then, he'll do as well as he began,
 And hopes you will not find him less a man.
 Think him not duller for this year's delay;
 He was prepar'd, the women were away;
 And men, without their parts, can hardly play. }
 If they, thro' sickness, seldom did appear, }
 Pity the virgins of each theater: }
 30 For, at both houses, 'twas a sickly year! }
 And pity us, your servants, to whose cost,
 In one such sickness, nine whole months are lost.
 Their stay, he fears, has ruin'd what he writ;
 Long waiting both disables love and wit.
 They thought they gave him leisure to do well;
 But, when they forc'd him to attend, he fell!
 Yet, tho' he much has fail'd, he begs, to-day,
 You will excuse his unperforming play:
 Weakness sometimes great passion does express;
 40 He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you less.

THE
CONQUEST OF GRANADA
BY THE
SPANIARDS
PART II

—*Stimulos dedit æmula virtus.*

LUCAN, *Pharsalia*, i. 120.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SECOND PART

- THEY who write ill, and they who ne'er durst write,
Turn critics, out of mere revenge and spite:
A playhouse gives 'em fame; and up there starts,
From a mean fifth-rate wit, a man of parts.
(So common faces on the stage appear;
We take 'em in, and they turn beauties here.)
Our author fears those critics as his fate;
And those he fears, by consequence, must hate,
For they the traffic of all wit invade,
10 As scriv'ners draw away the bankers' trade.
Howe'er, the poet's safe enough to-day;
They cannot censure an unfinish'd play.
But, as when vizard-mask appears in pit,
Straight every man who thinks himself a wit
Perks up, and, managing his comb with grace,
With his white wig sets off his nut-brown face;
That done, bears up to th' prize, and views each limb,
To know her by her rigging and her trim;
Then, the whole noise of fops to wagers go:
20 "Pox on her, 't must be she;" and: "Damme, no!"—
Just so, I prophesy, these wits to-day
Will blindly guess at our imperfect play;
With what new plots our Second Part is fill'd,
Who must be kept alive, and who be kill'd.
And as those vizard-masks maintain that fashion,
To soothe and tickle sweet imagination;
So our dull poet keeps you on with masking,
To make you think there's something worth your asking.
But, when 'tis shown, that which does now delight you
30 Will prove a dowdy, with a face to fright you.

17. *up to th' prize*] QqF. *up th' prize* Ss. *up to the prize* M.

ALMANZOR AND ALMAHIDE
OR
THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA
PART II
ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Camp.*

KING FERDINAND, QUEEN ISABEL, ALONZO D'AGUILAR; *Attendants, Men
and Women.*

K. Ferd. At length the time is come when Spain shall be
From the long yoke of Moorish tyrants free.
All causes seem to second our design,
And heav'n and earth in their destruction join.
When empire in its childhood first appears,
A watchful fate o'ersees its tender years;
Till, grown more strong, it thrusts and stretches out,
And elbows all the kingdoms round about:
The place thus made for its first breathing free,
10 It moves again for ease and luxury;
Till, swelling by degrees, it has possess'd
The greater space, and now crowds up the rest;
When, from behind, there starts some petty state,
And pushes on its now unwieldy fate;
Then down the precipice of time it goes,
And sinks in minutes, which in ages rose.

Q. Isabel. Should bold Columbus in his search succeed,
And find those beds in which bright metals breed;
Tracing the sun, who seems to steal away,
20 That, miser-like, he might alone survey
The wealth which he in western mines did lay: }
Not all that shining ore could give my heart
The joy this conquer'd kingdom will impart;
Which, rescued from these misbelievers' hands,
Shall now, at once, shake off its double bands:
At once to freedom and true faith restor'd,

Its old religion and its ancient lord.

K. Ferd. By that assault which last we made, I find
Their courage is with their success declin'd:

30 *Almanzor's* absence now they dearly buy,
Whose conduct crown'd their arms with victory.

Alonzo. Their king himself did their last sally guide; }
I saw him, glist'ring in bright armor, ride
To break a lance in honor of his bride:
But other thoughts now fill his anxious breast;
Care of his crown his love has dispossess'd.

To them ABDALLA.

Q. Isabel. But see the brother of the Moorish king:
He seems some news of great import to bring.

K. Ferd. He brings a specious title to our side:
40 Those who would conquer must their foes divide.

Abdal. Since to my exile you have pity shown,
And giv'n me courage yet to hope a throne;
While you without our common foes subdue,
I am not wanting to myself or you;
But have, within, a faction still alive,
Strong to assist, and secret to contrive,
And watching each occasion to foment
The people's fears into a discontent;
Which, from Almanzor's loss, before were great,
50 And now are doubled by their late defeat:
These letters from their chiefs the news assures.

[Give letters to the King.]

K. Ferd. Be mine the honor, but the profit yours.

To them the DUKE OF ARCOS, with OZMYN and BENZAYDA, Prisoners.

K. Ferd. That tertia of Italians did you guide,
To take their post upon the river side?

D. Arcos. All are according to your orders plac'd:
My cheerful soldiers their intrenchments haste;
The Murcian foot have ta'en the upper ground,
And now the city is beleaguer'd round.

K. Ferd. Why is not then their leader here again?

60 *D. Arcos.* The master of Alcantara is slain;
But he who slew him here before you stands:
It is that Moor whom you behold in bands.

K. Ferd. A braver man I had not in my host;
His murd'rer shall not long his conquest boast:
But, Duke of Arcos, say, how was he slain?

D. Arcos. Our soldiers march'd together on the plain;
We two rode on, and left them far behind,
Till, coming where we found the valley wind,
We saw these Moors; who, swiftly as they could,

70 Ran on to gain the covert of the wood.

This we observ'd; and, having cross'd their way,
The lady, out of breath, was forc'd to stay:
The man then stood, and straight his fauchion drew;
Then told us, we in vain did those pursue
Whom their ill fortune to despair did drive,
And yet, whom we should never take alive.
Neglecting this, the master straight spur'd on;
But th' active Moor his horse's shock did shun,
And, ere his rider from his reach could go,

80 Finish'd the combat with one deadly blow.

I, to revenge my friend, prepar'd to fight;
But now our foremost men were come in sight,
Who soon would have dispatch'd him on the place,
Had I not sav'd him from a death so base,
And brought him to attend your royal doom.

K. Ferd. A manly face, and in his age's bloom;
But, to content the soldiers, he must die:
Go, see him executed instantly.

Q. Isabel. Stay; I would learn his name before he go:

90 You, Prince Abdalla, may the pris'ner know.

Abdal. Ozmyn's his name, and he deserves his fate;
His father heads that faction which I hate:
But much I wonder that I with him see
The daughter of his mortal enemy.

Benz. 'Tis true: by Ozmyn's sword my brother fell;
But 'twas a death he merited too well.
I know a sister should excuse his fault;
But you know too that Ozmyn's death he sought.

Abdal. Our prophet has declar'd, by the event,
100 That Ozmyn is reserv'd for punishment;
For, when he thought his guilt from danger clear,
He, by new crimes, is brought to suffer here.

Benz. In love, or pity, if a crime you find,
We too have sinn'd above all humankind.

Ozm. Heav'n in my punishment has done a grace;
I could not suffer in a better place:
That I should die by Christians it thought good,
To save your father's guilt, who sought my blood.

[To her.

Benz. Fate aims so many blows to make us fall,
110 That 'tis in vain to think to ward 'em all:
And, where misfortunes great and many are,
Life grows a burden, and not worth our care.

Ozm. I cast it from me, like a garment torn
Ragged, and too undecent to be worn:
Besides, there is contagion in my fate;
It makes your life too much unfortunate.
But, since her faults are not allied to mine,

In her protection let your favor shine.

To you, great queen, I make this last request

120 (Since pity dwells in every royal breast),

Safe, in your care, her life and honor be:

It is a dying lover's legacy.

Benz. Cease, Ozmyn, cease so vain a suit to move;

I did not give you on those terms my love.

Leave me the care of me; for, when you go,

My love will soon instruct me what to do.

Q. Isabel. Permit me, sir, these lovers' doom to give:

My sentence is, they shall together live.

The courts of kings

130 To all distress'd should sanctuaries be,

But most to lovers in adversity.

Castile and Aragon,

Which long against each other war did move,

My plighted lord and I have join'd by love;

And, if to add this conquest heav'n thinks good,

I would not have it stain'd with lovers' blood.

K. Ferd. Whatever Isabella shall command

Shall always be a law to Ferdinand.

Benz. The frowns of fate we will no longer fear.

140 Ill fate, great queen, can never find us here.

Q. Isabel. Your thanks some other time I will receive;

Henceforward safe in my protection live.

Granada is for noble loves renown'd:

Her best defense is in her lovers found.

Love's a heroic passion which can find

No room in any base degenerate mind:

It kindles all the soul with honor's fire,

To make the lover worthy his desire.

Against such heroes I success should fear,

150 Had we not too an host of lovers here.

An army of bright beauties come with me;

Each lady shall her servant's actions see:

The fair and brave on each-side shall contest;

And they shall overcome, who love the best.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.—*The Alhambra.*

ZULEMA solus.

Zul. True, they have pardon'd me; but do they know
What folly 'tis to trust a pardon'd foe?

A blush remains in a forgiven face:

It wears the silent tokens of disgrace.

Forgiveness to the injur'd does belong;

But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

144. *Her best*] *Qq.* *Here best F.*

145. *a]* *Q1.* *an Q2Q3Q4Q5F SsM.*

My hopeful fortune's lost! and, what's above
 All I can name or think, my ruin'd love!
 Feign'd honesty shall work me into trust,
 10 And seeming penitence conceal my lust.
 Let heav'n's great eye of Providence now take
 One day of rest, and ever after wake.

Enter King BOABDELIN, ABENAMAR, and Guards.

Boab. Losses on losses! as if heav'n decreed
 Almanzor's valor should alone succeed. ✓

Aben. Each sally we have made, since he is gone,
 Serves but to pull our speedy ruin on.

Boab. Of all mankind, the heaviest fate he bears
 Who the last crown of sinking empire wears.
 No kindly planet of his birth took care:
 20 Heav'n's outcast, and the dross of every star!

[*A tumultuous noise within.*]

Enter ABDELMELECH.

What new misfortune do these cries presage?

Abdelm. They are th' effects of the mad people's rage.
 All in despair tumultuously they swarm:
 The farthest streets already take th' alarm;
 The needy creep from cellars under ground;
 To them new cries from tops of garrets sound;
 The aged from the chimneys seek the cold;
 And wives from windows helpless infants hold.

Boab. See what the many-headed beast demands. [*Exit ABDELM.*]
 30 Curst is that king whose honor's in their hands.
 In senates, either they too slowly grant,
 Or saucily refuse to aid my want;
 And, when their thrift has ruin'd me in war,
 They call their insolence my want of care.

Aben. Curst be their leaders, who that rage foment,
 And veil, with public good, their discontent:
 They keep the people's purses in their hands,
 And hector kings to grant their wild demands;
 But to each lure a court throws out, descend,
 40 And prey on those they promis'd to defend.

Zul. Those kings who to their wild demands consent
 Teach others the same way to discontent.
 Freedom in subjects is not, nor can be;
 But still, to please 'em, we must call 'em free.
 Propriety, which they their idol make,
 Or law, or law's interpreters, can shake.

Aben. The name of commonwealth is popular;
 But there the people their own tyrants are.

Boab. But kings who rule with limited command

50 Have players' scepters put into their hand.

Pow'r has no balance; one side still weighs down,
And either hoists the commonwealth or crown;
And those who think to set the scale more right,
By various turnings but disturb the weight.

Aben. While people tug for freedom, kings for pow'r,
Both sink beneath some foreign conqueror:
Then subjects find too late they were unjust,
And want that pow'r of kings they durst not trust.

To them ABDELMELECH.

Abdelm. The tumult now is high and dangerous grown:
60 The people talk of rend'ring up the town;
And swear that they will force the king's consent.

Boab. What counsel can this rising storm prevent?

Abdelm. Their fright to no persuasions will give ear:
There's a deaf madness in a people's fear.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Their fury now a middle course does take;
To yield the town, or call Almanzor back.

Boab. I'll rather call my death.—

Go, and bring up my guards to my defense:
I'll punish this outrageous insolence.

70 *Aben.* Since blind opinion does their reason sway,
You must submit to cure 'em their own way.
You to their fancies physic must apply;
Give them that chief on whom they most rely.
Under Almanzor prosperously they fought;
Almanzor, therefore, must with pray'rs be brought.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. Haste all you can their fury to assuage:
You are not safe from their rebellious rage.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. This minute, if you grant not their desire,
They'll seize your person, and your palace fire.

80 *Abdelm.* Your danger, sir, admits of no delay.

Boab. In tumults, people reign, and kings obey.—

Go and appease 'em with the vow I make,
That they shall have their lov'd Almanzor back.

[*Exit ABDELM.*

Almanzor has th' ascendant o'er my fate;

I'm forc'd to stoop to one I fear and hate:

Disgrac'd, distress'd, in exile, and alone,

He's greater then a monarch on his throne.

Without a realm, a royalty he gains;

Kings are the subjects over whom he reigns.

[*A shout of acclamations within.*

90 *Aben.* These shouts proclaim the people satisfied.

Boab. We for another tempest must provide.
To promise his return as I was loth,
So I want pow'r now to perform my oath.
Ere this, for Afric he is sail'd from Spain.

Aben. The adverse winds his passage yet detain;
I heard, last night his equipage did stay
At a small village, short of Malaga.

Boab. Abenamar, this ev'ning thither haste;
Desire him to forget his usage past:

100 Use all your rhet'ric, promise, flatter, pray.

To them Queen ALMAHIDE, attended.

Aben. Good fortune shows you yet a surer way:
Nor pray'rs nor promises his mind will move;
'Tis inaccessible to all but love.

Boab. O, thou hast rous'd a thought within my breast,
That will for ever rob me of my rest.
Ah jealousy, how cruel is thy sting!
I, in Almanzor, a lov'd rival bring!
And now, I think it is an equal strife,
If I my crown should hazard, or my wife.
110 Where, marriage, is thy cure, which husbands boast,
That in possession their desire is lost?
Or why have I alone that wretched taste
Which, gorg'd and glutted, does with hunger last?
Custom and duty cannot set me free,
Ev'n sin itself has not a charm for me.
Of married lovers I am sure the first,
And nothing but a king could so be curst.

Almah. What sadness sits upon your royal heart?
Have you a grief, and must not I have part?

120 All creatures else a time of love possess:
Man only clogs with cares his happiness;
And, while he should enjoy his part of bliss,
With thoughts of what may be, destroys what is.

Boab. You guess'd aright; I am oppress'd with grief,
And 'tis from you that I must seek relief.

Leave us; to sorrow there's a rev'rence due: [To the company.

Sad kings, like suns eclips'd, withdraw from view,

[The Attendants go off, and chairs are set for the King and Queen.

Almah. So two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,
Look up, and see it gath'ring in the sky:
130 Each calls his mate to shelter in the groves,
Leaving, in murmurs, their unfinish'd loves:
Perch'd on some dropping branch, they sit alone,

117. so be] QqF. be so SsM.

124. guess'd] QqF. guess SsM.

127. withdraw] Qq. withdrawn F, by a misprint.

131. murmurs] Q1. murmures Q2Q3. murmur Q4Q5F SsM.

132. dropping] QqF. drooping SsM.

And coo, and hearken to each other's moan.

Boab. [*Taking her by the hand.*] Since, Almahide, you seem so kind
a wife,

What would you do to save a husband's life?

Almah. When fate calls on that hard necessity,
I'll suffer death, rather than you shall die.

Boab. Suppose your country should in danger be;
What would you undertake to set it free?

140 *Almah.* It were too little to resign my breath:
My own free hand should give me nobler death.

Boab. That hand, which would so much for glory do,
Must yet do more; for it must kill me too.
You must kill me, for that dear country's sake;
Or, what's all one, must call Almanzor back.

Almah. I see to what your speech you now direct;
Either my love or virtue you suspect.
But know that, when my person I resign'd,
I was too noble not to give my mind.

✓ 150 No more the shadow of Almanzor fear;
I have no room, but for your image, here.

Boab. This, Almahide, would make me cease to mourn,
Were that Almanzor never to return:
But now my fearful people mutiny;
Their clamors call Almanzor back, not I.
Their safety, thro' my ruin, I pursue;
He must return, and must be brought by you.

Almah. That hour when I my faith to you did plight,
I banish'd him for ever from my sight.

150 His banishment was to my virtue due;
Not that I fear'd him for myself, but you.
My honor had preserv'd me innocent:
But I would your suspicion too prevent;
Which since I see augmented in your mind,
I yet more reason for his exile find.

Boab. To your intreaties he will yield alone,
And on your doom depend my life and throne.
No longer, therefore, my desires withstand;
Or, if desires prevail not, my command.

170 *Almah.* In his return too sadly I foresee
Th' effects of your returning jealousy.
But your command I prize above my life;
'Tis sacred to a subject and a wife:
If I have pow'r, Almanzor shall return.

Boab. Curst be that fatal hour when I was born!

[*Letting go her hand, and starting up.*

✓ You love, you love him; and that love reveal
By your too quick consent to his repeal.

163. *too prevent*] QqF. *to prevent* SsM. introducing what Professor Saintsbury rightly calls "a singular construction."

My jealousy had but too just a ground;
And now you stab into my former wound.

180 *Almah.* This sudden change I do not understand.
Have you so soon forgot your own command?

Boab. Grant that I did th' unjust injunction lay,
You should have lov'd me more then to obey.
I know you did this mutiny design;
But your love-plot I'll quickly countermine.
Let my crown go; he never shall return;
I, like a phoenix, in my nest will burn.

Almah. You please me well, that in one common fate
You wrap yourself, and me, and all your state.

190 Let us no more of proud Almanzor hear;
'Tis better once to die, than still to fear;
And better many times to die than be
Oblig'd past payment to an enemy.

Boab. 'Tis better; but you wives still have one way:
Whene'er your husbands are oblig'd, you pay.

Almah. Thou, Heav'n, who know'st it, judge my innocence!
You, sir, deserve not I should make defense.
Yet, judge my virtue by that proof I gave
When I submitted to be made your slave.

200 *Boab.* If I have been suspicious or unkind,
Forgive me; many cares distract my mind:
Love, and a crown!
Two such excuses no one man e'er had;
And each of 'em enough to make me mad:
But now my reason reassumes its throne,
And finds no safety when Almanzor's gone.
Send for him then; I'll be oblig'd, and sue;
'Tis a less evil than to part with you.
I leave you to your thoughts; but love me still!
210 Forgive my passion, and obey my will.

[Exit BOABDELIN.]

ALMAHIDE *sola.*

My jealous lord will soon to rage return;
That fire his fear rakes up does inward burn.
But Heav'n, which made me great, has chose for me;
I must th' oblation for my people be.
I'll cherish honor, then, and life despise;
What is not pure, is not for sacrifice.
Yet for Almanzor I in secret mourn!
Can virtue, then, admit of his return?
Yes; for my love I will by virtue square;
220 My heart's not mine, but all my actions are.
I'll like Almanzor act; and dare to be
As haughty, and as wretched too, as he.

185. *your love-plot I'll]* QqF. *I'll your love-plot* SsM.

194. *still have]* QqF. *have still* SsM.

What will he think is in my message meant?
 I scarcely understand my own intent:
 But, silkworm-like, so long within have wrought,
 That I am lost in my own web of thought.

[*Exit ALMAHIDE.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

OZMYN and BENZAYDA.

Ozm. 'Tis true that our protection here has been
 Th' effect of honor in the Spanish queen;
 But while I as a friend continue here,
 I to my country must a foe appear.

Benz. Think not, my Ozmy, that we here remain
 As friends, but pris'ners to the pow'r of Spain.
 Fortune dispenses with your country's right;
 But you desert your honor in your flight.

Ozm. I cannot leave you here, and go away;
 10 My honor's glad of a pretense to stay.

[*A noise within—"Follow, follow. follow!"—*]

Enter SELIN, his sword drawn, as pursued.

Selin. I am pursued, and now am spent and done;
 My limbs suffice me not with strength to run.
 And, if I could, alas! what can I save?
 A year, the dregs of life too, from the grave.
 Here will I sit, and here attend my fate,
 With the same hoary majesty and state,
 As Rome's old senate for the Gauls did wait.

[*Sits down on the ground.*]

Benz. It is my father; and he seems distress'd.

Ozm. My honor bids me succor the oppress'd;
 20 That life he sought for his I'll freely give;
 We'll die together, or together live.

Benz. I'll call more succor, since the camp is near,
 And fly on all the wings of love and fear.

[*Exit BENZ.*]

Enter ABENAMAR, and four or five Moors. He looks and finds SELIN.

Aben. Ye've liv'd, and now behold your latest hour.

Selin. I scorn your malice, and defy your pow'r.
 A speedy death is all I ask you now;
 And that's a favor you may well allow.

Ozm. [*Shewing himself.*] Who gives you death, shall give it first
 to me;

Fate cannot separate our destiny.—

30 [*Knows his father.*] My father here! Then heav'n itself has laid
 The snare in which my virtue is betray'd.

Aben. Fortune, I thank thee! Thou hast kindly done,

To bring me back that fugitive, my son;
In arms too; fighting for my enemy!
I'll do a Roman justice—thou shalt die!

Ozm. I beg not you my forfeit life would save;
Yet add one minute to that breath you gave.
I disobey'd you, and deserve my fate;
But bury in my grave two houses' hate.

40 Let Selin live; and see your justice done
On me, while you revenge him for his son:
Your mutual malice in my death may cease,
And equal loss persuade you both to peace.

Aben. [*to a Soldier.*] Yes, justice shall be done on him and thee.
Haste, and dispatch 'em both immediately.

Ozm. If you have honor—since you nature want—
For your own sake my last petition grant;
And kill not a disarm'd, defenseless foe,
Whose death your cruelty, or fear, will show.

50 My father cannot do an act so base:

My father!—I mistake—I meant, who was.

Aben. Go, then, dispatch him first who was my son!

Ozm. Swear but to save his life, I'll yield my own.

Aben. Nor tears, nor pray'rs, thy life, or his, shall buy.

Ozm. [*Putting himself before SELIN.*] Then, sir, Benzayda's father
shall not die!

And, since he'll want defense when I am gone,

I will, to save his life, defend my own.

Aben. This justice parricides like thee should have!

[*ABEN. and his party attack them both. OZM. parries his father's
thrusts, and thrusts at the others.*]

Enter BENZAYDA, with ABDALLA, the Duke of ARCOS, and Spaniards.

Benz. O help my father, and my Ozmyn save!

60 *Abdal.* Villains, that death you have deserv'd is near!

Ozm. [*Stops his hand.*] Stay, prince! and know, I have a father here!
I were that parricide of whom he spoke,
Did not my piety prevent your stroke.

D. Arcos. [*to ABEN.*] Depart, then, and thank heav'n you had a son.

Aben. I am not with these shows of duty won.

Ozm. [*to his Father.*] Heav'n knows I would that life you seek
resign;

But, while Benzayda lives, it is not mine.

Will you yet pardon my unwilling crime?

Aben. By no intreaties, by no length of time,

70 Will I be won; but, with my latest breath,
I'll curse thee here, and haunt thee after death.

[*Exit ABEN. with his party.*]

Ozm. [*Kneeling to SELIN.*] Can you be merciful to that degree,
As to forgive my father's faults in me?

Can you forgive

The death of him I slew in my defense,
And from the malice separate th' offense?
I can no longer be your enemy:

In short, now kill me, sir, or pardon me.

[Offers him his sword.]

In this your silence my hard fate appears.

80 *Selin.* I'll answer you when I can speak for tears.

But, till I can,

Imagine what must needs be brought to pass;

[Embraces him.]

My heart's not made of marble, nor of brass.

Did I for you a cruel death prepare,

And have you,—have you, made my life your care!

There is a shame contracted by my faults,

Which hinders me to speak my secret thoughts.

And I will tell you (when that shame's remov'd),

You are not better by my daughter lov'd.

90 *Benzayda* be yours.—I can no more.

Ozm. [Embracing his knees.] Blest be that breath which does my
life restore!

Benz. I hear my father now; these words confess
That name, and that indulgent tenderness.

Selin. *Benzayda*, I have been too much to blame;

But let your goodness expiate for my shame:

You *Ozmyn's* virtue did in chains adore,

And part of me was just to him before.

My son!

Ozm. My father!

Selin. Since by you I live,
I, for your sake, your family forgive.

100 Let your hard father still my life pursue;

✓ I hate not him, but for his hate to you.

Ev'n that hard father yet may one day be

By kindness vanquish'd, as you vanquish'd me;

Or, if my death can quench to you his rage,

Heav'n makes good use of my remaining age.

Abdal. I grieve your joys are mingled with my cares;

But all take interest in their own affairs;

And, therefore, I must ask how mine proceed.

Selin. They now are ripe, and but your presence need:

110 For *Lyndaraxa*, faithless as the wind,

Yet to your better fortunes will be kind;

For, hearing that the Christians own your cause,

From thence th' assurance of a throne she draws.

And since *Almanzor*, whom she most did fear,

Is gone, she to no treaty will give ear;

But sent me her unkindness to excuse.

Abdal. You much surprise me with your pleasing news.

Selin. But, sir, she hourly does th' assault expect;

And must be lost, if you her aid neglect:

120 For Abdelmelech loudly does declare,
He'll use the last extremities of war,
Since she refus'd the fortress to resign.

Abdal. The charge of hast'ning this relief be mine.

Selin. This while I undertook, whether beset,
Or else by chance, Abenamar I met;
Who seem'd in haste returning to the town.

Abdal. My love must in my diligence be shown.
And, [to ARCOS] as my pledge of faith to Spain, this hour
I'll put the fortress in your master's pow'r.

130 *Selin.* An open way from hence to it there lies,
And we with ease may send in large supplies,
Free from the shot and sallies of the town.

D. Arcos. Permit me, sir, to share in your renown;
First to my king I will impart the news,
And then draw out what succors we shall use. [Exit Duke of ARCOS.]

Abdal. [Aside.] Grant that she loves me not, at least I see
She loves not others, if she loves not me.

'Tis pleasure, when we reap the fruit of pain:

'Tis only pride, to be belov'd again.

140 How many are not lov'd, who think they are!
Yet all are willing to believe the fair;
And, tho' 'tis beauty's known and obvious cheat,
Yet man's self-love still favors the deceit.

[Exit ABDAL.]

Selin. Farewell, my children, equally so dear,
That I myself am to myself less near!
While I repeat the dangers of the war,
Your mutual safety be each other's care.
Your father, Ozmyn, till the war be done,
As much as honor will permit, I'll shun:

150 If by his sword I perish, let him know
It was because I would not be his foe.

Ozm. Goodness and virtue all your actions guide;
You only err in choosing of your side.
That party I, with honor, cannot take;
But can much less the care of you forsake:
I must not draw my sword against my prince,
But yet may hold a shield in your defense.
Benzayda, free from danger, here shall stay,
And for a father and a lover pray.

160 *Benz.* No, no! I gave not on those terms my heart,
That from my Ozmyn I should ever part:
That love I vow'd, when you did death attend,
'Tis just that nothing but my death should end.
What merchant is it who would stay behind,
His whole stock ventur'd to the waves and wind?

I'll pray for both, but both shall be in sight;
And Heav'n shall hear me pray, and see you fight.

Selin. No longer, Ozmyn, combat a design
Where so much love and so much virtue join.

170 *Ozm.* [*To her.*] Then conquer, and your conquest happy be,
Both to yourself, your father, and to me.
With bended knees our freedom we'll demand
Of Isabel and mighty Ferdinand:
Then, while the paths of honor we pursue,
We'll int'rest Heav'n for us, in right of you.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The Albayzin.*

An alarm within; then Soldiers running over the stage. Enter

ABDELMELECH, victorious, with Soldiers.

Abdelm. 'Tis won, 'tis won! and Lyndaraxa, now,
Who scorn'd to treat, shall to a conquest bow.
To every sword I free commission give;
Fall on, my friends, and let no rebel live.
Spare only Lyndaraxa; let her be
In triumph led, to grace my victory.
Since by her falsehood she betray'd my love,
Great as that falsehood my revenge shall prove.

Enter LYNDARAXA, as affrighted, attended by women.

Go, take th' enchantress, bring her to me bound!

10 *Lyndar.* Force needs not, where resistance is not found;
I come, myself, to offer you my hands;
And, of my own accord, invite your bands.
I wish'd to be my Abdelmelech's slave;
I did but wish, and easy fortune gave.

Abdelm. O more than woman false!—but 'tis in vain.
Can you e'er hope to be believ'd again?
I'll sooner trust th' hyena than your smile;
Or, than your tears, the weeping crocodile.
In war and love none should be twice deceiv'd;
20 The fault is mine if you are now believ'd.

Lyndar. Be overwise, then, and too late repent;
Your crime will carry its own punishment.
I am well pleas'd not to be justified;
I owe no satisfaction to your pride.
It will be more advantage to my fame,
To have it said I never own'd a flame.

Abdelm. 'Tis true, my pride has satisfied itself:
I have at length escap'd the deadly shelf.
Th' excuses you prepare will be in vain,
30 Till I am fool enough to love again.

Lyndar. Am I not lov'd?

Abdelm. I must, with shame, avow
I lov'd you once; but do not love you now.

Lyndar. Have I for this betray'd Abdalla's trust?
You are to me, as I to him, unjust.

[*Angrily.*

Abdelm. 'Tis like you have done much for love of me,
Who kept the fortress for my enemy.

Lyndar. 'Tis true, I took the fortress from his hand;
But, since, have kept it in my own command.

Abdelm. That act your foul ingratitude did show.

40 *Lyndar.* You are th' ungrateful, since 'twas kept for you.

Abdelm. 'Twas kept indeed; but not by your intent:
For all your kindness I may thank th' event.

Blush, Lyndaraxa, for so gross a cheat:

'Twas kept for me, when you refus'd to treat!

[*Ironically.*

Lyndar. Blind man! I knew the weakness of the place:

It was my plot to do your arms this grace.

Had not my care of your renown been great,

I lov'd enough to offer you to treat.

She who is lov'd must little lets create;

50 But you bold lovers are to force your fate.

This force you us'd my maiden blush will save;

You seem'd to take, what secretly I gave.

I knew we must be conquer'd; but I knew

What confidence I might repose in you.

I knew you were too grateful to expose

My friends and soldiers to be us'd like foes.

Abdelm. Well, tho' I love you not, their lives shall be
Spar'd out of pity and humanity.—

[*To a Soldier.*

Alferez, go, and let the slaughter cease.

[*Exit the Alferez.*

60 *Lyndar.* Then must I to your pity owe my peace?

Is that the tender'st term you can afford?

Time was, you would have us'd another word.

Abdelm. Then, for your beauty I your soldiers spare;
For, tho' I do not love you, you are fair.

Lyndar. That little beauty why did heav'n impart,
To please your eyes, but not to move your heart!

I'll shroud this gorgon from all human view,

And own no beauty, since it charms not you!

Reverse your orders, and our sentence give;

70 My soldiers shall not from my beauty live.

Abdelm. Then, from your friendship they their lives shall gain;
Tho' love be dead, yet friendship does remain.

Lyndar. That friendship which from wither'd love does shoot,
Like the faint herbage of a rock, wants root.

Love is a tender amity, refin'd:

Grafted on friendship it exalts the kind.

36. for] QqF. of SsM.

61. tender'st] Q1Q2Q3Q4. tend'rest Q5F. tenderest SsM.

69. our sentence] Q1Q2Q3Q4Ss. your sentence Q5FM.

74. of a rock] QqF. on a rock SsM.

But when the graff no longer does remain,
The dull stock lives, but never bears again.

Abdelm. Then, that my friendship may not doubtful prove,—
80 Fool that I am to tell you so!—I love.

You would extort this knowledge from my breast,
And tortur'd me so long that I confess'd.
Now I expect to suffer for my sin;
My monarchy must end, and yours begin.

Lyndar. Confess not love, but spare yourself that shame,
And call your passion by some other name.
Call this assault your malice or your hate;
Love owns no acts so disproportionate.
Love never taught this insolence you show,
90 To treat your mistress like a conquer'd foe.
Is this th' obedience which my heart should move?
This usage looks more like a rape than love.

Abdelm. What proof of duty would you I should give?

Lyndar. 'Tis grace enough to let my subjects live!
Let your rude soldiers keep possession still;
Spoil, rifle, pillage, anything but kill.
In short, sir, use your fortune as you please;
Secure my castle, and my person seize;
Let your true men my rebels hence remove:
100 I shall dream on, and think 'tis all your love!

Abdelm. You know too well my weakness and your pow'r:
Why did heav'n make a fool a conqueror!
She was my slave, till she by me was shown
How weak my force was, and how strong her own.
Now she has beat my pow'r from every part,
Made her way open to my naked heart:

[*To a Soldier.*

Go, strictly charge my soldiers to retreat;
Those countermand who are not enter'd yet.
On peril of your lives leave all things free.

[*Exit Soldier.*

110 Now, madam, love Abdalla more than me.
I only ask, in duty you would bring
The keys of our Albayzin to the king:
I'll make your terms as gentle as you please.

[*Trumpets sound a charge within, and soldiers shout.*

What shouts, and what new sounds of war are these?

Lyndar. Fortune, I hope, has favor'd my intent,
Of gaining time, and welcome succors sent.

[*Aside.*

Enter ALFEREZ.

Alferez. All's lost, and you are fatally deceiv'd:
The foe is enter'd, and the place reliev'd.
Scarce from the walls had I drawn off my men,

89. *Love never, etc.*] After this line or the next QqF have a stage-direction [*Alferez*]. This is apparently a mistake, since the *Alferez* who has departed, p. 87, l. 60, enters again after line 116, below.

120 When, from their camp, the enemy rush'd in,
And Prince Abdalla enter'd first the gate.

Abdelm. I am betray'd, and find it now too late.

When your proud soul to flatt'ries did descend,

[*To her.*

I might have known it did some ill portend.

The wary seaman stormy weather fears

When winds shift often, and no cause appears.

You by my bounty live——

Your brothers, too, were pardon'd for my sake,

And this return your gratitude does make.

130 *Lyndar.* My brothers best their own obligations know,

Without your charging me with what they owe.

But, since you think th' obligation is so great,

I'll bring a friend to satisfy my debt.

[*Looking behind.*

Abdelm. Thou shalt not triumph in thy base design;

Tho' not thy fort, thy person shall be mine.

[*He goes to take her: she runs and cries out help.*

Enter ABDALLA, ARCOS, Spaniards. ABDELMELECH retreats fighting, and is pursued by the adverse party off the stage. An alarm within.

*Enter again ABDALLA and the Duke of ARCOS, with
LYNDARAXA.*

D. Arcos. Bold Abdelmelech twice our Spaniards fac'd,
Tho' much outnumber'd; and retreated last.

Abdal. [*To LYNDARAXA.*] Your beauty, as it moves no common fire,
So it no common courage can inspire.

140 As he fought well, so had he prosper'd too,

If, madam, he, like me, had fought for you.

Lyndar. Fortune, at last, has chosen with my eyes;

And, where I would have giv'n it, plac'd the prize.

You see, sir, with what hardship I have kept

This precious gage, which in my hands you left.

But 'twas the love of you which made me fight,

And gave me courage to maintain your right.

Now, by experience, you my faith may find,

And are to thank me that I seem'd unkind.

150 When your malicious fortune doom'd your fall,

My care restrain'd you then from losing all;

Against your destiny I shut the gate,

And gather'd up the shipwracks of your fate;

I, like a friend, did ev'n yourself withstand

From throwing all upon a losing hand.

Abdal. My love makes all your acts unquestion'd go,

125. *wary*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *weary* Q5F.

130. *obligements know*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *obligement knows* Q5. *obligement know* FSsM.

135. *Tho'* . . . *mine*] omitted in F.

And sets a sovereign stamp on all you do.
Your love I will believe with hoodwink'd eyes;
In faith, much merit in much blindness lies.

160 But now, to make you great as you are fair,
The Spaniards an imperial crown prepare.

Lyndar. That gift's more welcome, which with you I share. }
Let us no time in fruitless courtship lose,
But sally out upon our frightened foes.
No ornaments of pow'r so please my eyes,
As purple which the blood of princes dyes. [Exeunt; he leading her.

SCENE III.—*The Alhambra.*

BOABDELIN, ABENAMAR, ALMAHIDE, Guards, &c. *The Queen wearing a scarf.*

Aben. My little journey has successful been;
The fierce Almanzor will obey the queen.
I found him, like Achilles on the shore,
Pensive, complaining much, but threat'ning more;
And, like that injur'd Greek, he heard our woes,
Which while I told, a gloomy smile arose
From his bent brows: and still, the more he heard,
A more severe and sullen joy appear'd.
But, when he knew we to despair were driv'n,
10 Betwixt his teeth he mutter'd thanks to heav'n.

Boab. How I disdain this aid, which I must take,
Not for my own, but Almahida's sake!

Aben. But when he heard it was the queen who sent,
That her command repeal'd his banishment,
He took the summons with a greedy joy,
And ask'd me how she would his sword employ:
Then bid me say, her humblest slave would come
From her fair mouth with joy to take his doom.

Boab. O that I had not sent you! tho' it cost
20 My crown! tho' I, and it, and all were lost!

Aben. While I, to bring this news, came on before,
I met with Selin——

Boab. I can hear no more.

Enter HAMET.

Hamet. Almanzor is already at the gate,
And throngs of people on his entrance wait.

Boab. Thy news does all my faculties surprise;
He bears two basilisks in those fierce eyes;

12. *Not for*] Q2Q3Q4Q5F. *No for* Q1, by a misprint.
24. *on*] Qq. *at* F.

And that tame dæmon which should guard my throne
Shrinks at a genius greater than his own.

[Exit BOAB. with ABEN. and Guards.]

Enter ALMANZOR; seeing ALMAHIDE approach him, he speaks.

Almanz. So Venus moves, when to the Thunderer,

30 In smiles or tears, she would some suit prefer;

When with her cestos girt,

And drawn by doves, she cuts the liquid skies,

And kindles gentle fires where'er she flies:

To every eye a goddess is confess'd,

By all the heav'nly nation she is blest,

And each with secret joy admits her to his breast. }

Madam, your new commands I come to know,

[To her, bowing.]

If yet you can have any where I go:

If to the regions of the dead they be,

40 You take the speediest course, to send by me.

Almah. Heav'n has not destin'd you so soon to rest:

Heroes must live to succor the distress'd.

Almanz. To serve such beauty all mankind should live;

And, in our service, our reward you give.

But stay me not in torture, to behold

And ne'er enjoy. As from another's gold

The miser hastens in his own defense,

And shuns the sight of tempting excellence;

So, having seen you once so killing fair,

50 A second sight were but to move despair.

I take my eyes from what too much would please,

As men in fevers famish their disease.

Almah. No; you may find your cure an easier way,

If you are pleas'd to seek it,—in your stay.

All objects lose by too familiar view,

When that great charm is gone, of being new;

By often seeing me, you soon will find

Defects so many, in my face and mind,

That to be freed from love you need not doubt;

60 And, as you look'd it in, you'll look it out.

Almanz. I rather, like weak armies, should retreat,

And so prevent my more entire defeat.

For your own sake in quiet let me go;

Press not too far on a despairing foe:

I may turn back, and arm'd against you move,

With all the furious train of hopeless love.

Almah. Your honor cannot to ill thoughts give way,

And mine can run no hazard by your stay.

Almanz. Do you then think I can with patience see

70 That sov'reign good possess'd, and not by me?

No; I all day shall languish at the sight,

27. dæmon Q4Q5F. demon Q1Q2Q3.

30. would Qq. should F.

And rave on what I do not see, all night;
 My quick imagination will present
 The scenes and images of your content,
 When to my envied rival you dispense
 Joys too unruly and too fierce for sense.

Almah. These are the day-dreams which wild fancy yields,
 Empty as shadows are that fly o'er fields.
 O, whether would this boundless fancy move!

80 'Tis but the raging calenture of love.
 Like the distracted passenger you stand,
 And see, in seas, imaginary land,
 Cool groves, and flow'ry meads; and while you think
 To walk, plunge in, and wonder that you sink.

Almanz. Love's calenture too well I understand;
 But sure your beauty is no fairyland!
 Of your own form a judge you cannot be;
 For, glowworm-like, you shine, and do not see.

Almah. Can you think this, and would you go away?

90 *Almanz.* What recompense attends me if I stay?

Almah. You know I am from recompense debarr'd,
 But I will grant you merit a reward;
 Your flame's too noble to deserve a cheat,
 And I too plain to practice a deceit.
 I no return of love can ever make,
 But what I ask is for my husband's sake;
 He, I confess, has been ungrateful too,
 But he and I are ruin'd if you go:
 Your virtue to the hardest proof I bring;—

100 Unbrib'd, preserve a mistress and a king.

Almanz. I'll stop at nothing that appears so brave:
 I'll do 't, and know I no reward will have.
 You've given my honor such an ample field
 That I may die, but that shall never yield.
 Spite of myself I'll stay, fight, love, despair;
 And I can do all this, because I dare.

Yet I may own one suit—

That scarf, which, since by you it has been borne,
 Is blest, like relics which by saints were worn.

110 *Almah.* Presents like this my virtue durst not make,
 But that 'tis giv'n you for my husband's sake. [Gives the scarf.]

Almanz. This scarf to honorable rags I'll wear,
 As conqu'ring soldiers tatter'd ensigns bear;
 But O, how much my fortune I despise,
 Which gives me conquest, while she love denies!

[Exeunt.]

75. 76. When sense] Omitted in Q5F.

79. whether] Q1Q2Q3. whither Q4Q5F. The variation recurs later, p. 100, l. 93.

81. the] Q1Q2Q3Q4. a Q5F SsM.

83. flow'ry] Q3Q4Q5F. flow'rs Q1Q2 by a misprint.

92. you merit] Q1Q2Q3Ss. your merit Q4Q5FM.

102. know] now QqF SsM. Cf. p. 63, l. 104; p. 193, l. 112.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Alhambra.*

ALMAHIDE, ESPERANZA.

Esper. Affected modesty has much of pride;
That scarf he begg'd, you could not have denied;
Nor does it shock the virtue of a wife,
When giv'n that man to whom you owe your life.

Almah. Heav'n knows from all intent of ill 'twas free,
Yet it may feed my husband's jealousy;
And for that cause I wish it were not done.

To them BOABDELIN, and walks apart.

See where he comes, all pensive and alone;
A gloomy fury has o'erspread his face:

10 'Tis so! and all my fears are come to pass.

Boab [*Aside.*] Marriage, thou curse of love, and snare of life,
That first debas'd a mistress to a wife!
Love, like a scene, at distance should appear,
But marriage views the gross-daub'd landscape near.
Love's nauseous cure! Thou cloy'st whom thou shouldst please;
And, when thou cur'st, then thou art the disease.
When hearts are loose, thy chain our bodies ties;
Love couples friends, but marriage enemies.
If love like mine continues after thee,

20 'Tis soon made sour, and turn'd by jealousy;
No sign of love in jealous men remains,
But that which sick men have of life—their pains.

Almah. [*Walking to him.*] Has my dear lord some new affliction
had?

Have I done anything that makes him sad?

Boab. You! nothing: you! But let me walk alone!

Almah. I will not leave you till the cause be known:
My knowledge of the ill may bring relief.

Boab. Thank ye; you never fail to cure my grief!
Trouble me not, my grief concerns not you.

30 *Almah.* While I have life, I will your steps pursue.

Boab. I'm out of humor now; you must not stay.

Almah. I fear it is that scarf I gave away.

Boab. No, 'tis not that—but speak of it no more:
Go hence! I am not what I was before.

Almah. Then I will make you so; give me your hand!
Can you this pressing and these tears withstand?

Boab. [*Sighing, and going off from her.*] O heav'n, were she but
mine, or mine alone!

Ah, why are not the hearts of women known!
False women to new joys unseen can move;

40 There are no prints left in the paths of love.
All goods besides by public marks are known;

But what we most desire to keep, has none.

Almah. [*Approaching him.*] Why will you in your breast your passion crowd,

Like unborn thunder rolling in a cloud?

Torment not your poor heart, but set it free,

And rather let its fury break on me.

I am not married to a god; I know

Men must have passions, and can bear from you.

I fear th' unlucky present I have made!

50 *Boab.* O pow'r of guilt! how conscience can upbraid!

It forces her not only to reveal,

But to repeat what she would most conceal!

Almah. Can such a toy, and giv'n in public too——

Boab. False woman, you contriv'd it should be so.

That public gift in private was design'd

The emblem of the love you meant to bind.

Hence from my sight, ungrateful as thou art!

And, when I can, I'll banish thee my heart.

[*She weeps.*]

To them ALMANZOR wearing the Scarf. He sees her weep.

Almanz. What precious drops are those,

60 Which silently each other's track pursue,

Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?

Your luster you should free from tears maintain,

Like Egypt, rich without the help of rain.

Now curst be he who gave this cause of grief;

And double curst, who does not give relief!

Almah. Our common fears, and public miseries,

Have drawn these tears from my afflicted eyes.

Almanz. Madam, I cannot easily believe

It is for any public cause you grieve.

70 On your fair face the marks of sorrow lie;

But I read fury in your husband's eye:

And, in that passion, I too plainly find

That you're unhappy, and that he's unkind.

Almah. Not new-made mothers greater love express

Than he, when with first looks their babes they bless;

Not heav'n is more to dying martyrs kind,

Nor guardian angels to their charge assign'd.

Boab. O goodness counterfeited to the life!

O the well-acted virtue of a wife!

80 Would you with this my just suspicions blind?

You've given me great occasion to be kind!

The marks, too, of your spotless love appear;

Witness the badge of my dishonor there.

[*Pointing to ALMANZOR's scarf.*]

Almanz. Unworthy owner of a gem so rare!

Heav'ns, why must he possess, and I despair!

Why is this miser doom'd to all this store;

He who has all, and yet believes he's poor?

Almah. [To ALMANZ.] You're much too bold, to blame a jealousy
So kind in him, and so desir'd by me.

90 The faith of wives would unrewarded prove,
Without those just observers of our love.
The greater care the higher passion shows;
We hold that dearest we most fear to lose.
Distrust in lovers is too warm a sun,
But yet 'tis night in love when that is gone;
And in those climes which most his scorching know,
He makes the noblest fruits and metals grow.

Almanz. Yes; there are mines of treasure in your breast,
Seen by that jealous sun, but not possess'd.

100 He, like a dev'l among the blest above,
Can take no pleasure in your heaven of love. }
Go, take her, and thy causeless fears remove; }
Love her so well, that I with rage may die: }
Dull husbands have no right to jealousy; }
If that's allow'd, it must in lovers be. }

[To the King.]

Boab. The succor which thou bring'st me makes thee bold:
But know, without thy aid, my crown I'll hold;
Or, if I cannot, I will fire the place;
Of a full city make a naked space.

110 Hence, then, and from a rival set me free!
I'll do, I'll suffer anything but thee.

Almanz. I wonnot go; I'll not be forc'd away:
I came not for thy sake, nor do I stay.
It was the queen who for my aid did send;
And 'tis I only can the queen defend:
I, for her sake, thy scepter will maintain;
And thou, by me, in spite of thee, shalt reign.

Boab. Had I but hope I could defend this place
Three days, thou shouldst not live to my disgrace.

120 So small a time
Might I possess my Almahide alone,
I would live ages out ere they were gone.
I should not be of love or life bereft;
All should be spent before, and nothing left.

Almah. [To BOAB.] As for your sake I for Almanzor sent,
So, when you please, he goes to banishment.
You shall, at last, my loyalty approve:
I will refuse no trial of my love.

Boab. How can I think you love me, while I see
130 That trophy of a rival's victory?
I'll tear it from his side.

Almanz. I'll hold it fast
As life, and when life's gone, I'll hold this last;
And, if thou tak'st it after I am slain,
I'll send my ghost to fetch it back again.

Almah. When I bestow'd that scarf, I had not thought,
Or not consider'd it might be a fault;
But, since my lord's displeas'd that I should make
So small a present, I command it back.
Without delay th' unlucky gift restore;

140 Or, from this minute, never see me more.

Almanz. [*Pulling it off hastily, and presenting it to her.*] The shock
of such a curse I dare not stand:

Thus I obey your absolute command. [*She gives it to the King.*]

Must he the spoils of scorn'd Almanzor wear?—

May Turnus' fate be thine, who dar'd to bear

The belt of murder'd Pallas; from afar

Mayst thou be known, and be the mark of war!

Live just to see it from thy shoulders torn

By common hands, and by some coward worn. [*An alarm within.*]

*Enter ABDELMELECH, ZULEMA, HAMET, ABENAMAR;
their swords drawn.*

Abdelm. Is this a time for discord or for grief?

150 We perish, sir, without your quick relief.

I have been fool'd, and am unfortunate;

The foes pursue their fortune, and our fate.

Zul. The rebels with the Spaniards are agreed.

Boab. Take breath; my guards shall to the fight succeed.

Aben. [*To ALMANZOR.*] Why stay you, sir? The conqu'ring foe is
near:

Give us their courage, and give them our fear.

Hamet. Take arms, or we must perish in your sight.

Almanz. I care not: perish; for I will not fight.

I wonnot lift an arm in his defense:

160 And yet I wonnot stir one foot from hence.

I to your king's defense his town resign;

This only spot, whereon I stand, is mine.—

Madam, be safe, and lay aside your fear;

[*To the Queen.*]

You are as in a magic circle here.

Boab. To our own valor our success we'll owe.

Haste, Hamet, with Abenamar to go;

You two draw up, with all the speed you may,

Our last reserves, and yet redeem the day.

[*Exeunt HAMET and ABENAMAR one way, the King the other,
with ABDELMELECH, etc. Alarm within.*]

Enter ABDELMELECH, his sword drawn.

Abdelm. Granada is no more! Th' unhappy king,

170 Vent'ring too far, ere we could succor bring,

Was by the Duke of Arcos pris'ner made,

And, past relief, is to the fort convey'd.

Almanz. Heav'n, thou art just! Go, now despise my aid.

Almah. Unkind Almanzor, how am I betray'd!
 Betray'd by him in whom I trusted most!
 But I will ne'er outlive what I have lost.
 Is this your succor, this your boasted love?
 I will accuse you to the saints above!
 Almanzor vow'd he would for honor fight,
 180 And lets my husband perish in my sight.

[*Exeunt ALMAHIDE and ESPERANZA.*]

Almanz. O, I have err'd; but fury made me blind;
 And, in her just reproach, my fault I find!
 I promis'd ev'n for him to fight, whom I—
 But since he's lov'd by her, he must not die.
 Thus happy fortune comes to me in vain
 When I myself must ruin it again.

To him ABENAMAR, HAMET, ABDELMELECH, ZULEMA, Soldiers.

Aben. The foe has enter'd the Vermillion tow'rs;
 And nothing but th' Alhambra now is ours.

Almanz. Ev'n that's too much, except we may have more;
 190 You lost it all to that last stake before.

Fate, now come back; thou canst not farther get;
 The bounds of thy libration here are set.

Thou know'st this place,

And, like a clock wound up, strik'st here for me; }
 Now, Chance, assert thy own inconstancy,
 And, Fortune, fight, that thou may'st Fortune be! }

They come: here, favor'd by the narrow place,

[*A noise within.*]

I can, with few, their gross battalion face.

By the dead wall, you, Abdelmelech, wind;

200 Then charge, and their retreat cut off behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*An alarm within.*]

Enter ALMANZOR and his Party, with ABDALLA prisoner.

Almanz. [*To ABDAL.*] You were my friend, and to that name I
 owe

The just regard which you refus'd to show.

Your liberty I frankly would restore,

But honor now forbids me to do more.

Yet, sir, your freedom in your choice shall be,

When you command to set your brother free.

Abdal. Th' exchange which you propose with joy I take;

An offer easier then my hopes could make.

Your benefits revenge my crimes to you,

210 For I my shame in that bright mirror view.

Almanz. No more; you give me thanks you do not owe:

I have been faulty and repent me now.

But, tho' our penitence a virtue be,

Mean souls alone repent in misery;

The brave own faults when good success is giv'n,

For then they come on equal terms to heav'n.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Albayzin.*

OZMYN and BENZAYDA.

Benz. I see there's somewhat which you fear to tell;
 Speak quickly, Ozmyn, is my father well?
 Why cross you thus your arms, and shake your head?
 Kill me at once, and tell me he is dead.

Ozm. I know not more than you; but fear not less;
 Twice sinking, twice I drew him from the press:
 But the victorious foe pursued so fast,
 That flying throngs divided us at last.
 As seamen parting in a gen'ral wrack,
 10 When first the loosening planks begin to crack,
 Each catches one, and straight are far disjoin'd,
 Some borne by tides, and others by the wind;
 So, in this ruin, from each other rent,
 With heav'd-up hands we mutual farewells sent:
 Methought his eyes, when just I lost his view,
 Were looking blessings to be sent to you.

Benz. Blind Queen of Chance, to lovers too severe,
 Thou rul'st mankind, but art a tyrant there!
 Thy widest empire's in a lover's breast:
 20 Like open seas, we seldom are at rest.
 Upon thy coasts our wealth is daily cast;
 And thou, like pirates, mak'st no peace to last.

To them LYNDARAXA, Duke of ARCOS, and Guards.

D. Arcos. We were surpris'd when least we did suspect,
 And justly suffer'd by our own neglect.

Lyndar. No; none but I have reason to complain!
 So near a kingdom, yet 'tis lost again!
 O, how unequally in me were join'd
 A creeping fortune with a soaring mind!
 O lottery of fate, where still the wise
 30 Draw blanks of fortune, and the fools the prize!
 These cross, ill-shuffled lots from heav'n are sent,
 Yet dull religion teaches us content;
 But when we ask it where that blessing dwells,
 It points to pedant colleges, and cells;
 There shows it rude, and in a homely dress,
 And that proud want mistakes for happiness.

[A trumpet within.

Enter ZULEMA.

Brother! What strange adventure brought you here?

Zul. The news I bring will yet more strange appear.
 The little care you of my life did show
 40 Has of a brother justly made a foe;

And Abdelmelech, who that life did save,
As justly has deserv'd that life he gave.

Lyndar. Your business cools, while tediously it stays
On the low theme of Abdelmelech's praise.

Zul. This I present from Prince Abdalla's hands.

[Delivers a letter, which she reads.]

Lyndar. He has propos'd (to free him from his bands)
That with his brother an exchange be made.

D. Arcos. It proves the same design which we had laid.
Before the castle let a bar be set;

50 And when the captives on each side are met,
With equal numbers chosen for their guard,
Just at the time the passage is unbarr'd,
Let both at once advance, at once be free.

Lyndar. Th' exchange I will myself in person see.

Benz. I fear to ask, yet would from doubt be freed,—
Is Selin captive, sir, or is he dead?

Zul. I grieve to tell you what you needs must know,—
He is a pris'n'r to his greatest foe;
Kept with strong guards in the Alhambra tow'r;
60 Without the reach ev'n of Almanzor's pow'r.

Ozm. With grief and shame I am at once oppress'd.

Zul. You will be more, when I relate the rest.

To you I from Abenamar am sent,

[To OZMYN.]

And you alone can Selin's death prevent.

Give up yourself a pris'n'r in his stead;

Or, ere to-morrow's dawn, believe him dead.

Benz. Ere that appear, I shall expire with grief.

Zul. Your action swift, your counsel must be brief.

Lyndar. While for Abdalla's freedom we prepare,
70 You in each other's breast unload your care.

[Exeunt all but OZMYN and BENZAYDA.]

Benz. My wishes contradictions must imply;

You must not go; and yet he must not die.

Your reason may, perhaps, th' extremes unite;

But there's a mist of fate before my sight.

Ozm. The two extremes too distant are, to close;

And human wit can no midway propose.

My duty therefore shows the nearest way,

To free your father, and my own obey.

Benz. Your father, whom, since yours, I grieve to blame,
80 Has lost, or quite forgot, a parent's name;
And, when at once possess'd of him and you,
Instead of freeing one, will murder two.

Ozm. Fear not my life; but suffer me to go:

What cannot only sons with parents do!

'Tis not my death my father does pursue;

He only would withdraw my love from you.

Benz. Now, Ozmyn, now your want of love I see;
For would you go, and hazard losing me?

Ozm. I rather would ten thousand lives forsake;
90 Nor can you e'er believe the doubt you make.—
This night I with a chosen band will go,
And, by surprise, will free him from the foe.

Benz. What foe! Ah, whether would your virtue fall!
It is your father whom the foe you call.
Darkness and rage will no distinction make,
And yours may perish for my father's sake.

Ozm. Thus, when my weaker virtue goes astray,
Yours pulls it back, and guides me in the way:
I'll send him word, my being shall depend
100 On Selin's life, and with his death shall end.

Benz. 'Tis that, indeed, would glut your father's rage:
Revenge on Ozmyn's youth, and Selin's age.

Ozm. Whate'er I plot, like Sisyphus, in vain
I heave a stone that tumbles down again.

Benz. This glorious work is then reserv'd for me:
He is my father, and I'll set him free.
These chains my father for my sake does wear:
I made the fault; and I the pains will bear.

Ozm. Yes; you no doubt have merited those pains;
110 Those hands, those tender limbs, were made for chains!
Did I not love you, yet it were too base
To let a lady suffer in my place.
Those proofs of virtue you before did show,
I did admire; but I must envy now.
Your vast ambition leaves no fame for me,
But grasps at universal monarchy.

Benz. Yes, Ozmyn, I shall still this palm pursue;
I will not yield my glory, ev'n to you.
I'll break those bonds in which my father's tied,
120 Or, if I cannot break 'em, I'll divide.
What tho' my limbs a woman's weakness show;
I have a soul as masculine as you;
And when these limbs want strength my chains to wear,
My mind shall teach my body how to bear.

[Exit BENZ.]

Ozm. What I resolve, I must not let her know;
But honor has decreed she must not go.
What she resolves, I must prevent with care;
She shall not in my fame or danger share.
I'll give strict order to the guards which wait,
130 That, when she comes, she shall not pass the gate.
Fortune, at last, has run me out of breath;
I have no refuge but the arms of death:
To that dark sanctuary I will go;
She cannot reach me when I lie so low.

[Exit.]

109. *those*] QqF. *these* SsM.

134. [Exit] SsM. QqF omit.

SCENE III.—*The Albayzin.*

Enter, on the one side, ALMANZOR, ABDALLA, ABDELMELECH, ZULEMA, HAMET. On the other side, the Duke of ARCOS, BOABDELIN, LYNDARAXA, and their Party. After which the bars are open'd; and at the same time BOABDELIN and ABDALLA pass by each other, each to his Party; when ABDALLA is pass'd on the other side, the Duke of ARCOS approaches the bars, and calls to ALMANZOR.

D. Arcos. The hatred of the brave with battles ends,
And foes who fought for honor then are friends.
I love thee, brave Almanzor, and am proud
To have one hour when love may be allow'd.
This hand, in sign of that esteem, I plight;
We shall have angry hours enough to fight. [Giving his hand.]

Almanz. The man who dares, like you, in fields appear,
And meet my sword, shall be my mistress here.
If I am proud, 'tis only to my foes;
10 Rough but to such who virtue would oppose.
If I some fierceness from a father drew,
A mother's milk gives me some softness too.

D. Arcos. Since first you took, and after set me free,
(Whether a sense of gratitude it be,
Or some more secret motion of my mind,
For which I want a name that's more than kind,)
I shall be glad, by whate'er means I can,
To get the friendship of so brave a man;
And would your unavailing valor call
20 From aiding those whom heav'n has doom'd to fall.
We owe you that respect,
Which to the gods of foes besieg'd was shown,
To call you out before we take your town.

Almanz. Those whom we love, we should esteem 'em too,
And not debauch that virtue which we woo.
Yet, tho' you give my honor just offense,
I'll take your kindness in the better sense;
And, since you for my safety seem to fear,
I, to return your bribe, should wish you here.
30 But, since I love you more than you do me,
In all events preserve your honor free;
For that's your own, tho' not your destiny. }

D. Arcos. Were you oblig'd in honor by a trust,
I should not think my own proposals just;
But since you fight for an unthankful king,
What loss of fame can change of parties bring?

Almanz. It will, and may with justice too, be thought
That some advantage in that change I sought.
And tho' I twice have chang'd for wrongs receiv'd,
40 That it was done for profit none believ'd.
The king's ingratitude I knew before;

So that can be no cause of changing more.
 If now I stand, when no reward can be,
 'Twill show the fault before was not in me.

D. Arcos. Yet there is one reward to valor due,
 And such it is as may be sought by you;
 That beaut'ous queen, whom you can never gain,
 While you secure her husband's life and reign.

Almanz. Then be it so; let me have no return

[*Here LYNDARAXA comes near and hears them.*

50 From him but hatred, and from her but scorn.

There is this comfort in a noble fate,
 That I deserve to be more fortunate.
 You have my last resolve; and now, farewell:
 My boding heart some mischief does foretell;
 But what it is, heav'n will not let me know.
 I'm sad to death, that I must be your foe.

D. Arcos. Heav'n, when we meet, if fatal it must be
 To one, spare him, and cast the lot on me.

[*They retire.*

Lyndar. Ah, what a noble conquest were this heart!

60 I am resolv'd I'll try my utmost art:

In gaining him, I gain that fortune too,
 Which he has wedded, and which I but woo
 I'll try each secret passage to his mind,
 And love's soft bands about his heartstrings wind.
 Not his vow'd constancy shall scape my snare; }
 While he, without, resistance does prepare, }
 I'll melt into him ere his love's aware.

[*She makes a gesture of invitation to ALMANZOR. who returns again.*

You see, sir, to how strange a remedy
 A persecuted maid is forc'd to fly:

70 Who, much distress'd, yet scarce has confidence
 To make your noble pity her defense.

Almanz. Beauty like yours can no protection need;
 Or, if it sues, is certain to succeed.
 To whate'er service you ordain my hand,
 Name your request, and call it your command.

Lyndar. You cannot, sir, but know that my ill fate
 Has made me lov'd with all th' effects of hate:
 One lover would by force my person gain;
 Which one, as guilty, would by force detain.

80 Rash Abdelmelech's love I cannot prize,
 And fond Abdalla's passion I despise.
 As you are brave, so you are prudent too;
 Advise a wretched woman what to do.

Almanz. Have courage, fair one, put your trust in me;
 You shall at least from those you hate be free.
 Resign your castle to the king's command,

And leave your love concernments in my hand.

Lyndar. The king, like them, is fierce, and faithless too;
How can I trust him, who has injur'd you?

90 *Keep for yourself (and you can grant no less)
What you alone are worthy to possess.*

Enter, brave sir; for, when you speak the word,
These gates will open of their own accord;
The genius of the place its lord will meet,
And bend its tow'ry forehead to your feet.
That little citadel which now you see
Shall then the head of conquer'd nations be;
And every turret, from your coming, rise
The mother of some great metropolis.

100 *Almanz.* 'Tis pity, words, which none but gods should hear,
Should lose their sweetness in a soldier's ear:
I am not that Almanzor whom you praise;
But your fair mouth can fair ideas raise:
I am a wretch to whom it is denied
T' accept, with honor, what I wish with pride;
And, since I fight not for myself, must bring
The fruits of all my conquests to the king.

Lyndar. Say rather to the queen, to whose fair name
I know you vow the trophies of your fame.

110 I hope she is as kind as she is fair;
Kinder then unexperienc'd virgins are
To their first loves; (tho' she has lov'd before,
And that first innocence is now no more:)
But, in revenge, she gives you all her heart
(For you are much too brave to take a part.)
Tho', blinded by a crown, she did not see
Almanzor greater than a king could be,
I hope her love repairs her ill-made choice:
Almanzor cannot be deluded twice.

120 *Almanz.* No, not deluded; for none count their gains,
Who, like Almanzor, frankly give their pains.

Lyndar. Almanzor, do not cheat yourself, nor me;
Your love is not refin'd to that degree:
For, since you have desires, and those not blest,
Your love's uneasy, and at little rest.

Almanz. 'Tis true, my own unhappiness I see;
But who, alas, can my physician be?
Love, like a lazy ague, I endure,
Which fears the water, and abhors the cure.

130 *Lyndar.* 'Tis a consumption, which your life does waste,
Still flatt'ring you with hope, till help be past;
But, since of cure from her you now despair,
You, like consumptive men, should change your air:
Love somewhere else; 'tis a hard remedy,
But yet you owe yourself so much, to try.

Almanz. My love's now grown so much a part of me,

That life would, in the cure, endanger'd be:
At least it like a limb cut off would show;
And better die than like a cripple go.

- 140 *Lyndar.* You must be brought like madmen to their cure,
And darkness first, and next new bonds endure:
Do you dark absence to yourself ordain,
And I, in charity, will find the chain.

Almanz. Love is that madness which all lovers have;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave:
'Tis an enchantment where the reason's bound;
But Paradise is in th' enchanted ground;
A palace, void of envy, cares and strife,
Where gentle hours delude so much of life.

- 150 To take those charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into misery;
And prudence, of whose cure so much you boast,
Restores those pains which that sweet folly lost.

Lyndar. I would not, like philosophers, remove,
But show you a more pleasing shape of love.
You a sad, sullen, froward love did see;
I'll show him kind, and full of gaiety.
In short, Almanzor, it shall be my care
To show you love; for you but saw despair.

- 160 *Almanz.* I in the shape of love despair did see;
You in his shape would show inconstancy.

Lyndar. There's no such thing as constancy you call;
Faith ties not hearts; 'tis inclination all.
Some wit deform'd, or beauty much decay'd,
First constancy in love a virtue made.
From friendship they that landmark did remove,
And falsely plac'd it on the bounds of love.
Let the effects of change be only tried;
Court me, in jest, and call me Almahide:

- 170 But this is only counsel I impart,
For I, perhaps, should not receive your heart.

Almanz. Fair tho' you are
As summer mornings, and your eyes more bright
Than stars that twinkle in a winter's night;
Tho' you have eloquence to warm and move
Cold age and praying hermits into love;
Tho' Almahide with scorn rewards my care,
✓ Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to despair.
My love's my soul; and that from fate is free;

- 180 'Tis that unchang'd and deathless part of me.

Lyndar. The fate of constancy your love pursue!
Still to be faithful to what's false to you.

[Turns from him, and goes off angrily.]

Almanz. Ye gods, why are not hearts first pair'd above,

But some still interfere in others' love?
 Ere each for each by certain marks are known,
 You mold 'em off in haste, and drop 'em down;
 And, while we seek what carelessly you sort,
 You sit in state, and make our pains your sport.

[*Exeunt on both sides.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ABENAMAR, and Servants.

Aben. Haste and conduct the pris'ner to my sight.

[*Exit Servant, and immediately enters with SELIN bound.*]

Aben. Did you, according to my orders, write? [To SELIN.]

And have you summon'd Ozmyn to appear?

Selin. I am not yet so much a slave to fear,
 Nor has your son deserv'd so ill of me
 That by his death or bonds I would be free.

Aben. Against thy life thou dost the sentence give;
 Behold how short a time thou hast to live.

Selin. Make haste, and draw the curtain while you may;
 10 You but shut out the twilight of my day.
 Beneath the burden of my age I bend:
 You kindly ease me ere my journey's end.

[*To them a Servant with OZMYN; OZMYN kneels.*]

Aben. [To SELIN.] It is enough, my promise makes you free;
 Resign your bonds, and take your liberty.

Ozm. Sir, you are just, and welcome are these bands;
 'Tis all th' inheritance a son demands.

Selin. Your goodness, O my Ozmyn, is too great;
 I am not weary of my fetters yet:
 Already, when you move me to resign,
 20 I feel 'em heavier on your feet than mine.

[*Enter another Soldier or Servant.*]

Sold. A youth attends you in the outer room,
 Who seems in haste, and does from Ozmyn come.

Aben. Conduct him in.—

Ozm. Sent from Benzayda, I fear, to me.

To them BENZAYDA, in the habit of a man.

Benz. My Ozmyn here!

Ozm. Benzayda! 'tis she!

Go, youth, I have no business for thee here; [To her.]

Go to th' Albayzin, and attend me there.

I'll not be long away; I pr'ythee go,

By all our love and friendship——

Benz. Ozmyn, no:

186. off] QqF. up SsM.

20. [Enter] SsM. QqF omit. Q2Q3 also omit [or Servant].

30 I did not take on me this bold disguise
 For ends so low, to cheat your watchmen's eyes.
 When I attempted this, it was to do
 An action to be envied ev'n by you;
 But you, alas, have been too diligent,
 And what I purpos'd fatally prevent!
 Those chains, which for my father I would bear,
 I take with less content, to find you here;
 Except your father will that mercy show,
 That I may wear 'em both for him and you.

40 *Aben.* I thank thee, Fortune! Thou hast, in one hour,
 Put all I could have ask'd thee in my pow'r.
 My own lost wealth thou giv'st not only back,
 But driv'st upon my coast my pirate's wrack.

Selin. With Ozmyn's kindness I was griev'd before,
 But yours, Benzayda, has undone me more.

Aben. [*To Soldier.*] Go fetch new fetters, and the daughter bind.

Ozm. Be just at least, sir, tho' you are not kind:
 Benzayda is not as a pris'ner brought,
 But comes to suffer for another's fault.

50 *Aben.* Then, Ozmyn, mark, that justice which I do,
 I, as severely, will exact from you:
 The father is not wholly dead in me;
 Or you may yet revive it, if it be.
 Like tapers new blown out, the fumes remain,
 To catch the light and bring it back again.
 Benzayda gave you life, and set you free;
 For that, I will restore her liberty.

Ozm. Sir, on my knees I thank you.

Aben. Ozmyn, hold;

One part of what I purpose is untold:

60 Consider, then, it on your part remains,
 When I have broke, not to resume your chains.
 Like an indulgent father, I have paid
 All debts which you, my prodigal, have made.
 Now you are clear, break off your fond design,
 Renounce Benzayda, and be wholly mine.

Ozm. Are these the terms? Is this the liberty?
 Ah, sir, how can you so inhuman be?
 My duty to my life I will prefer;
 But life and duty must give place to her.

70 *Aben.* Consider what you say, for, with one breath,
 You disobey my will, and give her death.

Ozm. Ah, cruel father, what do you propose!
 Must I then kill Benzayda, or must lose?
 I can do neither; in this wretched state,
 The least that I can suffer is your hate;
 And yet that's worse than death—ev'n while I sue,

And choose your hatred, I could die for you.
Break quickly, heart, or let my blood be spilt
By my own hand, to save a father's guilt.

80 *Benz.* Hear me, my lord, and take this wretched life,
To free you from the fear of Ozmyn's wife.
I beg but what with ease may granted be,
To spare your son, and kill your enemy;
Or, if my death's a grace too great to give,
Let me, my lord, without my Ozmyn live.
Far from your sight and Ozmyn's let me go,
And take from him a care, from you a foe.

Ozm. How, my Benzayda! Can you thus resign
That love which you have vow'd so firmly mine?
90 Can you leave me for life and liberty?

Benz. What I have done will show that I dare die;
But I'll twice suffer death, and go away,
Rather than make you wretched by my stay:
By this my father's freedom will be won;
And to your father I restore a son.

Selin. Cease, cease, my children, your unhappy strife,
Selin will not be ransom'd by your life.
Barbarian, thy old foe defies thy rage;
Turn from their youth thy malice to my age.

[To ABEN

100 *Benz.* Forbear, dear father, for your Ozmyn's sake;
Do not such words to Ozmyn's father speak.

Ozm. Alas, 'tis counterfeited rage; he strives
But to divert the danger from our lives:
For I can witness, sir, and you might see,
How in your person he consider'd me.
He still declin'd the combat where you were;
And you well know it was not out of fear.

Benz. Alas, my lord, where can your vengeance fall?
Your justice will not let it reach us all.

110 *Selin* and *Ozmyn* both would suff'rers be;

And punishment's a favor done to me.
If we are foes, since you have pow'r to kill,
'Tis gen'rous in you not to have the will;
But, are we foes? Look round, my lord, and see;
Point out that face which is your enemy.
Would you your hand in *Selin's* blood embrue?
Kill him unarm'd, who, arm'd, shunn'd killing you?
Am I your foe? Since you detest my line,
That hated name of *Zegry* I resign:

120 For you, *Benzayda* will herself disclaim;
Call me your daughter, and forget my name.

Selin. This virtue would even savages subdue;
And shall it want the pow'r to vanquish you?

Ozm. It has, it has; I read it in his eyes;
'Tis now not anger, 'tis but shame denies;
A shame of error that great spirits find,

Which keeps down virtue struggling in the mind.

Aben. Yes, I am vanquish'd! The fierce conflict's past,
And shame itself is now o'ercome at last.

130 'Twas long before my stubborn mind was won;
But, melting once, I on the sudden run;
Nor can I hold my headlong kindness more
Than I could curb my cruel rage before.

[*Runs to BENZ., and embraces her.*

Benzayda, 'twas your virtue vanquish'd me;
That could alone surmount my cruelty.

[*Runs to SELIN, and unbinds him.*

Forgive me, Selin, my neglect of you;
But men, just waking, scarce know what they do.

Ozm. O father!

Benz. Father!

Aben. Dare I own that name!

Speak, speak it often, to remove my shame. [They all embrace him.

140 O Selin, O my children, let me go!
I have more kindness than I yet can show.
For my recov'ry I must shun your sight;
Eyes us'd to darkness cannot bear the light.

[*He runs in, they following him.*

SCENE II.—*The Albayzin.*

ALMANZOR, ABDELMELECH, *Soldiers.*

Almanz. 'Tis war again, and I am glad 'tis so;
Success shall now by force and courage go.
Treaties are but the combats of the brain,
Where still the stronger lose, and weaker gain.

Abdelm. On this assault, brave sir, which we prepare,
Depends the sum and fortune of the war.
Encamp'd without the fort the Spaniard lies,
And may, in spite of us, send in supplies.
Consider yet, ere we attack the place,

10 What 'tis to storm it in an army's face.

Almanz. The minds of heroes their own measures are;
They stand exempted from the rules of war.
One loose, one sally of the hero's soul,
Does all the military art control:
While tim'rous wit goes round, or fords the shore,
He shoots the gulf, and is already o'er;
And, when th' enthusiastic fit is spent,
Looks back amaz'd at what he underwent.

[*An alarm within. Exeunt.*

Enter ALMANZOR and ABDELMELECH with their Soldiers.

Abdelm. They fly, they fly; take breath and charge again.

138. O father] Qq. O my father F.
3. combats] QqF. combat SsM.

20 *Almanz.* Make good your entrance, and bring up more men.
I fear'd, brave friend, my aid had been too late.

Abdelm. You drew us from the jaws of certain fate.

At my approach

The gate was open, and the drawbridge down;

But, when they saw I stood, and came not on,

They charg'd with fury on my little band,

Who, much o'erpower'd, could scarce the shock withstand.

Almanz. Ere night we shall the whole Albayzin gain.

But see, the Spaniards march along the plain

30 To its relief; you, Abdelmelech, go

And force the rest, while I repulse the foe.

[*Exit ALMANZOR.*]

Enter ABDALLA, and some few Soldiers, who seem fearful.

Abdal. Turn, cowards, turn; there is no hope in flight;

You yet may live, if you but dare to fight.

Come, you brave few, who only fear to fly;

We're not enough to conquer, but to die.

Abdelm. No, prince, that mean advantage I refuse;

'Tis in your pow'r a nobler fate to choose.

Since we are rivals, honor does command

We should not die but by each other's hand.

40 Retire; and, if it prove my destiny

[*To his men.*]

To fall, I charge you let the prince go free.

[*The Soldiers depart on both sides.*]

Abdal. O, Abdelmelech, that I knew some way

This debt of honor which I owe to pay!

But fate has left this only means for me,

To die, and leave you Lyndaraxa free.

Abdelm. He, who is vanquish'd and is slain, is blest:

The wretched conqueror can ne'er have rest;

But is reserv'd a harder fate to prove,

Bound in the fetters of dissembled love.

50 *Abdal.* Now thou art base, and I deserve her more;

Without complaint I will to death adore.

Dar'st thou see faults, and yet dost love pretend?

I will ev'n Lyndaraxa's crimes defend.

Abdelm. Maintain her cause, then, better than thy own,

Than thy ill-got and worse-defended throne.

[*They fight, ABDALLA falls.*]

Abdelm. Now ask your life.

Abdal.

'Tis gone; that busy thing, }

The soul, is packing up, and just on wing,

Like parting swallows, when they seek the spring.

Like them, at its appointed time, it goes,

60 And flies to countries more unknown than those.

Enter LYNDARAXA hastily, sees them, and is going out again.

Abdelm. [*Stopping her.*] No, you shall stay, and see a sacrifice,
Not offer'd by my sword, but by your eyes.

From those he first ambition's poison drew,
And swell'd to empire for the love of you.
Accursed fair!

Thy comet-blaze portends a prince's fate;
And suff'ring subjects groan beneath thy weight.

Abdal. Cease, rival, cease!

I would have forc'd you, but it wonnot be;

70 I beg you now, upbraid her not for me.

You, fairest, to my memory be kind!

[To LYNDAR.

Lovers like me your sex will seldom find.

When I usurp'd a crown for love of you,

I then did more than, dying, now I do.

I'm still the same as when my love begun;

And, could I now this fate foresee or shun,

Would yet do all I have already done.

[Dies.

[She puts her handkerchief to her eyes.

Abdelm. Weep on, weep on, for it becomes you now;

These tears you to that love may well allow.

80 His unrepenting soul, if it could move

Upward, in crimes, flew spotted with your love;

And brought contagion to the blest above.

Lyndar. He's gone, and peace go with a constant mind!

His love deserv'd I should have been more kind;

But then your love and greater worth I knew:

I was unjust to him, but just to you.

Abdelm. I was his enemy, and rival too,

Yet I some tears to his misfortunes owe:

You owe him more; weep then, and join with me:

90 So much is due ev'n to humanity.

Lyndar. Weep for this wretch, whose memory I hate!

Whose folly made us both unfortunate!

Weep for this fool, who did my laughter move!

This whining, tedious, heavy lump of love!

Abdelm. Had fortune favor'd him, and frown'd on me,

I then had been that heavy fool, not he:

Just this had been my fun'ral elegy.

Thy arts and falsehood I before did know,

But this last baseness was conceal'd till now;

100 And 'twas no more than needful to be known;

I could be cur'd by such an act alone.

My love, half blasted, yet in time would shoot;

But this last tempest rends it to the root.

Lyndar. These little piques, which now your anger move,

Will vanish, and are only signs of love.

You've been too fierce; and, at some other time,

I should not with such ease forgive your crime:

But, in a day of public joy, like this,

I pardon, and forget whate'er's amiss.

63. ambition's] Q1Q2Q3Q4F. ambitious Q5 SsM.

88. misfortunes] Qq. misfortune F SsM.

110 *Abdelm.* These arts have oft prevail'd, but must no more:
The spell is ended, and th' enchantment o'er.

You have at last destroy'd, with much ado,
That love which none could have destroy'd, but you.
My love was blind to your deluding art;
But blind men feel, when stabb'd so near the heart.

Lyndar. I must confess there was some pity due;
But I conceal'd it out of love to you.

Abdelm. No, Lyndaraxa; 'tis at last too late;
Our loves have mingled with too much of fate.

120 I would, but cannot now, myself deceive:
O that you still could cheat, and I believe!

Lyndar. Do not so light a quarrel long pursue:
You grieve your rival was less lov'd than you.
'Tis hard, when men of kindness must complain!

Abdelm. I'm now awake, and cannot dream again.

Lyndar. Yet hear——

Abdelm. No more; nothing my heart can bend:
That queen you scorn'd you shall this night attend.
Your life the king has pardon'd for my sake;
But on your pride I some revenge must take.

130 See now th' effects of what your arts design'd!
Thank your inconstant and ambitious mind.
'Tis just that she who to no love is true
Should be forsaken and contemn'd like you.

Lyndar. All arts of injur'd women I will try:
First I will be reveng'd; and then I'll die.
But, like some falling tow'r
Whose seeming firmness does the sight beguile,
So hold I up my nodding head awhile,
Till they come under; and reserve my fall,
140 That with my ruins I may reach 'em all.

Abdelm. Conduct her hence.

[*Exit* LYNDAR, *guarded.*]

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Almanzor is victorious without fight;
The foes retreated when he came in sight.
Under the walls, this night, his men are drawn,
And mean to seek the Spaniard with the dawn.

Abdelm. The sun's declin'd:

Command the watch be set without delay,
And in the fort let bold Benducar stay.—
I'll haste to court, where solitude I'll fly,

[*Aside.*]

150 And herd, like wounded deer, in company.

But O, how hard is passion to remove,
When I must shun myself to 'scape from love!

[*Exit.*]

148. *And in, etc.* SsM insert [*Exit Soldier*] after this line and omit [*Aside*] after the next. The text follows QqF.

151. *is*] QqF. a SsM.

SCENE III.—*The Alhambra, or a Gallery.*

ZULEMA, HAMET.

Hamet. I thought your passion for the queen was dead,
Or that your love had with your hopes been fled.

Zul. 'Twas like a fire within a furnace pent;
I smother'd it, and kept it long from vent;
But, fed with looks, and blown with sighs so fast,
It broke a passage thro' my lips at last.

Hamet. Where found you confidence your suit to move?
Our broken fortunes are not fit to love.

Well; you declar'd your love—what follow'd then?

10 *Zul.* She look'd as judges do on guilty men,
When big with fate they triumph in their dooms,
And smile before the deadly sentence comes.
Silent I stood, as I were thunderstrook;
Condemn'd and executed with a look.

Hamet. You must, with haste, some remedy prepare:
Now you are in, you must break thro' the snare.

Zul. She said she would my folly yet conceal;
But vow'd my next attempt she would reveal.

Hamet. 'Tis dark; and in this lonely gallery,
20 (Remote from noise, and shunning every eye,)
One hour each evening she in private mourns,
And prays, and to the circle then returns.
Now, if you dare, attempt her passing by.

Zul. These lighted tapers show the time is nigh.
Perhaps my courtship will not be in vain:
At least, few women will of force complain.

At the other end of the Gallery, enter ALMANZOR and ESPERANZA.

Hamet. Almanzor, and with him
The favorite slave of the sultana queen.

Zul. Ere they approach, let us retire unseen,
30 And watch our time when they return again: }
Then force shall give, if favor does deny;
And, that once done, we'll to the Spaniards fly.

[*Exeunt ZUL. and HAMET.*

Almanz. Now stand; th' apartment of the queen is near,
And from this place your voice will reach her ear.

[*ESPERANZA goes out.*

SONG, IN TWO PARTS

I.

He. How unhappy a lover am I,
While I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain;
All my hopes of delight
Are another man's right,
Who is happy, while I am in pain!

II.

40 She. *Since her honor allows no relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear,
'Tis the best of your fate,
(In a hopeless estate,)
To give o'er, and betimes to despair.*

III.

He. *I have tried the false medicine in vain;
For I wish what I hope not to win:
From without, my desire
Has no food to its fire;
But it burns and consumes me within.*

IV.

50 She. *Yet at least 'tis a pleasure to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the nymph you adore
Is as wretched, and more;
And accounts all your sufferings her own.*

V.

He. *O ye gods, let me suffer for both;
At the feet of my Phyllis I'll lie:
I'll resign up my breath,
And take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die.*

VI.

60 She. *What her honor denied you in life,
In her death she will give to your love.
Such a flame as is true
After fate will renew,
For the souls to meet closer above.*

Enter ESPERANZA again, after the Song.

Almans. Accept this diamond, till I can present
Something more worthy my acknowledgment.
And now farewell: I will attend, alone,
Her coming forth; and make my sufferings known.

[Exit ESPERANZA.]

[Solus.] A hollow wind comes whistling thro' that door,
70 And a cold shivering seizes me all o'er;
My teeth, too, chatter with a sudden fright:
These are the raptures of too fierce delight,
The combat of the tyrants, Hope and Fear;
Which hearts, for want of field-room, cannot bear.
I grow impatient;—this, or that's the room:—

I'll meet her;—now, methinks, I hear her come.

[He goes to the door; the Ghost of his Mother meets him.]

He starts back: the Ghost stands in the door.

Well mayst thou make thy boast, whate'er thou art!

Thou art the first e'er made Almanzor start.

My legs

80 Shall bear me to thee in their own despite:

I'll rush into the covert of thy night,

And pull thee backward, by thy shroud, to light;

Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a bladder, there,

And make thee groan thyself away to air.

[The Ghost retires.]

So, art thou gone! Thou canst no conquest boast:

I thought what was the courage of a ghost.—

The grudging of my ague yet remains;

My blood, like icicles, hangs in my veins,

And does not drop.—Be master of that door;

90 We two will not disturb each other more.

I err'd a little, but extremes may join;

That door was hell's, but this is heav'n's and mine.

[Goes to the other door, and is met again by the Ghost.]

Again! By heav'n, I do conjure thee, speak!

What art thou, spirit? and what dost thou seek?

[The Ghost comes on softly after the conjuration; and

ALMANZOR retires to the middle of the stage.]

Ghost. I am the ghost of her who gave thee birth;

The airy shadow of her mold'ring earth.

Love of thy father me thro' seas did guide;

On seas I bore thee, and on seas I died.

I died; and for my winding-sheet a wave

100 I had, and all the ocean for my grave.

But when my soul to bliss did upward move,

I wander'd round the crystal walls above;

But found th' eternal fence so steepy high,

That, when I mounted to the middle sky,

I flagg'd, and flutter'd down, and could not fly.

Then, from the battlements of the heav'nly tow'r,

A watchman angel bid me wait this hour;

And told me, I had yet a task assign'd,

To warn that little pledge I left behind;

110 And to divert him, ere it were too late,

From crimes unknown, and errors of his fate.

Almanz. *[Bowing.]* Speak, holy shade; thou parent-form, speak on!

Instruct thy mortal-elemented son;

For here I wander, to myself unknown.

But O, thou better part of heav'nly air,

Teach me, kind spirit, (since, I'm still thy care,)

My parents' names:

82. *thy shroud*] Q1Q2Q3. *the shroud* Q4Q5F.

85. *art thou*] QqF. *thou art* SsM.

103. *steepy*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *steeply* Q5F SsM.

If I have yet a father, let me know
 To whose old age my humble youth must bow,
 120 And pay its duty, if he mortal be,
 Or adoration, if a mind like thee.

Ghost. Then, what I may, I'll tell.—
 From ancient blood thy father's lineage springs,
 Thy mother's thou deriv'st from stems of kings.
 A Christian born, and born again that day,
 When sacred water wash'd thy sins away;
 Yet, bred in errors, thou dost misemploy
 That strength heav'n gave thee, and its flock destroy.

Almanz. By reason man a godhead may discern,
 130 But how he would be worship'd cannot learn.

Ghost. Heav'n does not now thy ignorance reprove,
 But warns thee from known crimes of lawless love.
 That crime thou know'st, and, knowing, dost not shun,
 Shall an unknown and greater crime pull on:
 But if, thus warn'd, thou leav'st this cursed place,
 Then shalt thou know the author of thy race.
 Once more I'll see thee; when my charge is done,
 Far hence, upon the Mountains of the Moon,
 Is my abode; where heav'n and nature smile,
 140 And strew with flowers the secret bed of Nile.

Blest souls are there refin'd, and made more bright,
 And, in the shades of heav'n, prepar'd for light.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Almanz. O heav'n, how dark a riddle's thy decree,
 Which bounds our wills, yet seems to leave 'em free!
 Since thy foreknowledge cannot be in vain,
 Our choice must be what thou didst first ordain.
 Thus, like a captive in an isle confin'd,
 Man walks at large, a pris'ner of the mind:
 Wills all his crimes, while heav'n th' indictment draws,
 150 And, pleading guilty, justifies the laws.—
 Let fate be fate; the lover and the brave
 Are rank'd, at least, above the vulgar slave.
 Love makes me willing to my death to run;
 And courage scorns the death it cannot shun.

Enter ALMAHIDE with a taper.

Almah. My light will sure discover those who talk.—
 Who dares to interrupt my private walk?

Almanz. He, who dares love, and for that love must die,
 And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

Almah. That love which you can hope, and I can pay,
 160 May be receiv'd and giv'n in open day:

137. *Once . . . thee; when . . . done,*] QqF. with some variations of punctuation: Q1Q4 place colon after *thee* and comma after *done*; Q2 and Q3 place commas after *thee* and *done*; Q5 places a colon after *thee* and a semicolon after *done*; F places a semicolon after *thee* and a period after *done*. SsM read: *Once . . . thee; then . . . done.*

My praise and my esteem you had before;
And you have bound yourself to ask no more.

Almanz. Yes, I have bound myself; but will you take
The forfeit of that bond which force did make?

Almah. You know you are from recompense debarr'd;
But purest love can live without reward.

Almanz. Pure love had need be to itself a feast;
For, like pure elements, 'twill nourish least.

Almah. It therefore yields the only pure content;
170 For it, like angels, needs no nourishment.

To eat and drink can no perfection be;
All appetite implies necessity.

Almanz. 'Twere well if I could like a spirit live;
But do not angels food to mortals give?

What if some dæmon should my death foreshow,
Or bid me change, and to the Christians go;

Will you not think I merit some reward,
When I my love above my life regard?

Almah. In such a case your change must be allow'd:
180 I would myself dispense with what you vow'd.

Almanz. Were I to die that hour when I possess,
This minute should begin my happiness.

Almah. The thoughts of death your passion would remove;
Death is a cold encouragement to love!

Almanz. No; from my joys I to my death would run,
And think the business of my life well done:

But I should walk a discontented ghost,
If flesh and blood were to no purpose lost.

Almah. You love me not, Almanzor; if you did, }
190 You would not ask what honor must forbid. }

Almanz. And what is honor but a love well hid?

Almah. Yes, 'tis the conscience of an act well done,
Which gives us pow'r our own desires to shun;
The strong and secret curb of headlong will;
The self-reward of good, and shame of ill.

Almanz. These, madam, are the maxims of the day,
When honor's present, and when love's away.

The duty of poor honor were too hard,
In arms all day, at night to mount the guard.

200 Let him, in pity, now to rest retire;

Let these soft hours be watch'd by warm desire.

Almah. Guards, who all day on painful duty keep,
In dangers are not privileg'd to sleep.

Almanz. And with what dangers are you threaten'd here?
Am I, alas! a foe for you to fear?

See, madam, at your feet this enemy;

Without your pity and your love I die.

[Kneels.

175. *dæmon*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *demon*. Q5F SsM.

182. *should*] Q1Q2Q3Q4F. *shall* Q5 SsM.

193. *desires*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *desire* Q5F.

Almah. Rise, rise, and do not empty hopes pursue;
Yet think that I deny myself, not you.

210 *Almanz.* A happiness so nigh I cannot bear:

My love's too fierce, and you too killing fair.

I grow enrag'd to see such excellence!

If words, so much disorder'd, give offense,

My love's too full of zeal to think of sense. }

Be you like me; dull reason hence remove,

And tedious forms, and give a loose to love.

Love eagerly; let us be gods to-night;

And do not, with half yielding, dash delight.

Almah. Thou strong seducer, opportunity!

220 Of womankind, half are undone by thee!

Tho' I resolve I will not be misled,

I wish I had not heard what you had said!

I cannot be so wicked to comply;

And, yet, am most unhappy to deny!

Away!

Almanz. I will not move me from this place:

I can take no denial from that face!

Almah. If I could yield,—but think not that I will,—

You and myself I in revenge should kill;

For I should hate us both, when it were done,

230 And would not to the shame of life be won.

Almanz. Live but to-night, and trust to-morrow's mind:

Ere that can come, there's a whole life behind.

Methinks already crown'd with joys I lie,

Speechless and breathless, in an ecstasy!

Not absent in one thought: I am all there;

Still close, yet wishing still to be more near.

Almah. Deny your own desires; for it will be

Too little now to be denied by me.

Will he who does all great, all noble seem,

240 Be lost and forfeit to his own esteem?

Will he who may with heroes claim a place

Belie that fame, and to himself be base?

Think how august and godlike you did look,

When my defense, unbrib'd, you undertook;

But, when an act so brave you disavow,

How little, and how mercenary now!

Almanz. Are, then, my services no higher priz'd?

And can I fall so low to be despis'd?

Almah. Yes; for whatever may be bought, is low;

250 And you yourself, who sell yourself, are so.

Remember the great act you did this day:

How did your love to virtue then give way!

When you gave freedom to my captive lord,

That rival who possess'd what you ador'd,—

210. *nigh*] Q1Q2Q3Q4. *high* Q5F SsM, spoiling the sense.

222. *had said*] Q1Q4Q5F. *have said* Q2Q3 SsM.

Of such a deed what price can there be made?
Think well; is that an action to be paid?

It was a miracle of virtue shown;
And wonders are with wonder paid alone.

And would you all that secret joy of mind

260 Which great souls only in great actions find,
All that, for one tumultuous minute lose?

Almanz. I would that minute before ages choose.
Praise is the pay of Heav'n for doing good;
But love's the best return for flesh and blood.

Almah. You've mov'd my heart so much, I can deny
No more; but know, Almanzor, I can die.
Thus far my virtue yields; if I have shown
More love than what I ought, let this atone. [Going to stab herself.

Almanz. Hold, hold!

270 Such fatal proofs of love you shall not give:
Deny me; hate me; both are just,—but live!
Your virtue I will ne'er disturb again;
Nor dare to ask, for fear I should obtain.

Almah. 'Tis gen'rous to have conquer'd your desire;
You mount above your wish, and lose it higher.
There's pride in virtue, and a kindly heat;
Not feverish, like your love, but full as great.
Farewell; and may our loves hereafter be
But image-like, to heighten piety.

280 *Almanz.* 'Tis time I should be gone!
Alas! I am but half converted yet;
All I resolve, I with one look forget;
And, like a lion whom no arts can tame,
Shall tear ev'n those who would my rage reclaim. [Exeunt severally.
[ZULEMA and HAMET watch ALMANZOR; and when
he is gone, go in after the Queen.

Enter ABDELMELECH and LYNDARAXA.

Lyndar. It is enough, you've brought me to this place:
Here stop and urge no further my disgrace.
Kill me; in death your mercy will be seen,
But make me not a captive to the queen.

Abdelm. 'Tis therefore I this punishment provide:

290 This only can revenge me on your pride.
Prepare to suffer what you shun in vain;
And know, you now are to obey, not reign.

Enter ALMAHIDE, shrieking; her hair loose; she runs over the stage.

Almah. Help, help, O heav'n, some help!

Enter ZULEMA and HAMET.

Zul. Make haste before,
And intercept her passage to the door.

256. to be paid] Qq. F omits be.

286. further] Q1Q2Q3Q4. farther Q5F.

Abdelm. Villains, what act are you attempting here!

Almah. I thank thee, heav'n! some succor does appear.

[*As ABDELMELECH is going to help the Queen, LYNDARAXA pulls out his sword, and holds it.*

Abdelm. With what ill fate my good design is curst!

Zul. We have no time to think; dispatch him first.

Abdelm. O for a sword!

[*They make at ABDELMELECH; he goes off at one door, while the Queen escapes at the other.*

300 *Zul.* Ruin'd!

Hamet. Undone!

Lyndar. And which is worst of all,
He is escap'd.

Zul. I hear 'em loudly call.

Lyndar. Your fear will lose you; call as loud as they:
I have not time to teach you what to say.
The court will in a moment all be here;
But second what I say, and do not fear.
Call help; run that way; leave the rest to me.

[*ZUL. and HAMET retire, and within cry "Help!"*

Enter, at several doors, the King, ABENAMAR, SELIN, OZMYN, ALMANZOR, with Guards attending BOABDELIN.

Boab. What can the cause of all this tumult be?
And what the meaning of that naked sword?

Lyndar. I'll tell, when fear will so much breath afford.
310 The queen and Abdelmelech—'twill not out—
Ev'n I, who saw it, of the truth yet doubt,
It seems so strange.

Almans. Did she not name the queen?
Haste; speak.

Lyndar. How dare I speak what I have seen!
With Hamet and with Zulema I went,
To pay both theirs and my acknowledgment
To Almahide, and by her mouth implore
Your clemency, our fortunes to restore.
We chose this hour, which we believ'd most free,
When she retir'd from noise and company.
320 The antechamber pass'd, we gently knock'd,
(Unheard it seems,) but found the lodgings lock'd.
In duteous silence while we waited there,
We first a noise, and then long whispers hear;
Yet thought it was the queen at pray'rs alone,
Till she distinctly said: "If this were known,
My love, what shame, what danger would ensue!
Yet I,"—and sigh'd,—"could venture more for you!"
Boab. O heav'n, what do I hear!

Almanz.

Let her go on.

Lyndar. "And how," then murmur'd in a bigger tone

330 Another voice, "and how should it be known?

This hour is from your court attendants free;

The king suspects Almanzor, but not me."

Zul. [*At the door.*] I find her drift; Hamet, be confident;
Second her words, and fear not the event.

ZULEMA and HAMET enter. The King embraces them.

Boab. Welcome, my only friends: behold in me,
O kings, behold th' effects of clemency!

See here the gratitude of pardon'd foes!

That life I gave 'em, they for me expose!

Hamet. Tho' Abdelmelech was our friend before;

340 When duty call'd us, he was so no more.

Almanz. Damn your delay: you torturers, proceed!
I will not hear one word but Almahide.

Boab. When you, within, the traitor's voice did hear,
What did you then?

Zul. I durst not trust my ear;

But, peeping thro' the keyhole, I espied

The queen, and Abdelmelech by her side:

She on the couch, he on her bosom lay;

Her hand, about his neck, his head did stay,

And from his forehead wip'd the drops away.

350 *Boab.* Go on, go on, my friends, to clear my doubt;
I hope I shall have life to hear you out.

Zul. What had been, sir, you may suspect too well;
What follow'd, modesty forbids to tell:

Seeing what we had thought beyond belief,

Our hearts so swell'd with anger and with grief,

That, by plain force, we strove the door to break.

He, fearful, and with guilt, or love, grown weak,

Just as we enter'd, scap'd the other way;

Nor did th' amazed queen behind him stay.

360 *Lyndar.* His sword, in so much haste, he could not mind;
But left this witness of his crime behind.

Boab. O proud, ingrateful, faithless womankind!

How chang'd, and what a monster am I made!

My love, my honor, ruin'd and betray'd!

Almanz. Your love and honor! Mine are ruin'd worse:

Furies and hell! What right have you to curse?

Dull husband as you are,

What can your love, or what your honor be?

I am her lover, and she's false to me.

370 *Boab.* Go; when the authors of my shame are found,
Let 'em be taken instantly, and bound.

340. When . . . more] Qq. F reads: *When duty call'd, he was our friend no more.* There is no evidence that this alteration is due to Dryden himself.

They shall be punish'd as our laws require:
'Tis just that flames should be condemn'd to fire.
This with the dawn of morning shall be done.

Aben. You haste too much her execution.
Her condemnation ought to be deferr'd;
With justice, none can be condemn'd unheard.

Boab. A formal process tedious is, and long;
Besides, the evidence is full and strong.

380 *Lyndar.* The law demands two witnesses; and she
Is cast, (for which heav'n knows I grieve,) by three.

Ozm. Hold, sir! Since you so far insist on law,
We can from thence one just advantage draw:
That law which dooms adult'resses to die,
Gives champions, too, to slander'd chastity.

Almanz. And how dare you, who from my bounty live,
Intrench upon my love's prerogative?
Your courage in your own concernments try;
Brothers are things remote, while I am by.

390 *Ozm.* I knew not you thus far her cause would own,
And must not suffer you to fight alone;
Let two to two in equal combat join;
You vindicate her person, I her line.

Lyndar. Of all mankind, Almanzor has least right
In her defense, who wrong'd his love, to fight.

Almanz. 'Tis false: she is not ill, nor can she be;
She must be chaste, because she's lov'd by me.

Zul. Dare you, what sense and reason prove, deny?

Almanz. When she's in question, sense and reason lie.

400 *Zul.* For truth, and for my injur'd sovereign,
What I have said, I will to death maintain.

Ozm. So foul a falsehood who'er justifies
Is basely born, and like a villain lies.
In witness of that truth, be this my gage.

[Takes a ring from his finger.]

Hamet. I take it; and despise a traitor's rage.

Boab. The combat's yours.—A guard the lists surround;
Then raise a scaffold in th' incompass'd ground,
And, by it, piles of wood; in whose just fire,
Her champions slain, th' adult'ress shall expire.

410 *Aben.* We ask no favor, but what arms will yield.

Boab. Choose, then, two equal judges of the field:
Next morning shall decide the doubtful strife,
Condemn th' unchaste, or quit the virtuous wife.

Almanz. But I am both ways curst:
For Almahide must die, if I am slain;
Or for my rival I the conquest gain.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

ALMANZOR solus.

I have outfac'd myself; and justified,
 What I knew false, to all the world beside.
 She was as faithless as her sex could be;
 And, now I am alone, she's so to me.
 She's fall'n! and now where shall we virtue find?
 She was the last that stood of womankind.
 Could she so holily my flames remove,
 And fall that hour to Abdelmelech's love?
 Yet her protection I must undertake;
 10 Not now for love, but for my honor's sake,
 That mov'd me first, and must oblige me still:
 My cause is good, however hers be ill.
 I'll leave her, when she's freed; and let it be
 Her punishment, she could be false to me.

To him ABDELMELECH, guarded.

Abdelm. Heav'n is not heav'n, nor are there deities;
 There is some new rebellion in the skies.
 All that was good and holy is dethron'd,
 And lust and rapine are for justice own'd.

Almanz. 'Tis true; what justice in that heav'n can be,
 20 Which thus affronts me with the sight of thee?
 Why must I be from just revenge debarr'd?
 Chains are thy arms, and prisons are thy guard:
 The death thou di'st may to a husband be
 A satisfaction; but 'tis none to me.
 My love would justice to itself afford;
 But now thou creep'st to death, below my sword.

Abdelm. This threat'ning would show better were I free.

Almanz. No; wert thou freed, I would not threaten thee;
 This arm should then—but now it is too late!
 30 I could redeem thee to a nobler fate.

As some huge rock,
 Rent from its quarry, does the waves divide,
 So I
 Would souse upon thy guards, and dash 'em wide:
 Then, to my rage left naked and alone,
 Thy too much freedom thou shouldst soon bemoan;
 Dar'd like a lark that, on the open plain
 Pursued and cuff'd, seeks shelter now in vain;
 So on the ground wouldst thou expecting lie,
 40 Not daring to afford me victory.
 But yet thy fate's not ripe; it is decreed,
 Before thou di'st, that Almahide be freed.

My honor first her danger shall remove,
And then revenge on thee my injur'd love.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

[SCENE II]

The SCENE changes to the Vivarambla, and appears fill'd with Spectators; a Scaffold hung with black, etc.

Enter the QUEEN, guarded, with ESPERANZA.

Almah. See how the gazing people crowd the place,
All gaping to be fill'd with my disgrace. [*A shout within.*]
That shout like the hoarse peals of vultures rings,
When over fighting fields they beat their wings.
Let never woman trust in innocence,
Or think her chastity its own defense.
Mine has betray'd me to this public shame,
And virtue, which I serv'd, is but a name.

Esper. Leave then that shadow, and for succor fly
10 To Him we serve, the Christians' Deity.
Virtue's no god, nor has she power divine:
But He protects it, who did first enjoin.
Trust then in Him; and from His grace implore
Faith to believe what rightly we adore.

Almah. Thou Pow'r unknown, if I have err'd, forgive!
My infancy was taught what I believe.
But if thy Christians truly worship thee,
Let me thy Godhead in thy succor see:
So shall thy justice in my safety shine,
20 And all my days, which thou shalt add, be thine!

Enter the KING, ABENAMAR, LYNDARAXA, BENZAYDA: then ABDELMELECH guarded; and after him SELIN and Alabez, as Judges of the Field.

Boab. You judges of the field, first take your place.—
'The accusers and accus'd bring face to face.
Set guards, and let the lists be open'd wide;
And may just heav'n assist the juster side!

Almah. What! not one tender look, one passing word?
Farewell, my much unkind, but still lov'd lord!
Your throne was for my humble fate too high,
And therefore heav'n thinks fit that I should die.
My story be forgot, when I am dead,
30 Lest it should fright some other from your bed;
And, to forget me, may you soon adore
Some happier maid,—yet none could love you more.
But may you never think me innocent,

43. *shall*] QqF. *must* SsM.

SCENE II.] Not marked in QqF.

10. *Christians'*] *Christians* QqF. *Christian's* SsM. The plural form better suits the sense here; besides, it was the regular, though not quite uniform, usage of Dryden's time to insert the apostrophe in the singular possessive, as at present, but to omit it in the plural form.

Lest it should cause you trouble to repent.

Boab. 'Tis pity so much beauty should not live; *[Aside.*
Yet I too much am injur'd, to forgive. *[Goes to his seat.*

Trumpets: then enter two Moors, bearing two naked swords before the accusers ZULEMA and HAMET, who follow them. The Judges seat themselves; the QUEEN and ABDELMELECH are led to the Scaffold.

Alabez. Say for what end you thus in arms appear;
What are your names, and what demand you here?

Zul. The Zegrys' ancient race our lineage claims;
40 And Zulema and Hamet are our names.

Like loyal subjects in these lists we stand,
And justice in our king's behalf demand.

Hamet. For whom, in witness of what both have seen,
Bound by our duty, we appeach the queen
And Abdelmelech of adultery.

Zul. Which, like true knights, we will maintain, or die.

Alabez. Swear on the Alcoran your cause is right,
And Mahomet so prosper you in fight.

[They touch their foreheads with the Alcoran, and bow.

Trumpets on the other side of the Stage; two Moors, as before, with bare swords before ALMANZOR and OZMYN.

Selin. Say for what end you thus in arms appear;
50 What are your names, and what demand you here?

Almanz. Ozmyn is his, Almanzor is my name;
We come as champions of the queen's fair fame.

Ozm. To prove these Zegrys, like false traitors, lie;
Which, like true knights, we will maintain, or die.

Selin. *[To ALMAH.]* Madam, do you for champions take these two,
By their success to live or die?

Almah. I do.

Selin. Swear on the Alcoran your cause is right;
And Mahomet so prosper you in fight. *[They kiss the Alcoran.*

[OZMYN and BENZAYDA embrace, and take leave in dumb show; while LYNDARAXA speaks to her brothers.

Lyndar. If you o'ercome, let neither of 'em live,
60 But use with care the advantages I give:
One of their swords in fight shall useless be;
The bearer of it is suborn'd by me. *[She and BENZAYDA retire.*

Alabez. Now, principals and seconds, all advance,
And each of you assist his fellow's chance.

Selin. The wind and sun we equally divide;
So, let th' event of arms the truth decide.
The chances of the fight, and every wound,
The trumpets, on the victor's part, resound.

39. *lnage*] Q1Q4Q5F. *lnage* Q2Q3 SsM.

[bare swords] Qq. *[naked swords]* F.

[to her brothers] QqF. *[to her brother]* SsM.

59. *of 'em]* Q1Q2Q3Q4. *of them* Q5F.

61. *fight]* Q2Q3Q4Q5F. *sight* Q1, by a misprint.

[The trumpets sound; ALMANZOR and ZULEMA meet and fight; OZMYN and HAMET. After some passes, the sword of OZMYN breaks; he retires, defending himself, and is wounded; the Zegrys' Trumpets sound their advantage. ALMANZOR, in the meantime, drives ZULEMA to the farther end of the Stage, till, hearing the Trumpets of the adverse Party, he looks back, and sees OZMYN'S misfortune; he makes at ZULEMA just as OZMYN falls, in retiring, and HAMET is thrusting at him.]

Hamet. [To OZMYN, thrusting.] Our difference now shall soon determined be.

70 Almanz. Hold, traitor, and defend thyself from me.

[HAMET leaves OZMYN (who cannot rise), and both he and ZULEMA fall on ALMANZOR, and press him; he retires, and HAMET, advancing first, is run thro' the body, and falls. The Queen's Trumpets sound. ALMANZOR pursues ZULEMA.]

Lyndar. I must make haste some remedy to find:—

Treason, Almanzor, treason! Look behind.

[ALMANZOR looks behind him to see who calls, and ZULEMA takes the advantage, and wounds him; the Zegrys' Trumpets sound; ALMANZOR turns upon ZULEMA, and wounds him; he falls. The Queen's Trumpets sound.]

Almanz. Now triumph in thy sister's treachery. [Stabbing him.]

Zul. Hold, hold! I have enough to make me die,

But, that I may in peace resign my breath,
I must confess my crime before my death.

Mine is the guilt; the queen is innocent;
I lov'd her, and, to compass my intent,
Us'd force, which Abdelmelech did prevent. }

80 The lie my sister forg'd; but, O! my fate
Comes on too soon, and I repent too late.
Fair queen, forgive; and let my penitence
Expiate some part of—

[Dies.]

Almah. Ev'n thy whole offense!

Almanz. [To the Judges.] If aught remains in the sultana's cause,
I here am ready to fulfil the laws.

Selin. The law is fully satisfied, and we
Pronounce the queen and Abdelmelech free.

Abdelm. Heav'n, thou art just!

[The Judges rise from their seats, and go before ALMANZOR to the Queen's Scaffold; he unbinds the Queen and ABDELMELECH; they all go off, the People shouting, and the Trumpets sounding the while.]

Boab. Before we pay our thanks, or show our joy,

90 Let us our needful charity employ.

Some skilful surgeon speedily be found,
T' apply fit remedies to Ozmyn's wound.

Benz. [Running to OZM.] That be my charge: my linen I will tear;
Wash it with tears, and bind it with my hair.

Ozm. With how much pleasure I my pains endure,

And bless the wound which causes such a cure!

[Exit OZM. led by BENZ. and ABEN.]

Boab. Some from the place of combat bear the slain.

Next Lyndaraxa's death I should ordain:

But let her, who this mischief did contrive,

100 For ever banish'd from Granada live.

Lyndar. [Aside.] Thou shouldst have punish'd more, or not at all:
By her thou hast not ruin'd, thou shalt fall.

The Zegrys shall revenge their branded line,

Betray their gate, and with the Christians join.

[Exit LYNDARAXA with Alabez; the bodies
of her Brothers are borne after her.]

ALMANZOR, ALMAHIDE, ESPERANZA, reënter to the King.

Almah. The thanks thus paid, which first to heav'n were due,
My next, Almanzor, let me pay to you:

Somewhat there is, of more concernment too,

Which 'tis not fit you should in public know.

First let your wounds be dress'd with speedy care,

110 And then you shall th' important secret share.

Almanz. Whene'er you speak,
Were my wounds mortal, they should still bleed on;

And I would listen till my life were gone:

My soul should ev'n for your last accent stay,

And then shoot out, and with such speed obey,

It should not bait at heav'n to stop its way. }

[Exit ALMANZ.]

Boab. [Aside.] 'Tis true, Almanzor did her honor save,

But yet what private business can they have?

Such freedom virtue will not sure allow;

120 I cannot clear my heart, but must my brow.

[He approaches ALMAHIDE.]

Welcome, again, my virtuous, loyal wife;

Welcome to love, to honor, and to life!

[Goes to salute her, she starts back.]

You seem

As if you from a loath'd embrace did go!

Almah. Then briefly I will speak, (since you must know }
What to the world my future acts will show:)

But hear me first, and then my reasons weigh.

'Tis known how duty led me to obey

My father's choice; and how I since did live,

130 You, sir, can best your testimony give.

How to your aid I have Almanzor brought,

When by rebellious crowds your life was sought;

Then, how I bore your causeless jealousy

(For I must speak), and after set you free,

When you were pris'ner by the chance of war:

These, sure, are proofs of love.

115. shoot] Q1Q2Q3Q4. shout Q5F SsM. spoiling the sense.

125. I will] Q1Q2Q3Q4. will I Q5F SsM.

135. by] Q1Q2Q3Q4. in Q5F SsM.

Boab. I grant they are.

Almah. And could you then, O cruelly unkind!
So ill reward such tenderness of mind?

Could you, denying what our laws afford
140 The meanest subject, on a traitor's word,
Unheard, condemn, and suffer me to go
To death, and yet no common pity show!

Boab. Love fill'd my heart ev'n to the brim before;
And then, with too much jealousy, boil'd o'er.

Almah. Be 't love or jealousy, 'tis such a crime,
That I'm forewarn'd to trust a second time.
Know, then, my pray'rs to heav'n shall never cease,
To crown your arms in war, your wars with peace;
But from this day I will not know your bed:
150 Tho' Almahide still lives, your wife is dead;
And with her dies a love so pure and true,
It could be kill'd by nothing but by you.

[*Exit ALMAH.*]

Boab. Yes; you will spend your life in pray'rs for me,
And yet this hour my hated rival see.
She might a husband's jealousy forgive;
But she will only for Almanzor live.
It is resolv'd: I will myself provide
That vengeance which my useless laws denied;
And, by Almanzor's death, at once remove
160 The rival of my empire, and my love.

[*Exit BOAB.*]

[SCENE III]

Enter ALMAHIDE, led by ALMANZOR, and follow'd by ESPERANZA; she speaks, ent'ring.

Almah. How much, Almanzor, to your aid I owe,
Unable to repay, I blush to know;
Yet, forc'd by need, ere I can clear that score,
I, like ill debtors, come to borrow more.

Almanz. Your new commands I on my knees attend:
I was created for no other end.

Born to be yours, I do by nature serve,
And, like the lab'ring beast, no thanks deserve.

Almah. Yet first your virtue to your succor call,
10 For in this hard command you'll need it all.

Almanz. I stand prepar'd; and, whatsoe'er it be,
Nothing is hard to him who loves like me.

Almah. Then know, I from your love must yet implore
One proof:—that you would never see me more.

Almanz. [*Starting back.*] I must confess,
For this last stroke I did no guard provide;
I could suspect no foe was near that side.
From winds and thick'ning clouds we thunder fear,

None dread it from that quarter which is clear;

20 And I would fain believe, 'tis but your art
To shew

You knew where deepest you could wound my heart.

Almah. So much respect is to your passion due,
That sure I could not practice arts on you.

But, that you may not doubt what I have said,

This hour I have renounc'd my husband's bed:

Judge, then, how much my fame would injur'd be,

If, leaving him, I should a lover see!

Almanz. If his unkindness have deserv'd that curse,

30 Must I, for loving well, be punish'd worse?

Almah. Neither your love nor merits I compare,

But my unspotted name must be my care.

Almanz. I have this day establish'd its renown.

Almah. Would you so soon what you have rais'd throw down?

Almanz. But, madam, is not yours a greater guilt,

To ruin him who has that fabric built?

Almah. No lover should his mistress' pray'rs withstand,
Yet you contemn my absolute command.

Almanz. 'Tis not contempt,

40 When your command is issued out too late:

'Tis past my pow'r, and all beyond is fate.

I scarce could leave you, when to exile sent;

Much less, when now recall'd from banishment:

For if that heat your glances cast were strong,

Your eyes, like glasses, fire, when held so long.

Almah. Then, since you needs will all my weakness know,
I love you; and so well, that you must go.

I am so much oblig'd, and have withal

A heart so boundless and so prodigal,

50 I dare not trust myself, or you, to stay,

But, like frank gamesters, must forswear the play.

Almanz. Fate, thou art kind to strike so hard a blow;

I am quite stunn'd, and past all feeling now.

Yet—can you tell me you have pow'r and will

To save my life, and, at that instant, kill!

Almah. This, had you stay'd, you never must have known;
But, now you go, I may with honor own.

Almanz. But, madam, I am forc'd to disobey:

In your defense, my honor bids me stay.

60 I promis'd to secure your life and throne,

And, heav'n be thank'd, that work is yet undone.

Almah. I here make void that promise which you made,
For now I have no farther need of aid.

That vow which to my plighted lord was giv'n

I must not break, but may transfer to heav'n.

I will with vestals live:

There needs no guard at a religious door;
Few will disturb the praying and the poor.

Almanz. Let me but near that happy temple stay,
70 And thro' the grates peep on you once a day;
To famish'd hope I would no banquet give:
I cannot sterve, and wish but just to live.
Thus, as a drowning man
Sinks often, and does still more faintly rise,
With his last hold catching whate'er he spies;
So, fall'n from those proud hopes I had before,
Your aid I for a dying wretch implore.

Almah. I cannot your hard destiny withstand,
BOABDELIN, and Guards above.

But slip, like bending rushes, from your hand.
80 Sink all at once, since you must sink at last.
Almanz. Can you that last relief of sight remove,
And thrust me out the utmost line of love!

Then, since my hopes of happiness are gone,
Denied all favors, I will seize this one. [*Catches her hand, and kisses it.*]

Boab. My just revenge no longer I'll forbear:
I've seen too much; I need not stay to hear. [*Descends.*]

Almanz. As a small show'r
To the parch'd earth does some refreshment give,
So, in the strength of this, one day I'll live:
90 A day—a year—an age—for ever now;
[*Betwixt each word he kisses her hand
by force; she struggling.*]

I feel from every touch a new soul flow. [*She snatches her hand away.*]
My hop'd eternity of joy is past!
'Twas insupportable, and could not last.
Were heav'n not made of less, or duller joy,
'Twould break each minute, and itself destroy.

Enter King and Guards, below.

Boab. This, this, is he for whom thou didst deny
To share my bed.—Let 'em together die.

Almah. Hear me, my lord.

Boab. Your flatt'ring arts are vain:
Make haste and execute what I ordain. [*To Guards.*]

100 *Almanz.* Cut piecemeal in this cause,
From every wound I should new vigor take,
And every limb should new Almanzors make.
[*He puts himself before the Queen; the
Guards attack him, with the King.*]

Enter ABDELMELECH.

Abdelm. [*To the King.*] What angry god, to exercise his spite,
Has arm'd your left hand, to cut off your right?

[*The King turns, and the fight ceases.*]

Haste not to give, but to prevent a fate;
 The foes are enter'd at the Elvira gate:
 False Lyndaraxa has the town betray'd,
 And all the Zegrys give the Spaniards aid.

Boab. O mischief, not suspected nor foreseen!

110 *Abdelm.* Already they have gain'd the Zacatin,
 And thence the Vivarambla place possess'd,
 While our faint soldiers scarce defend the rest.
 The Duke of Arcos does one squadron head,
 The next by Ferdinand himself is led.

Almah. Now, brave Almanzor, be a god again;
 Above our crimes and your own passions reign.
 My lord has been by jealousy misled,
 To think I was not faithful to his bed.

I can forgive him, tho' my death he sought,
 120 For too much love can never be a fault.
 Protect him, then; and what to his defense
 You give not, give to clear my innocence.

Almanz. Listen, sweet heav'n, and all ye blest above,
 Take rules of virtue from a mortal love!
 You've rais'd my soul; and if it mount more high,
 'Tis as the wren did on the eagle fly.
 Yes, I once more will my revenge neglect;
 And whom you can forgive, I can protect.

Boab. How hard a fate is mine, still doom'd to shame!
 130 I make occasions for my rival's fame!

[*Exeunt. An alarm within.*]

[SCENE IV]

Enter FERDINAND, ISABEL, Don ALONZO D'AGUILAR; Spaniards and Ladies.

K. Ferd. Already more than half the town is gain'd,
 But there is yet a doubtful fight maintain'd.

Alonz. The fierce young king the enter'd does attack,
 And the more fierce Almanzor drives 'em back.

K. Ferd. The valiant Moors like raging lions fight;
 Each youth encourag'd by his lady's sight.

Q. Isabel. I will advance with such a shining train
 That Moorish beauties shall oppose in vain;
 Into the press of clashing swords we'll go,
 10 And, where the darts fly thickest, seek the foe.

K. Ferd. May heav'n, which has inspir'd this gen'rous thought,
 Avert those dangers you have boldly sought!
 Call up more troops; the women, to our shame,
 Will ravish from the men their part of fame.

[*Exeunt ISABELLA and Ladies.*]

105. *Haste* *fate*] QqF. Omitted in SsM.

SCENE IV.] QqF SsM again fail to note a necessary change of scene.

Enter Alabez, and kisses the King's hand.

Alabez. Fair Lyndaraxa, and the Zegry line,
Have led their forces with your troops to join:
The adverse part, which obstinately fought,
Are broke, and Abdelmelech pris'ner brought.

K. Ferd. Fair Lyndaraxa and her friends shall find
20 Th' effects of an oblig'd and grateful mind.

Alabez. But, marching by the Vivarambla place,
The combat carried a more doubtful face:
In that vast square the Moors and Spaniards met,
Where the fierce conflict is continued yet;
But with advantage on the adverse side,
Whom fierce Almanzor does to conquest guide.

K. Ferd. With my Castilian foot I'll meet his rage;

[Is going out: shouts within are heard:

"Victoria! Victoria!"

But these loud clamors better news presage.

Enter the Duke of ARCOS and Soldiers; their Swords drawn and bloody.

D. Arcos. Granada now is yours; and there remain
30 No Moors but such as own the pow'r of Spain.
That squadron which their king in person led,
We charg'd, but found Almanzor in their head:
Three several times we did the Moors attack,
And thrice with slaughter did he drive us back.
Our troops then shrunk; and still we lost more ground,
Till from our queen we needful succor found:
Her guards to our assistance bravely flew,
And with fresh vigor did the fight renew.
At the same time

40 Did Lyndaraxa with her troops appear,
And, while we charg'd the front, engag'd the rear;
Then fell the king, slain by a Zegry's hand.

K. Ferd. How could he such united force withstand!

D. Arcos. Discourag'd with his death, the Moorish pow'rs
Fell back, and, falling back, were press'd by ours;
But as, when winds and rain together crowd,
They swell till they have burst the bladder'd cloud;
And first the lightning, flashing deadly clear,
Flies, falls, consumes, ere scarce it does appear,—
50 So, from his shrinking troops, Almanzor flew;
Each blow gave wounds, and with each wound he slew:
His force at once I envied and admir'd,
And rushing forward, where my men retir'd,

41. *engag'd*] Q1Q2Q3Q5. *engag'd* F. Two pages of text are here omitted in Q4, in which (in the Harvard Library copy) the pages run 133, 136, 137, etc.

49. *ere scarce it does appear*] Q1Q2Q3. Q5 destroys meter by omitting *scarce*; F restores meter by reading *before it does appear*. S&M read *kills ere it does appear*.

Advanc'd alone.

K. Ferd. You hazarded too far
Your person, and the fortune of the war.

D. Arcos. Already both our arms for fight did bare,
Already held 'em threat'ning in the air,

When heav'n (it must be heav'n) my sight did guide
To view his arm, upon whose wrist I spied

60 A ruby cross in diamond bracelets tied;

And just above it, in the brawnier part,
By nature was engrav'd a bloody heart.

Struck with these tokens, which so well I knew,
And stagg'ring back, some paces I withdrew:

He follow'd, and suppos'd it was my fear;

When, from above, a shrill voice reach'd his ear:—

"Strike not thy father!"—it was heard to cry.

Amaz'd, and casting round his wond'ring eye,

He stopp'd; then, thinking that his fears were vain,

70 He lifted up his thund'ring arm again.

Again the voice withheld him from my death:

"Spare, spare his life," it cried, "who gave thee breath!"

Once more he stopp'd; then threw his sword away;

"Blest shade," he said, "I hear thee, I obey

Thy sacred voice;" then, in the sight of all,

He at my feet, I on his neck did fall.

K. Ferd. O blest event!

D. Arcos. The Moors no longer fought;

But all their safety by submission sought:

Meantime my son grew faint with loss of blood,

80 And on his bending sword supported stood;

Yet, with a voice beyond his strength, he cried:

"Lead me to live or die by Almahide."

K. Ferd. I am not for his wounds less griev'd than you;

For, if what now my soul divines prove true,

This is that son whom in his infancy

You lost, when by my father forc'd to fly.

D. Arcos. His sister's beauty did my passion move

(The crime for which I suffer'd was my love.)

Our marriage known, to sea we took our flight:

90 There, in a storm, Almanzor first saw light.

On his right arm a bloody heart was grav'd,

(The mark by which, this day, my life was sav'd:)

The bracelets and the cross his mother tied

About his wrist, ere she in childbed died.

How we were captives made, when she was dead,

And how Almanzor was in Afric bred,

Some other hour you may at leisure hear,

For see, the queen in triumph does appear.

84. prove] Q1Q2Q3. proves Q5F.

95. captives] QqF. captive SsM.

Enter Queen ISABEL, LYNDARAXA, Ladies, Moors and Spaniards mix'd as Guards; ABDELMELECH, ABENAMAR, SELIN, Pris'ners.

K. Ferd. [*Embracing Q. ISABEL.*] All stories which Granada's conquest tell

100 Shall celebrate the name of Isabel.

Your ladies, too, who in their country's cause
Led on the men, shall share in your applause;
And, for your sakes, henceforward I ordain,
No lady's dow'r shall question'd be in Spain.
Fair Lyndaraxa, for the help she lent,
Shall, under tribute, have this government.

Abdelm. O heav'n, that I should live to see this day!

Lyndar. You murmur now, but you shall soon obey.

I knew this empire to my fate was ow'd;

110 Heav'n held it back as long as e'er it could.

For thee, base wretch, I want a torture yet—

[*To ABDELM.*]

I'll cage thee; thou shalt be my Bajazet,

I on no pavement but on thee will tread;

And, when I mount, my foot shall know thy head.

Abdelm. [*Stabbing her with a poniard.*] This first shall know thy heart.

Lyndar.

O! I am slain!

Abdelm. Now, boast thy country is betray'd to Spain.

K. Ferd. Look to the lady!—Seize the murderer!

Abdelm. [*Stabbing himself.*] I'll do myself that justice I did her.

Thy blood I to thy ruin'd country give,

[*To LYNDAR.*]

120 But love too well thy murder to outlive.

Forgive a love, excus'd by its excess,

Which, had it not been cruel, had been less.

Condemn my passion, then, but pardon me,

And think I murder'd him who murder'd thee.

[*Dies.*]

Lyndar. Die for us both; I have not leisure now;

A crown is come, and will not fate allow;—

And yet I feel something like death is near.

My guards, my guards—

Let not that ugly skeleton appear!

130 Sure Destiny mistakes; this death's not mine;

She dotes, and meant to cut another line.

Tell her I am a queen—but 'tis too late;

Dying, I charge rebellion on my fate.

Bow down, ye slaves—

[*To the Moors.*]

Bow quickly down, and your submission show.—

[*They bow.*]

I'm pleas'd to taste an empire ere I go.

[*Dies.*]

Selin. She's dead, and here her proud ambition ends.

Aben. Such fortune still such black designs attends.

K. Ferd. Remove those mournful objects from our eyes,

140 And see perform'd their funeral obsequies.

[*The bodies carried off.*]

Enter ALMANZOR and ALMAHIDE, OZMYN and BENZAYDA; ALMAHIDE brought in a chair; ALMANZOR led betwixt Soldiers. ISABEL salutes ALMAHIDE in dumb show.

D. Arcos. [*Presenting ALMANZOR to the King.*] See here that son whom I with pride call mine;
And who dishonors not your royal line.

K. Ferd. I'm now secure, this scepter, which I gain,
Shall be continued in the pow'r of Spain;
Since he, who could alone my foes defend,
By birth and honor is become my friend;
Yet I can own no joy, nor conquest boast, [To ALMANZ.
While in this blood I see how dear it cost.

Almanz. This honor to my veins new blood will bring;
150 Streams cannot fail, fed by so high a spring.
But all court customs I so little know
That I may fail in those respects I owe.
I bring a heart which homage never knew;
Yet it finds something of itself in you:
Something so kingly that my haughty mind
Is drawn to yours, because 'tis of a kind.

Q. Isabel. And yet that soul which bears itself so high,
If fame be true, admits a sovereignty.
This queen, in her fair eyes, such fetters brings
160 As chain that heart which scorns the pow'r of kings.

Almah. Little of charm in these sad eyes appears;
If they had any, now 'tis lost in tears.
A crown and husband ravish'd in one day!
Excuse a grief I cannot choose but pay.

Q. Isabel. Have courage, madam; heav'n has joys in store
To recompense those losses you deplore.

Almah. I know your God can all my woes redress;
To him I made my vows in my distress:
And what a misbeliever vow'd this day,
170 Tho' not a queen, a Christian yet shall pay.

Q. Isabel. [*Embracing her.*] That Christian name you shall receive from me,
And Isabella of Granada be.

Benz. This blessed change we all with joy receive;
And beg to learn that faith which you believe.

Q. Isabel. With reverence for those holy rites prepare;
And all commit your fortunes to my care.

K. Ferd. [To ALMAH.] You, madam, by that crown you lose, may gain,

If you accept a coronet of Spain,
Of which Almanzor's father stands possess'd.

180 *Q. Isabel.* [To ALMAH.] May you in him, and he in you, be blest!

Almah. I owe my life and honor to his sword;
But owe my love to my departed lord.

Almanz. Thus, when I have no living force to dread,
Fate finds me enemies amongst the dead.

I'm now to conquer ghosts, and to destroy
The strong impressions of a bridal joy.

Almah. You've yet a greater foe than these can be:
Virtue opposes you, and modesty.

Almanz. From a false fear that modesty does grow,
190 And thinks true love, because 'tis fierce, its foe.
'Tis but the wax whose seals on virgins stay:
Let it approach love's fire, 'twill melt away.
But I have liv'd too long; I never knew,
When fate was conquer'd, I must combat you.
I thought to climb the steep ascent of love;
But did not think to find a foe above.
'Tis time to die, when you my bar must be,
Whose aid alone could give me victory;
Without,

200 I'll pull up all the sluices of the flood,
And love, within, shall boil out all my blood.

Q. Isabel. Fear not your love should find so sad success,
While I have pow'r to be your patroness.
I am her parent now, and may command
So much of duty as to give her hand. [*Gives him ALMAHIDE'S hand.*]

Almah. Madam, I never can dispute your pow'r,
Or as a parent, or a conqueror;
But, when my year of widowhood expires,
Shall yield to your commands and his desires.

210 *Almanz.* Move swiftly, sun, and fly a lover's pace;
Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race!

K. Ferd. Meantime, you shall my victories pursue,
The Moors in woods and mountains to subdue.

Almanz. The toils of war shall help to wear each day,
And dreams of love shall drive my nights away.
Our banners to th' Alhambra's turrets bear;
Then, wave our conqu'ring crosses in the air,
And cry, with shouts of triumph: "Live and reign,
Great Ferdinand and Isabel of Spain!"

EPILOGUE

THEY who have best succeeded on the stage
Have still conform'd their genius to their age.
Thus Jonson did mechanic humor show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then comedy was faultless, but 'twas coarse:
Cob's tankard was a jest, and Otter's horse.
And, as their comedy, their love was mean;
Except, by chance, in some one labor'd scene
Which must atone for an ill-written play.
10 They rose, but at their height could seldom stay.
Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped;
And they have kept it since, by being dead.
But, were they now to write, when critics weigh
Each line, and ev'ry word, throughout a play,
None of 'em, no, not Jonson in his height,
Could pass, without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not envy, that these truths are told;
Our poet's not malicious, tho' he's bold.
'Tis not to brand 'em, that their faults are shown,
20 But, by their errors, to excuse his own.
If love and honor now are higher rais'd,
'Tis not the poet, but the age is prais'd.
Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree;
Our native language more refin'd and free.
Our ladies and our men now speak more wit
In conversation, than those poets writ.
Then, one of these is, consequently, true;
That what this poet writes comes short of you,
And imitates you ill, (which most he fears,)
30 Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
Yet, tho' you judge (as sure the critics will)
That some before him writ with greater skill,
In this one praise he has their fame surpass'd,
To please an age more gallant than the last.

DEFENSE
OF
THE EPILOGUE

OR
AN ESSAY ON THE DRAMATIC POETRY
OF THE LAST AGE

THE promises of authors that they will write again are, in effect, a threat'ning of their readers with some new impertinence; and they who perform not what they promise will have their pardon on easy terms. 'Tis from this consideration that I could be glad to spare you the trouble, which I am now giving you, of a postscript, if I were not oblig'd, by many reasons, to write somewhat concerning our present plays, and those of our predecessors on the English stage. The truth is, I have so far engag'd myself in a bold epilogue to this play, wherein I have somewhat tax'd the former writing, that it was necessary for me
10 either not to print it, or to show that I could defend it. Yet I would so maintain my opinion of the present age, as not to be wanting in my veneration for the past: I would ascribe to dead authors their just praises in those things wherein they have excell'd us; and in those wherein we contend with them for the preëminence, I would acknowledge our advantages to the age, and claim no victory from our wit. This being what I have propos'd to myself, I hope I shall not be thought arrogant when I inquire into their errors. For we live in an age so sceptical that, as it determines little, so it takes nothing from antiquity on trust; and I profess to have no other ambition in this
20 essay than that poetry may not go backward, when all other arts and sciences are advancing. Whoever censures me for this inquiry, let him hear his character from Horace:

*Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus odit.*

He favors not dead wits; but hates the living.

It was upbraided to that excellent poet that he was an enemy to the

The DEFENSE OF THE EPILOGUE is omitted from Q4 and subsequent editions, and from some copies of Q3 (see *British Museum Catalogue*); in other copies of Q3 (as in that at the Harvard Library) it is retained, with the omission of two passages censuring Ben Jonson: (a) from p. 140, l. 16, *I cast my eyes through p. 141, l. 43, so small a compass*; and (b) from p. 142, l. 7, *I think through p. 142, l. 11, in Jonson*. (The piece had been torn out from the Harvard copy of Q2, the only one accessible to the editor.)

5. *postscript*] Q3. *preface* Q1, probably by an oversight on Dryden's part.

writings of his predecessor Lucilius, because he had said, *Lucilium lutulentum fluere*, that he ran muddy; and that he ought to have retrench'd from his satires many unnecessary verses. But Horace makes Lucilius himself to justify him from the imputation of envy, by telling you that he would have done the same, had he liv'd in an age which was more refin'd:

*Si foret hoc nostrum fato delapsus in ævum,
Detraheret sibi multa, recideret omne quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur, &c.*

10 And, both in the whole course of that satire, and in his most admirable *Epistle to Augustus*, he makes it his business to prove that antiquity alone is no plea for the excellency of a poem; but that, one age learning from another, the last (if we can suppose an equality of wit in the writers) has the advantage of knowing more and better than the former. And this, I think, is the state of the question in dispute. It is therefore my part to make it clear, that the language, wit, and conversation of our age are improv'd and refin'd above the last; and then it will not be difficult to infer that our plays have receiv'd some part of those advantages.

20 In the first place, therefore, it will be necessary to state, in general, what this refinement is, of which we treat; and that, I think, will not be defin'd amiss: *An improvement of our Wit, Language, and Conversation; or an alteration in them for the better.*

To begin with *Language*. That an alteration is lately made in ours, or since the writers of the last age (in which I comprehend Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Jonson), is manifest. Any man who reads those excellent poets, and compares their language with what is now written, will see it almost in every line. But that this is an *improvement* of the language, or an alteration for the better, will not so easily be
30 granted. For many are of a contrary opinion, that the English tongue was then in the height of its perfection; that from Jonson's time to ours it has been in a continual declination, like that of the Romans from the age of Virgil to Statius, and so downward to Claudian; of which, not only Petronius, but Quintilian himself so much complains, under the person of Secundus, in his famous dialogue *De Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*.

But, to shew that our language is improv'd, and that those people have not a just value for the age in which they live, let us consider in what the refinement of a language principally consists: that is, *either*
40 *in rejecting such old words, or phrases, which are ill sounding, or improper; or in admitting new, which are more proper, more sounding, and more significant.*

The reader will easily take notice that, when I speak of rejecting improper words and phrases, I mention not such as are antiquated by custom only, and, as I may say, without any fault of theirs; for in this case the refinement can be but accidental; that is, when the words and phrases which are rejected happen to be improper. Neither would I

1. lutulentum] Q3. luculentum Q1.
8. Detraheret] Q1Q3. Detereret SsM.
recideret] Q3 SsM. recederet Q1.

be understood, when I speak of impropriety in language, either wholly to accuse the last age, or to excuse the present, and least of all myself; for all writers have their imperfections and failings; but I may safely conclude, in the general, that our improprieties are less frequent and less gross than theirs. One testimony of this is undeniable, that we are the first who have observ'd them; and, certainly, to observe errors is a great step to the correcting of them. But, malice and partiality set apart, let any man who understands English read diligently the works of Shakspeare and Fletcher, and I dare undertake that he will
 10 find in every page either some solecism of speech, or some notorious flaw in sense; and yet these men are reverenc'd, when we are not forgiven. That their wit is great, and many times their expressions noble, envy itself cannot deny.

*Neque ego illis detrahere ausim
 Hærentem capiti multa cum laude coronam.*

But the times were ignorant in which they liv'd. Poetry was then, if not in its infancy among us, at least not arriv'd to its vigor and maturity. Witness the lameness of their plots; many of which, especially those which they writ first (for even that age refin'd itself in some
 20 measure), were made up of some ridiculous, incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as *The Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labor Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caus'd your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment. If I would expatiate on this subject, I could easily demonstrate that our admir'd Fletcher, who writ after him, neither understood correct plotting, nor that which they call *the decorum of the stage*. I would not search in his worst plays
 30 for examples: he who will consider his *Philaster*, his *Humorous Lieutenant*, his *Faithful Shepherdess*, and many others which I could name, will find them much below the applause which is now given them. He will see *Philaster* wounding his mistress, and afterwards his boy, to save himself; not to mention the Clown, who enters immediately, and not only has the advantage of the combat against the hero, but diverts you from your serious concernment, with his ridiculous and absurd raillery. In his *Humorous Lieutenant* you find his *Demetrius* and *Leontius* staying in the midst of a routed army, to hear the cold mirth of the Lieutenant; and *Demetrius* afterwards appearing with a pistol
 40 in his hand, in the next age to *Alexander the Great*. And for his *Shepherd*, he falls twice into the former indecency of wounding women. But these absurdities which those poets committed may more properly be call'd the age's fault than theirs. For, besides the want of education and learning (which was their particular unhappiness), they wanted the benefit of converse. But of that I shall speak hereafter, in a place more proper for it. Their audiences knew no better, and therefore were satisfied with what they brought. Those who call theirs the *golden age of poetry* have only this reason for it, that they were then content with acorns, before they knew the use of bread; or that εἰς

δρῶς was become a proverb. They had many who admir'd them, and few who blam'd them; and certainly a severe critic is the greatest help to a good wit: he does the office of a friend, while he designs that of an enemy; and his malice keeps a poet within those bounds which the luxuriancy of his fancy would tempt him to overleap.

But it is not their plots which I meant principally to tax; I was speaking of their sense and language; and I dare almost challenge any man to show me a page together which is correct in both. As for Ben Jonson, I am loth to name him, because he is a most judicious writer; yet 10 he very often falls into these errors: and I once more beg the reader's pardon for accusing him or them. Only let him consider that I live in an age where my least faults are severely censur'd; and that I have no way left to extenuate my failings, but my showing as great in those whom we admire:

Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.

I cast my eyes but by chance on *Catiline*; and in the three or four first pages, found enough to conclude that Jonson writ not correctly.

20 Let the long-hid seeds
Of treason, in thee, now shoot forth in deeds
Ranker than horror.

In reading some bombast speeches of *Macbeth*, which are not to be understood, he us'd to say that it was horror; and I am much afraid that this is so.

Thy parricide late on thy only son,
After his mother, to make empty way
For thy last wicked nuptials, worse than they
That blaze that act of thy incestuous life,
Which gain'd thee at once a daughter and a wife.

The sense is here extremely perplex'd; and I doubt the word *they* is 30 false grammar.

And be free
Not heaven itself from thy impiety.

A *synchysis*, or ill-placing of words, of which Tully so much complains in oratory.

The waves and dens of beasts could not receive
The bodles that those souls were frighted from.

The preposition in the end of the sentence; a common fault with him, and which I have but lately observ'd in my own writings.

40 What all the several ills that visit earth,
Plague, famine, fire, could not reach unto,
The sword nor surfeits, let thy fury do.

Here are both the former faults: for, besides that the preposition *unto* is plac'd last in the verse, and at the half period, and is redundant, there is the former *synchysis* in the words "the sword nor surfeits," which in construction ought to have been plac'd before the other.

Catiline says of Cethegus, that for his sake he would

11. *or them*] Q1Q3. *of them* SsMK.

13. *my showing*] Q1Q3. *by showing* SsMK.

15. *crura*] Q3. *cura* Q1.

16. *first*] Q1. *last* SsMK.

Go on upon the gods, kiss lightning, wrest
The engine from the Cyclops, and give fire
At face of a full cloud, and stand his ire.

To "go on upon" is only to go on twice. To "give fire at face of a full cloud" was not understood in his own time; "and stand *his ire*," besides the antiquated word *ire*, there is the article *his*, which makes false construction: and giving fire at the face of a cloud is a perfect image of shooting, however it came to be known in those days to Catiline.

10 Others there are,
Whom envy to the State draws and pulls on,
For contumelies receiv'd; and such are sure ones.

Ones, in the plural number: but that is frequent with him; for he says, not long after,

Cæsar and Crassus, if they be ill men,
Are mighty ones.

Such men, they do not succor more the cause, &c.

They redundant.

20 Tho' heav'n should speak with all his wrath at once,
We should stand upright and unfear'd.

His is ill syntax with *heaven*; and by *unfear'd* he means *unafraid*: words of a quite contrary signification.

The ports are open.

He perpetually uses *ports* for *gates*; which is an affected error in him, to introduce Latin by the loss of the English idiom; as in the translation of Tully's speeches he usually does.

Well-placing of words, for the sweetness of pronunciation, was not known till Mr. Waller introduc'd it; and, therefore, 'tis not to be wonder'd if Ben Jonson has many such lines as these:

30 But being bred up in his father's needy fortunes;
Brought up in 's sister's prostitution, &c.

But meanness of expression one would think not to be his error in a tragedy, which ought to be more high and sounding than any other kind of poetry; and yet, amongst many others in *Catiline*, I find these four lines together:

So Asia, thou art cruelly even
With us, for all the blows thee given;
When we, whose virtues conquer'd thee,
Thus by thy vices ruin'd be.

40 Be there is false English for *are*; tho' the rime hides it.

But I am willing to close the book, partly out of veneration to the author, partly out of weariness to pursue an argument which is so fruitful in so small a compass. And what correctness, after this, can be

28. 'tis] Q1. it is SsMK.

30, 31. But prostitution, etc.] Not printed as verse in Q1 SsK; as verse in M.

24, many] Q1. Omitted in SsMK.

expected from Shakspeare or from Fletcher, who wanted that learning and care which Jonson had? I will, therefore, spare my own trouble of inquiring into their faults; who, had they liv'd now, had doubtless written more correctly. I suppose it will be enough for me to affirm (as I think I safely may), that these, and the like errors, which I tax'd in the most correct of the last age, are such into which we do not ordinarily fall. I think few of our present writers would have left behind them such a line as this:

Contain your spirit in more stricter bounds.

10 But that gross way of two comparatives was then ordinary, and therefore more pardonable in Jonson.

As for the other part of refining, which consists in receiving new words and phrases, I shall not insist much on it. 'Tis obvious that we have admitted many, some of which we wanted, and therefore our language is the richer for them, as it would be by importation of bullion. Others are rather ornamental than necessary; yet, by their admission, the language is become more courtly, and our thoughts are better dress'd. These are to be found scatter'd in the writers of our age, and it is not my business to collect them. They who have lately written with most
20 care have, I believe, taken the rule of Horace for their guide; that is, not to be too hasty in receiving of words, but rather to stay till custom has made them familiar to us:

Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

For I cannot approve of their way of refining who corrupt our English idiom by mixing it too much with French: that is a sophistication of language, not an improvement of it; a turning English into French, rather than a refining of English by French. We meet daily with those fops who value themselves on their traveling, and pretend they cannot express their meaning in English, because they would put
30 off to us some French phrase of the last edition; without considering that, for aught they know, we have a better of our own. But these are not the men who are to refine us; their talent is to prescribe fashions, not words: at best, they are only serviceable to a writer, so as Ennius was to Virgil. He may *aurum ex stercore colligere*: for 'tis hard if, amongst many insignificant phrases, there happen not something worth preserving; tho' they themselves, like Indians, know not the value of their own commodity.

There is yet another way of improving language, which poets especially have practis'd in all ages; that is, by applying receiv'd words
40 to a new signification; and this, I believe, is meant by Horace, in that precept which is so variously construed by expositors:

*Diærsis egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.*

And in this way he himself had a particular happiness; using all the

13. 'Tis] Q1Q3. It is SsMK.

38. yet another way] Q1. another way yet Q3.

tropes, and particularly metaphors, with that grace which is observable in his *Odes*, where the beauty of expression is often greater than that of thought; as in that one example, amongst an infinite number of others, *Et vultus nimium lubricus aspicitur*.

And therefore, tho' he innovated little, he may justly be call'd a great refiner of the Roman tongue. This choice of words, and height'ning of their natural signification, was observ'd in him by the writers of the following ages; for Petronius says of him, *Et Horatii curiosa felicitas*. By this grafting, as I may call it, on old words, has
 10 our tongue been beautified by the three fore-mention'd poets, Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Jonson, whose excellencies I can never enough admire; and in this they have been follow'd especially by Sir John Suckling and Mr. Waller, who refin'd upon them. Neither have they who now succeed them been wanting in their endeavors to adorn our mother tongue; but it is not so lawful for me to praise my living contemporaries, as to admire my dead predecessors.

I should now speak of the refinement of Wit; but I have been so large on the former subject that I am forc'd to contract myself in this. I will therefore only observe to you that the wit of the last age was
 20 yet more incorrect than their language. Shakspeare, who many times has written better than any poet in any language, is yet so far from writing wit always, or expressing that wit according to the dignity of the subject, that he writes, in many places, below—the dullest writers of ours, or of any precedent age. Never did any author precipitate himself from such heights of thought to so low expressions, as he often does. He is the very Janus of poets; he wears almost everywhere two faces; and you have scarce begun to admire the one, ere you despise the other. Neither is the luxuriance of Fletcher, (which his friends have tax'd in him,) a less fault than the carelessness of Shakspeare.
 30 He does not well always; and, when he does, he is a true Englishman—he knows not when to give over. If he wakes in one scene, he commonly slumbers in another; and, if he pleases you in the first three acts, he is frequently so tir'd with his labor that he goes heavily in the fourth, and sinks under his burden in the fifth.

For Ben Jonson, the most judicious of poets, he always writ properly, and as the character requir'd; and I will not contest farther with my friends who call that wit: it being very certain that even folly itself, well represented, is wit in a larger signification; and that there is fancy as well as judgment in it, tho' not so much or noble: because,
 40 all poetry being imitation, that of folly is a lower exercise of fancy, tho' perhaps as difficult as the other; for 'tis a kind of looking downward in the poet, and representing that part of mankind which is below him.

In these low characters of vice and folly lay the excellency of that inimitable writer; who, when at any time he aim'd at wit in the stricter sense, that is, sharpness of conceit, was forc'd either to borrow from

1. particularly] Q1Q3. particular SsMK.
 14. who now succeed] Q1Q3. who succeeded SsMK.
 16. my dead predecessors] Q1. Q3 omits dead.
 24. or of any] Q1Q3. SsMK omit of.
 25. heights Q1Q3. height SsMK.
 46. either] Q1. Omitted in Q3.

the ancients, as to my knowledge he did very much from Plautus; or, when he trusted himself alone, often fell into meanness of expression. Nay, he was not free from the lowest and most groveling kind of wit, which we call clenches, of which *Every Man in his Humor* is infinitely full; and, which is worse, the wittiest persons in the drama speak them. His other comedies are not exempted from them. Will you give me leave to name some few? Asper, in which character he personates himself (and he neither was nor thought himself a fool), exclaiming against the ignorant judges of the age, speaks thus:

- 10 How monstrous and detested is 't, to see
 A fellow that has neither art nor brain
 Sit like an *Aristarchus*, or *stark-ass*,
 Taking men's lines, with a *tobacco face*,
 In snuff, &c.

And presently after:

I mar'le whose wit 'twas to put a prologue in yond sackbut's mouth. They might well think he would be out of tune, and yet you'd play upon him too.

Will you have another of the same stamp?

O, I cannot abide these limbs of *satın*, or rather *Satan*.

- 20 But it may be you will object that this was Asper, Macilente, or Carlo Buffone: you shall, therefore, hear him speak in his own person, and that in the two last lines, or sting of an epigram. 'Tis inscrib'd to *Fine Grand*, who, he says, was indebted to him for many things which he reckons there; and concludes thus:

Forty things more, dear Grand, which you know true,
 For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.

- This was then the mode of wit, the vice of the age, and not Ben Jonson's; for you see, a little before him, that admirable wit, Sir Philip Sidney, perpetually playing with his words. In his time, I believe, it
 30 ascended first into the pulpit, where (if you will give me leave to clench too) it yet finds the benefit of its clergy; for they are commonly the first corrupters of eloquence, and the last reform'd from vicious oratory; as a famous Italian has observ'd before me, in his *Treatise of the Corruption of the Italian Tongue*; which he principally ascribes to priests and preaching friars.

- But, to conclude with what brevity I can, I will only add this, in the defense of our present writers, that, if they reach not some excellencies of Ben Jonson (which no age, I am confident, ever shall), yet at least they are above that meanness of thought which I have tax'd, and
 40 which is frequent in him.

That the wit of this age is much more courtly, may easily be prov'd by viewing the characters of gentlemen which were written in the last. First, for Jonson: Truewit, in *The Silent Woman*, was his masterpiece; and Truewit was a scholar-like kind of man, a gentleman with an allay of pedantry, a man who seems mortified to the world by much reading. The best of his discourse is drawn, not from the knowledge of the town, but books; and, in short, he would be a fine gentleman in an university. Shakspeare show'd the best of his skill in his *Mercutio*; and he said

himself that he was forc'd to kill him in the third act, to prevent being kill'd by him. But, for my part, I cannot find he was so dangerous a person: I see nothing in him but what was so exceeding harmless, that he might have liv'd to the end of the play, and died in his bed, without offense to any man.

Fletcher's Don John is our only bugbear; and yet I may affirm, without suspicion of flattery, that he now speaks better, and that his character is maintain'd with much more vigor in the fourth and fifth acts than it was by Fletcher in the three former. I have always
10 acknowledg'd the wit of our predecessors, with all the veneration which becomes me; but, I am sure, their wit was not that of gentlemen; there was ever somewhat that was ill-bred and clownish in it, and which confess'd the conversation of the authors.

And this leads me to the last and greatest advantage of our writing, which proceeds from conversation. In the age wherein those poets liv'd there was less of gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best company of theirs. Their fortune has been much like that of Epicurus, in the retirement of his gardens; to live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their decease. I cannot find that any of them were
20 conversant in courts, except Ben Jonson; and his genius lay not so much that way, as to make an improvement by it. Greatness was not then so easy of access, nor conversation so free, as now it is. I cannot, therefore, conceive it any insolence to affirm, that, by the knowledge and pattern of their wit who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own conversation, the discourse and raillery of our comedies excel what has been written by them. And this will be denied by none but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Blackfriars; who, because they saw their plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. The memory of these grave gentlemen is their only plea
30 for being wits. They can tell a story of Ben Jonson, and perhaps have had fancy enough to give a supper in Apollo, that they might be call'd his sons; and, because they were drawn in to be laugh'd at in those times, they think themselves now sufficiently intitled to laugh at ours. Learning I never saw in any of them; and wit no more than they could remember. In short, they were unlucky to have been bred in an unpolish'd age, and more unlucky to live to a refin'd one. They have lasted beyond their own, and are cast behind ours; and, not contented to have known little at the age of twenty, they boast of their ignorance at threescore.

40 Now, if any ask me whence it is that our conversation is so much refin'd, I must freely, and without flattery, ascribe it to the court; and, in it, particularly to the king, whose example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes and the nation's afforded him an opportunity which is rarely allow'd to sovereign princes, I mean of traveling, and being conversant in the most polish'd courts of Europe; and, thereby, of cultivating a spirit which was form'd by nature to receive the impressions of a gallant and generous education. At his return, he found a

19. *were*] Q1Q3. *had been* SsMK.

31. *in Apollo*] Q1Q3. *in the Apollo* SsMK.

40. *any*] Q1Q3. *they* SsMK.

nation lost as much in barbarism as in rebellion; and, as the excellency of his nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reform'd the other. The desire of imitating so great a pattern first waken'd the dull and heavy spirits of the English from their natural reserv'dness; loosen'd them from their stiff forms of conversation, and made them easy and pliant to each other in discourse. Thus, insensibly, our way of living became more free; and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrain'd, melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force, by mixing the solidity of our nation with the
 10 air and gaiety of our neighbors. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder if the poets, whose work is imitation, should be the only persons in three kingdoms who should not receive advantage by it; or, if they should not more easily imitate the wit and conversation of the present age than of the past.

Let us therefore admire the beauties and the heights of Shakspeare, without falling after him into a carelessness, and (as I may call it) a lethargy of thought, for whole scenes together. Let us imitate, as we are able, the quickness and easiness of Fletcher, without proposing him as a pattern to us, either in the redundancy of his matter, or the incor-
 20 rectness of his language. Let us admire his wit and sharpness of conceit; but let us at the same time acknowledge that it was seldom so fix'd, and made proper to his characters, as that the same things might not be spoken by any person in the play. Let us applaud his scenes of love; but let us confess that he understood not either greatness or perfect honor in the parts of any of his women. In fine, let us allow that he had so much fancy as, when he pleas'd, he could write wit; but that he wanted so much judgment as seldom to have written humor, or describ'd a pleasant folly. Let us ascribe to Jonson the height and accuracy of judgment in the ordering of his plots, his choice of char-
 30 acters, and maintaining what he had chosen to the end: but let us not think him a perfect pattern of imitation, except it be in humor; for love, which is the foundation of all comedies in other languages, is scarcely mention'd in any of his plays; and for humor itself, the poets of this age will be more wary than to imitate the meanness of his persons. Gentlemen will now be entertain'd with the follies of each other; and, tho' they allow Cob and Tib to speak properly, yet they are not much pleas'd with their tankard, or with their rags: and, surely, their conversation can be no iest to them on the theater, when they would avoid it in the street.

40 To conclude all, let us render to our predecessors what is their due, without confining ourselves to a servile imitation of all they writ; and, without assuming to ourselves the title of better poets, let us ascribe to the gallantry and civility of our age the advantage which we have above them; and to our knowledge of the customs and manners of it, the happiness we have to please beyond them.

3. *waken'd*] Q1Q3. *awakened* SsMK.
 22 *characters*] Q1Q3. *character* SsMK.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

A COMEDY

— *Quicquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum ingeniumque, tamen me
Cum magnis vixisse, invita fatebitur usque
Invidia, et fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido.*

HORACE, *Satires*, II. i. 74-78.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

MEN

POLYDAMAS, *Usurper of Sicily.*
LEONIDAS, *the rightful Prince, unknown.*
ARGALEON, *favorite to POLYDAMAS.*
HERMOGENES, *foster father to LEONIDAS.*
EUBULUS, *his friend and companion.*
RHODOPHIL, *captain of the guards.*
PALAMEDE, *a courtier.*
[STRATON, *servant to PALAMEDE.*]

WOMEN

PALMYRA, *daughter to the Usurper.*
AMALTHEA, *sister to ARGALEON.*
DORALICE, *wife to RHODOPHIL.*
MELANTHA, *an affected lady.*
PHILOTIS, *woman to MELANTHA.*
BELIZA, *woman to DORALICE.*
ARTEMIS, *a court lady.*

SCENE—*Sicily.*

[STRATON, etc.] Not in QqF SsM.

TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
THE
EARL OF ROCHESTER.

MY LORD,

I HUMBLY dedicate to your Lordship that poem of which you were pleas'd to appear an early patron, before it was acted on the stage. I may yet go farther, with your permission, and say that it receiv'd amendment from your noble hands ere it was fit to be presented. You may please likewise to remember with how much favor to the author, and indulgence to the play, you commended it to the view of his Majesty, then at Windsor, and, by his approbation of it in writing, made way for its kind reception on the theater. In this dedication, 10 therefore, I may seem to imitate a custom of the ancients, who offer'd to their gods the firstlings of the flock, which I think they call'd *ver sacrum*, because they help'd 'em to increase. I am sure, if there be anything in this play wherein I have rais'd myself beyond the ordinary lowness of my comedies, I ought wholly to acknowledge it to the favor of being admitted into your Lordship's conversation. And not only I, who pretend not to this way, but the best comic writers of our age will join with me to acknowledge that they have copied the gallantries of courts, the delicacy of expression, and the decencies of behavior, from your Lordship, with more success than if they had taken their models 20 from the court of France. But this, my Lord, will be no wonder to the world, which knows the excellency of your natural parts, and those you have acquir'd in a noble education. That which with more reason I admire, is that, being so absolute a courtier, you have not forgot either the ties of friendship, or the practice of generosity. In my little experience of a court (which, I confess, I desire not to improve), I have found in it much of interest, and more of detraction. Few men there have that assurance of a friend, as not to be made ridiculous by him when they are absent. There are a middling sort of courtiers, who become happy by their want of wit; but they supply that want by 30 an excess of malice to those who have it. And there is no such persecution as that of fools: they can never be considerable enough to

19. then] Q1. than Q2Q3F. Similar variants occur later, but are not recorded in these notes.

be talk'd of themselves; so that they are safe only in their obscurity, and grow mischievous to witty men by the great diligence of their envy, and by being always present to represent and aggravate their faults. In the meantime, they are forc'd, when they endeavor to be pleasant, to live on the offals of their wit whom they deery; and either to quote it (which they do unwillingly), or to pass it upon others for their own. These are the men who make it their business to chase wit from the knowledge of princes, lest it should disgrace their ignorance. And this kind of malice your Lordship has not so much avoided, as sur-
 10 mounted. But if by the excellent temper of a royal master, always more ready to hear good than ill; if by his inclination to love you; if by your own merit and address; if by the charms of your conversation, the grace of your behavior, your knowledge of greatness, and habitude in courts, you have been able to preserve yourself with honor in the midst of so dangerous a course; yet at least the remembrance of those hazards has inspir'd you with pity for other men, who, being of an inferior wit and quality to you, are yet persecuted for being that in little, which your Lordship is in great. For the quarrel of those
 20 people extends itself to anything of sense; and if I may be so vain to own it, amongst the rest of the poets, has sometimes reach'd to the very borders of it, even to me. So that, if our general good fortune had not rais'd up your Lordship to defend us, I know not whether anything had been more ridiculous in court than writers. 'Tis to your Lordship's favor we generally owe our protection and patronage; and to the nobleness of your nature, which will not suffer the least shadow of your wit to be contemn'd in other men. You have been often pleas'd not only to excuse my imperfections, but to vindicate what was tolerable in my writings from their censures; and, what I never can forget, you have not only been careful of my reputation, but of my fortune. You
 30 have been solicitous to supply my neglect of myself; and to overcome the fatal modesty of poets, which submits them to perpetual wants, rather than to become importunate with those people who have the liberality of kings in their disposing, and who, dishonoring the bounty of their master, suffer such to be in necessity, who endeavor at least to please him; and for whose entertainment he has generously provided, if the fruits of his royal favor were not often stopp'd in other hands. But your Lordship has given me occasion not to complain of courts whilst you are there. I have found the effects of your mediation in all my concernments; and they were so much the more noble in you,
 40 because they were wholly voluntary. I became your Lordship's (if I may venture on the similitude) as the world was made, without knowing him who made it; and brought only a passive obedience to be your creature. This nobleness of yours I think myself the rather oblig'd to own, because otherwise it must have been lost to all remembrance; for you are endued with that excellent quality of a frank nature, to forget the good which you have done.

But, my Lord, I ought to have consider'd that you are as great a

14. *have*] F. *having* Qq, probably by a misprint.

28. *never can*] Qq. *can never* F.

judge as you are a patron; and that, in praising you ill, I shall incur a higher note of ingratitude than that I thought to have avoided. I stand in need of all your accustom'd goodness for the dedication of this play; which, tho' perhaps it be the best of my comedies, is yet so faulty that I should have fear'd you for my critic, if I had not, with some policy, given you the trouble of being my protector. Wit seems to have lodg'd itself more nobly in this age than in any of the former; and people of my mean condition are only writers because some of the nobility, and your Lordship in the first place, are above the narrow
 10 praises which poesy could give you. But let those who love to see themselves exceeded encourage your Lordship in so dangerous a quality; for my own part, I must confess that I have so much of self-interest as to be content with reading some papers of your verses, without desiring you should proceed to a scene or play; with the common prudence of those who are worsted in a duel, and declare they are satisfied, when they are first wounded. Your Lordship has but another step to make, and, from the patron of wit, you may become its tyrant; and oppress our little reputations with more ease than you now protect them. But these, my Lord, are designs which I am sure you harbor
 20 not, any more than the French king is contriving the conquest of the Swissers. 'Tis a barren triumph, which is not worth your pains; and would only rank him amongst your slaves, who is already,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient and most

Faithful servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

1. shall] QqF. should SsM.

PROLOGUE

LORD, how reform'd and quiet we are grown,
 Since all our braves and all our wits are gone!
 Fop corner now is free from civil war;
 White wig and vizard make no longer jar.
 France, and the fleet, have swept the town so clear
 That we can act in peace, and you can hear.
 [Those that durst fight are gone to get renown,
 And those that durst not, blush to stand in town.]
 'Twas a sad sight, before they march'd from home, }
 10 To see our warriors in red waistcoats come,
 With hair tuck'd up, into our tiring-room. }
 But 'twas more sad to hear their last adieu:
 The women sobb'd, and swore they would be true;
 And so they were, as long as e'er they could, }
 But powerful guinea cannot be withstood, }
 And they were made of playhouse flesh and blood. }
 Fate did their friends for double use ordain;
 In wars abroad they grinning honor gain, }
 And mistresses for all that stay maintain. }
 20 Now they are gone, 'tis dead vacation here,
 For neither friends nor enemies appear.
 Poor pensive punk now peeps ere plays begin,
 Sees the bare bench, and dares not venture in;
 But manages her last half-crown with care,
 And trudges to the Mall, on foot, for air.
 Our city friends so far will hardly come;
 They can take up with pleasures nearer home,
 And see gay shows and gaudy scenes elsewhere;
 For we presume they seldom come to hear.

PROLOGUE. In the *Covent Garden Drollery*, a small miscellany printed in 1672, are found versions of the prologue and epilogue to *Marriage à la Mode* that differ considerably from those included in the early editions of the play. These versions were probably published without Dryden's sanction, and may have been obtained from the actors' recitation in the theater. Variants taken from them are marked Cgd.

1. we are] Qq. are we F Cgd SsM.
4. White wig . . . make] QqF. White Wig and Vizzard-Masks Cgd.
5. have] QqF. hath Cgd.
- 7,8. Those . . . town] Found only in Cgd.
9. march'd] QqF. went Cgd.
18. they] QqF. the Cgd.
23. venture] QqF. venter Cgd.
24. last] QqF. Omitted in Cgd.
26. come] QqF. roam Cgd.
28. and gaudy] QqF. with gaudy Cgd.
29. For we presume] QqF. For 'tis presum'd Cgd.

30

But they have now ta'en up a glorious trade,
And cutting Morecraft struts in masquerade.
There's all our hope, for we shall show to-day
A masking ball, to recommend our play;
Nay, to endear 'em more, and let 'em see
We scorn to come behind in courtesy,
We'll follow the new mode which they begin,
And treat 'em with a room, and couch within:
For that's one way, howe'er the play fall short,
T' oblige the town, the city, and the court.

-
31. *cutting* . . . *struts*] QqF. *cunning* . . . *strut* Cgd.
32. *There's* . . . *to-day*] QqF. *Here's* . . . *to do* Cgd.
34. *endear 'em* . . . *let 'em*] QqF. *indear them* . . . *let them* Cgd.
37. *treat 'em*] QqF. *treat them* Cgd.
38. *fall*] QqF. *falls* Cgd.
39. *T' oblige*] QqF. *To oblige* Cgd SsM.

Marriage à la Mode was first printed in 1673; other quarto editions followed in 1691 and 1698. These quartos are cited as Q1, Q2, Q3. Q3 was printed from Q2 (see notes on p. 160, l. 218; p. 173, l. 353), and the Folio of 1701 (F) from Q1 (see notes on p. 167, l. 68; p. 190, ll. 120, 125). Q1 furnishes the only authentic text.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

ACT I

Walks near the Court.

Enter DORALICE and BELIZA.

Dor. Beliza, bring the lute into this arbor; the walks are empty:
I would try the song the Princess Amalthea bade me learn.

[They go in, and sing.]

I.

*Why should a foolish marriage vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When passion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we could,
Till our love was lov'd out in us both;
But our marriage is dead, when the pleasure is fled:
'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.*

10

II.

*If I have pleasures for a friend,
And farther love in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who could give no more?
'Tis a madness that he should be jealous of me,
Or that I should bar him of another:
For all we can gain, is to give ourselves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.*

*Enter PALAMEDE, in riding habit, and hears the Song. Reënter
DORALICE and BELIZA.*

Bel. Madam, a stranger.

20 *Dor.* I did not think to have had witnesses of my bad singing.

Pala. If I have err'd, madam, I hope you'll pardon the curiosity of
a stranger; for I may well call myself so, after five years' absence from
the court. But you have freed me from one error.

Dor. What's that, I beseech you?

Pala. I thought good voices and ill faces had been inseparable;
and that to be fair, and sing well, had been only the privilege of
angels.

Dor. And how many more of these fine things can you say to me?

Pala. Very few, madam; for if I should continue to see you some 30 hours longer, you look so killingly that I should be mute with wonder.

Dor. This will not give you the reputation of a wit with me. You traveling *monsieurs* live upon the stock you have got abroad, for the first day or two: to repeat with a good memory, and apply with a good grace, is all your wit; and, commonly, your gullets are sew'd up, like cormorants. When you have regorg'd what you have taken in, you are the leanest things in nature.

Pala. Then, madam, I think you had best make that use of me; let me wait on you for two or three days together, and you shall hear all I have learnt of extraordinary in other countries; and one thing which 40 I never saw till I came home, that is, a lady of a better voice, better face, and better wit, than any I have seen abroad. And, after this, if I should not declare myself most passionately in love with you, I should have less wit than yet you think I have.

Dor. A very plain and pithy declaration. I see, sir, you have been traveling in Spain or Italy, or some of the hot countries, where men come to the point immediately. But are you sure these are not words of course? For I would not give my poor heart an occasion of complaint against me, that I engag'd it too rashly, and then could not bring it off.

50 *Pala.* Your heart may trust itself with me safely; I shall use it very civilly while it stays, and never turn it away without fair warning to provide for itself.

Dor. First, then, I do receive your passion with as little consideration, on my part, as ever you gave it me, on yours. And now see what a miserable wretch you have made yourself!

Pala. Who, I miserable? Thank you for that. Give me love enough, and life enough, and I defy Fortune.

Dor. Know then, thou man of vain imagination, know, to thy utter confusion, that I am virtuous.

60 *Pala.* Such another word, and I give up the ghost.

Dor. Then, to strike you quite dead, know that I am married too.

Pala. Art thou married? O thou damnable virtuous woman!

Dor. Yes, married to a gentleman; young, handsome, rich, valiant, and with all the good qualities that will make you despair and hang yourself.

Pala. Well, in spite of all that, I'll love you. Fortune has cut us out for one another; for I am to be married within these three days; married, past redemption, to a young, fair, rich, and virtuous lady; and it shall go hard but I will love my wife as little, as I perceive you do 70 your husband.

Dor. Remember, I invade no propriety: my servant you are only till you are married.

Pala. In the meantime, you are to forget you have a husband.

Dor. And you, that you are to have a wife.

Bel. [*Aside, to her Lady.*] O madam, my lord's just at the end of the walks; and, if you make not haste, will discover you.

Dor. Some other time, new servant, we'll talk further of the prem-

ises; in the meanwhile, break not my first commandment, that is, not to follow me.

80 *Pala.* But where, then, shall I find you again?

Dor. At court. Yours for two days, sir.

Pala. And nights, I beseech you, madam.

[*Exit DORALICE and BELIZA.*]

Pala. Well, I'll say that for thee, thou art a very dext'rous executioner; thou hast done my business at one stroke. Yet I must marry another—and yet I must love this; and if it lead me into some little inconveniences, as jealousies, and duels, and death, and so forth—yet, while sweet love is in the case, Fortune, do thy worst, and avaunt, mortality!

Enter RHODOPHIL, who seems speaking to one within.

Rho. Leave 'em with my lieutenant, while I fetch new orders from
90 the king. How? Palamede! [Sees PALAMEDE.]

Pala. Rhodophil!

Rho. Who thought to have seen you in Sicily?

Pala. Who thought to have found the court so far from Syracuse?

Rho. The king best knows the reason of the progress. But, answer me, I beseech you, what brought you home from travel?

Pala. The commands of an old rich father.

Rho. And the hopes of burying him?

Pala. Both together, as you see, have prevail'd on my good-nature. In few words, my old man has already married me; for he has agreed
100 with another old man, as rich and as covetous as himself; the articles are drawn, and I have given my consent, for fear of being disinherited; and yet know not what kind of woman I am to marry.

Rho. Sure your father intends you some very ugly wife, and has a mind to keep you in ignorance till you have shot the gulf.

Pala. I know not that; but obey I will, and must.

Rho. Then I cannot choose but grieve for all the good girls and courtesans of France and Italy. They have lost the most kind-hearted, doting, prodigal humble servant, in Europe.

Pala. All I could do, in these three years I stay'd behind you, was
110 to comfort the poor creatures for the loss of you. But what's the reason that, in all this time, a friend could never hear from you?

Rho. Alas, dear Palamede, I have had no joy to write, nor indeed to do anything in the world to please me. The greatest misfortune imaginable is fall'n upon me.

Pala. Pr'ythee, what's the matter?

Rho. In one word, I am married: wretchedly married; and have been, above these two years. Yes, faith, the devil has had power over me, in spite of my vows and resolutions to the contrary.

Pala. I find you have sold yourself for filthy lucre; she's old, or ill
120 condition'd.

Rho. No; none of these: I'm sure she's young; and, for her humor, she laughs, sings, and dances eternally; and, which is more, we never quarrel about it, for I do the same.

Pala. You're very unfortunate indeed. Then the case is plain, she is not handsome.

Rho. A great beauty too, as people say.

Pala. As people say? Why, you should know that best yourself.

Rho. Ask those who have smelt to a strong perfume two years together, what's the scent.

130 *Pala.* But here are good qualities enough for one woman.

Rho. Aye, too many, Palamede. If I could put 'em into three or four women, I should be content.

Pala. O, now I have found it! You dislike her for no other reason but because she's your wife.

Rho. And is not that enough? All that I know of her perfections now, is only by memory. I remember, indeed, that about two years ago I lov'd her passionately; but those golden days are gone, Palamede. Yet I lov'd her a whole half year, double the natural term of any mistress; and think, in my conscience, I could have held out another
140 quarter, but then the world began to laugh at me, and a certain shame of being out of fashion seiz'd me. At last, we arriv'd at that point, that there was nothing left in us to make us new to one another. Yet still I set a good face upon the matter, and am infinite fond of her before company; but when we are alone, we walk like lions in a room; she one way, and I another. And we lie with our backs to each other, so far distant as if the fashion of great beds was only invented to keep husband and wife sufficiently asunder.

Pala. The truth is, your disease is very desperate; but, tho' you cannot be cur'd, you may be patch'd up a little: you must get you a
150 mistress, Rhodophil. That, indeed, is living upon cordials; but, as fast as one fails; you must supply it with another. You're like a gamester who has lost his estate; yet, in doing that, you have learn'd the advantages of play, and can arrive to live upon 't.

Rho. Truth is, I have been thinking on 't, and have just resolv'd to take your counsel; and, faith, considering the damn'd disadvantages of a married man, I have provided well enough for a poor humble sinner that is not ambitious of great matters.

Pala. What is she for a woman?

Rho. One of the stars of Syracuse, I assure you: young enough,
160 fair enough; and, but for one quality, just such a woman as I would wish.

Pala. O friend, this is not an age to be critical in beauty. When we had good store of handsome women, and but few chapmen, you might have been more curious in your choice; but now the price is enhanc'd upon us, and all mankind set up for mistresses, so that poor little creatures, without beauty, birth, or breeding, but only impudence, go off at unreasonable rates. And a man, in these hard times, snaps at 'em, as he does at broad-gold; never examines the weight, but takes light or heavy, as he can get it.

127. *that best*] Qq. *best that* F.

139. *and think*] QqF. *and I think* SsM.

141. *that point* Q1Q2F. *the point* Q3.

160. *would*] QqF. *could* SsM.

170 *Rho.* But my mistress has one fault, that's almost unpardonable; for, being a town-lady, without any relation to the court, yet she thinks herself undone if she be not seen there three or four times a day, with the Princess Amalthea. And, for the king, she haunts and watches him so narrowly in a morning that she prevents even the chymists, who beset his chamber, to turn their mercury into his gold.

Pala. Yet, hitherto, methinks, you are no very unhappy man.

Rho. With all this, she's the greatest gossip in nature; for, besides the court, she's the most eternal visitor of the town; and yet manages her time so well that she seems ubiquitary. For my part, I can compare
180 her to nothing but the sun; for, like him, she takes no rest, nor ever sets in one place, but to rise in another.

Pala. I confess, she had need be handsome, with these qualities.

Rho. No lady can be so curious of a new fashion, as she is of a new French word; she's the very mint of the nation; and, as fast as any bullion comes out of France, coins it immediately into our language.

Pala. And her name is——

Rho. No naming; that's not like a cavalier. Find her, if you can, by my description; and I am not so ill a painter that I need write the name beneath the picture.

190 *Pala.* Well, then, how far have you proceeded in your love?

Rho. 'Tis yet in the bud, and what fruit it may bear I cannot tell; for this insufferable humor, of haunting the court, is so predominant that she has hitherto broken all her assignations with me, for fear of missing her visits there.

Pala. That's the hardest part of your adventure. But, for aught I see, fortune has us'd us both alike: I have a strange kind of mistress too in court, besides her I am to marry.

Rho. You have made haste to be in love, then; for, if I am not mistaken, you are but this day arriv'd.

200 *Pala.* That's all one: I have seen the lady already who has charm'd me; seen her in these walks, courted her, and receiv'd, for the first time, an answer that does not put me into despair.

To them ARGALEON, AMALTHEA, ARTEMIS.

I'll tell you at more leisure my adventures. The walks fill apace, I see. Stay, is not that the young lord Argaleon, the king's favorite?

Rho. Yes, and as proud as ever, as ambitious, and as revengeful.

Pala. How keeps he the king's favor with these qualities?

Rho. Argaleon's father help'd him to the crown: besides, he gilds over all his vices to the king; and, standing in the dark to him, sees all his inclinations, interests, and humors, which he so times and soothes,
210 that, in effect, he reigns.

Pala. His sister Amalthea, who, I guess, stands by him, seems not to be of his temper.

170. *mistress*] QqF here, as often, print *mistris*; *mistress*, however, also occurs.

172. *there*] Qq. Omitted in F.

180. *her to nothing*] Qq. *to her nothing* F.

205. *and as proud*] Q1Q2F. Q3 omits *and*.

Rho. O, she's all goodness and generosity.

Arga. Rhodophil, the king expects you earnestly.

Rho. 'Tis done, my lord, what he commanded: I only waited his return from hunting. Shall I attend your lordship to him?

Arga. No; I go first another way.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Pala. He seems in haste, and discompos'd.

Amal. [*To RHO. after a short whisper.*] Your friend? Then he
220 must needs be of much merit.

Rho. When he has kiss'd the king's hand, I know he'll beg the honor to kiss yours. Come, Palamede.

[*Exeunt RHO. and PALA., bowing to AMAL.*]

Arte. Madam, you tell me most surprising news.

Amal. The fear of it, you see,
Has discompos'd my brother; but, to me,
All that can bring my country good is welcome.

Arte. It seems incredible, that this old king,
Whom all the world thought childless,
Should come to search the farthest parts of Sicily,
230 In hope to find an heir.

Amal. To lessen your astonishment, I will
Unfold some private passages of state
Of which you yet are ignorant. Know, first,
That this Polydamas, ~~who reigns, unjustly~~
Gain'd the crown.

Arte. Somewhat of this I have confus'dly heard.

Alam. I'll tell you all in brief: Theagenes,
Our last great king,
Had, by his queen, one only son, an infant
240 Of three years old, call'd, after him, Theagenes.
The general, this Polydamas, then married;
The public feasts for which were scarcely past,
When a rebellion in the heart of Sicily
Call'd out the king to arms.

Arte. Polydamas
Had then a just excuse to stay behind.

Amal. His temper was too warlike to accept it.
He left his bride, and the new joys of marriage,
And follow'd to the field. In short, they fought,
The rebels were o'ercome; but in the fight
250 The too bold king receiv'd a mortal wound.
When he perceiv'd his end approaching near,
He call'd the general, to whose care he left
His widow queen, and orphan son; then died.

Arte. Then false Polydamas betray'd his trust?

Amal. He did; and with my father's help, for which
Heav'n pardon him, so gain'd the soldiers' hearts
That in few days he was saluted king:
And, when his crimes had impudence enough

218. Pala. He seems . . . discompos'd.] Q1F. Omitted in Q2Q3.

233. yet are] QqF. are yet SsM.

To bear the eye of day,

260 He march'd his army back to Syracuse.

But see how heav'n can punish wicked men,
In granting their desires. The news was brought him,
That day he was to enter it, that Eubulus,
Whom his dead master had left governor,
Was fled, and with him bore away the queen,
And royal orphan; but, what more amaz'd him,
His wife, now big with child, and much detesting
Her husband's practices, had willingly
Accompanied their flight.

270 *Arte.* How I admire her virtue!

Amal.

What became

Of her, and them, since that, was never known;
Only, some few days since, a famous robber
Was taken with some jewels of vast price,
Which, when they were deliver'd to the king,
He knew had been his wife's; with these, a letter,
Much torn and sullied, but which yet he knew
To be her writing.

Arte. Sure, from hence he learn'd
He had a son!

Amal. It was not left so plain:
The paper only said, she died in childbed;

280 But when it should have mention'd son or daughter,
Just there it was torn off.

Arte. Madam, the king.

To them POLYDAMAS, ARGALEON, Guard, and Attendants.

Arga. The robber, tho' thrice rack'd, confess'd no more,
But that he took those jewels near this place.

Poly. But yet the circumstances strongly argue
That those for whom I search are not far off.

Arga. I cannot easily believe it.

Arte.

No,

You would not have it so.

[*Aside.*

Poly. Those I employ'd have, in the neighboring hamlet,
Amongst the fishers' cabins, made discovery

290 Of some young persons, whose uncommon beauty,
And graceful carriage, make it seem suspicious.
They are not what they seem; I therefore sent
The captain of my guards, this morning early,
With orders to secure and bring 'em to me.

Enter RHODOPHIL and PALAMEDE.

O, here he is. Have you perform'd my will?

Rho. Sir, those whom you commanded me to bring
Are waiting in the walks.

Poly.

Conduct 'em hither.

Rho. First, give me leave
To beg your notice of this gentleman.

300 *Poly.* He seems to merit it. His name and quality?

Rho. Palamede, son to lord Cleodemus of Palermo,
And new return'd from travel.

[PALAMEDE approaches, and kneels to kiss the King's hand.

Poly. You are welcome.

I knew your father well, he was both brave
And honest; we two once were fellow-soldiers
In the last civil wars.

Pala. I bring the same unquestion'd honesty
And zeal to serve your Majesty; the courage
You were pleas'd to praise in him,
Your royal prudence, and your people's love,
310 Will never give me leave to try, like him,
In civil wars; I hope it may in foreign.

Poly. Attend the court, and it shall be my care
To find out some employment worthy you.

Go, Rhodophil, and bring in those without. [Exeunt RHO. and PALA.
RHODOPHIL returns again immediately, and with him enter HERMOGENES,
LEONIDAS, and PALMYRA.

Behold two miracles! [Looking earnestly on LEON. and PALMYRA.

Of different sexes, but of equal form:

So matchless both that my divided soul

Can scarcely ask the gods a son or daughter,

For fear of losing one. If from your hands,

320 You powers, I shall this day receive a daughter,

Argaleon, she is yours; but if a son,

Then Amalthea's love shall make him happy.

Arga. Grant, heav'n, this admirable nymph may prove
That issue which he seeks!

Amal. Venus Urania, if thou art a goddess,
Grant that sweet youth may prove the prince of Sicily!

Poly. Tell me, old man, and tell me true, from whence [To HER.
Had you that youth and maid?

Her. From whence you had
Your scepter, sir: I had 'em from the gods.

330 *Poly.* The gods then have not such another gift.
Say who their parents were.

Her. My wife, and I.

Arga. It is not likely,
A virgin of so excellent a beauty
Should come from such a stock.

Amal. Much less, that such a youth, so sweet, so graceful,
Should be produc'd from peasants.

Her. Why, nature is the same in villages,
And much more fit to form a noble issue,

301. to lord] Q1F. to the lord Q2Q3.

302. You are] SsM. You're QqF, causing defective meter.

332, 333. It is . . . beauty] One line in QqF SsM.

Where it is least corrupted.

340 *Poly.* He talks too like a man that knew the world,
To have been long a peasant. But the rack
Will teach him other language. Hence with him!

[*As the Guards are carrying him away, his peruke falls off.*

Sure I have seen that face before. Hermogenes!

'Tis he, 'tis he, who fled away with Eubulus,

And with my dear Eudoxia?

Her. Yes, sir, I am Hermogenes!

And if to have been loyal be a crime,

I stand prepar'd to suffer.

Poly. If thou wouldst live, speak quickly,

350 What is become of my Eudoxia?

Where is the queen and young Theagenes?

Where Eubulus? and which of these is mine?

[*Pointing to LEON. and PALM.*

Her. Eudoxia is dead, so is the queen;

The infant king, her son, and Eubulus.

Poly. Traitor, 'tis false. Produce 'em, or——

Her.

Once more

I tell you, they are dead; but leave to threaten,

For you shall know no further.

Poly. Then prove indulgent to my hopes, and be

My friend for ever. Tell me, good Hermogenes,

360 Whose son is that brave youth?

Her.

Sir, he is yours.

Poly. Fool that I am! thou see'st that so I wish it,
And so thou flatter'st me.

Her. By all that's holy!

Poly. Again. Thou canst not swear too deeply.—

Yet hold, I will believe thee.—Yet I doubt.

Her. You need not, sir.

Arga. Believe him not; he sees you credulous,

And would impose his own base issue on you,

And fix it to your crown.

Amal. Behold his goodly shape and feature, sir;

370 Methinks he much resembles you.

Arga. I say, if you have any issue here,

It must be that fair creature;

By all my hopes I think so.

Amal. Yes, brother, I believe you by your hopes,

For they are all for her.

Poly. Call the youth nearer.

Her. Leonidas, the king would speak with you.

Poly. Come near, and be not dazzled with the splendor,
And greatness of a court.

Leon. I need not this incouragement;

380 I can fear nothing but the gods.

368. to] Q1Q2F. on Q3.

377. the] Q1Q2F. Q3 omits.

And, for this glory, after I have seen
The canopy of state spread wide above
In the abyss of heaven, the court of stars,
The blushing morning, and the rising sun,
What greater can I see?

Poly. This speaks thee born a prince; thou art thyself

[*Embracing him.*]

That rising sun, and shalt not see on earth
A brighter then thyself.—All of you witness,
That for my son I here receive this youth,
390 This brave, this—but I must not praise him further,
Because he now is mine.

Leon. I wonnot, sir, believe

[*Kneeling.*]

That I am made your sport;
For I find nothing in myself but what
Is much above a scorn. I dare give credit
To whatsoe'er a king, like you, can tell me.
Either I am, or will deserve to be, your son.

Arga. I yet maintain it is impossible
This young man should be yours; for, if he were,
Why should Hermogenes so long conceal him,
400 When he might gain so much by his discovery?

Her. I stay'd a while to make him worthy, sir,
Of you. But in that time I found
Somewhat within him which so mov'd my love,
I never could resolve to part with him.

[*To the King.*]

Leon. You ask too many questions, and are
Too saucy for a subject.

[*To ARG.*]

Arga. You rather over-act your part, and are
Too soon a prince.

Leon. Too soon you 'll find me one.

Poly. Enough, Argaleon!

410 I have declar'd him mine; and you, Leonidas,
Live well with him I love.

Arga. Sir, if he be your son, I may have leave
To think your queen had twins. Look on this virgin;
Hermogenes would enviously deprive you
Of half your treasure.

Her. Sir, ~~she is my daughter.~~
I could, perhaps, thus aided by this lord,
Prefer her to be yours; but truth forbid
I should procure her greatness by a lie!

Poly. Come hither, beauteous maid. Are you not sorry
420 Your father will not let you pass for mine?

Palm. I am content to be what heav'n has made me.

Poly. Could you not wish yourself a princess then?

Palm. Not to be sister to Leonidas.

401, 402. *I stay'd . . . you*] One line in QqF. SsM make a hemistich of *Of you.*

Poly. Why, my sweet maid?

Palm.

Indeed I cannot tell;

But I could be content to be his handmaid.

Arga. I wish I had not seen her.

[*Aside.*

Palm. I must weep for your good fortune;

[*To LEON.*

Pray, pardon me, indeed I cannot help it.

Leonidas,—alas! I had forgot,

430 *Now I must call you prince,*—but must I leave you?

Leon. I dare not speak to her; for, if I should,

I must weep too.

[*Aside.*

Poly. No, you shall live at court, sweet innocence,

And see him there. *Hermogenes,*

Tho' you intended not to make me happy,

Yet you shall be rewarded for th' event.

Come, my *Leonidas,* let 's thank the gods;

Thou for a father, I for such a son.

[*Exeunt all but LEON and PALM.*

Leon. My dear *Palmyra,* many eyes observe me,

440 And I have thoughts so tender, that I cannot

In public speak 'em to you. Some hours hence

I shall shake off these crowds of fawning courtiers,

And then——

[*Exit LEON.*

Palm. Fly swift, you hours, you measure time for me in vain,
Till you bring back *Leonidas* again.

Be shorter now; and, to redeem that wrong,

When he and I are met, be twice as long!

[*Exit.*

ACT II

MELANTHA and PHILOTIS.

Phil. Count *Rhodophil* 's a fine gentleman indeed, madam; and, I think, deserves your affection.

Mel. Let me die but he 's a fine man; he sings and dances *en françois*, and writes the *billets-doux* to a miracle.

Phil. And those are no small talents, to a lady that understands and values the French air as your ladyship does.

Mel. How charming is the French air, and what an *étourdi bête* is one of our untravel'd islanders! When he would make his court to me, let me die but he is just *Æsop's* ass, that would imitate the courtly
10 French in his addresses; but, instead of those, comes pawing upon me, and doing all things so *mal à droitly*.

Phil. 'Tis great pity *Rhodophil* 's a married man, that you may not have an honorable intrigue with him.

Mel. Intrigue, *Philotis!* that 's an old phrase; I have laid that word by; *amour* sounds better. But thou art heir to all my cast words, as thou art to my old wardrobe. O, Count *Rhodophil!* Ah *mon cher!* I could live and die with him.

Enter PALAMEDE and a Servant.

Serv. Sir, this is my lady.

Pala. Then this is she that is to be divine, and nymph, and goddess, and with whom I am to be desperately in love. [*Bows to her, delivering a letter.*] This letter, madam, which I present you from your father, has given me both the happy opportunity, and the boldness, to kiss the fairest hands in Sicily.

Mel. Came you lately from Palermo, sir?

Pala. But yesterday, madam.

Mel. [*Reading the letter.*] Daughter, receive the bearer of this letter, as a gentleman whom I have chosen to make you happy. [*O Venus, a new servant sent me! and let me die but he has the air of a galant homme!*] His father is the rich lord Cleodemus, our neighbor: I suppose you 'll find nothing disagreeable in his person or his converse; both which he has improv'd by travel. The treaty is already concluded, and I shall be in town within these three days; so that you have nothing to do but to obey your careful father.

[*To PALA.*] Sir, my father, for whom I have a blind obedience, has commanded me to receive your passionate addresses; but you must also give me leave to avow, that I cannot merit 'em from so accomplish'd a cavalier.

Pala. I want many things, madam, to render me accomplish'd; and the first and greatest of 'em is your favor.

40 *Mel.* Let me die, Philotis, but this is extremely French; but yet Count Rhodophil.—A gentleman, sir, that understands the *grand monde* so well, who has haunted the best conversations, and who (in short) has voyag'd, may pretend to the good graces of any lady.

Pala. [*Aside.*] Hey-day! *Grand monde! conversation! voyag'd! and good graces!* I find my mistress is one of those that run mad in new French words.

Mel. I suppose, sir, you have made the *tour* of France; and, having seen all that 's fine there, will make a considerable reformation in the rudeness of our court: for let me die, but an unfashion'd, untravel'd, mere Sicilian, is a *bête*; and has nothing in the world of an *honnête homme*.

Pala. I must confess, madam, that——

Mel. And what new *minouets* have you brought over with you? Their *minouets* are to a miracle! and our Sicilian jigs are so dull and sad to 'em!

Pala. For *minouets*, madam——

Mel. And what new plays are there in vogue? And who danc'd best in the last grand ballet? Come, sweet servant, you shall tell me all.

60 *Pala.* [*Aside.*] Tell her all? Why, she asks all, and will hear nothing.—To answer in order, madam, to your demands——

Mel. I am thinking what a happy couple we shall be! For you

29. galant homme] SsM. gallant homme QqF.

43. any] QqF. a SsM.

47, 53, 54, 56. tour, minouets] In italics in QqF. SsM omit italics here, but retain them for *grand monde*, *bien tourné*, and other French words.

shall keep up your correspondence abroad, and everything that 's new writ, in France, and fine, I mean all that 's delicate, and *bien tourné*, we will have first.

Pala. But, madam, our fortune——

Mel. I understand you, sir; you 'll leave that to me. For the *ménage* of a family, I know it better then any lady in Sicily.

Pala. Alas, madam, we——

70 *Mel.* Then, we will never make visits together, nor see a play, but always apart; you shall be every day at the king's *levé*, and I at the queen's; and we will never meet but in the drawing-room.

Phil. Madam, the new prince is just pass'd by the end of the walk.

Mel. The new prince, say'st thou? Adieu, dear servant; I have not made my court to him these two long hours. O, 'tis the sweetest prince! so *obligeant*, *charmant*, *ravissant*, that——Well, I 'll make haste to kiss his hands, and then make half a score of visits more, and be with you again in a twinkling.

[Exit running, with PHIL.]

80 *Pala.* [solus.] Now Heaven, of thy mercy, bless me from this tongue! It may keep the field against a whole army of lawyers, and that in their own language, French gibberish. 'Tis true, in the daytime, 'tis tolerable, when a man has field-room to run from it; but to be shut up in a bed with her, like two cocks in a pit, humanity cannot support it. I must kiss all night in my own defense, and hold her down, like a boy at cuffs; nay, and give her the rising blow every time she begins to speak.

Enter RHODOPHIL.

But here comes Rhodophil. 'Tis pretty odd that my mistress should so much resemble his: the same newsmonger, the same passionate lover
90 of a court, the same——But basta, since I must marry her, I 'll say nothing, because he shall not laugh at my misfortune.

Rho. Well, Palamede, how go the affairs of love? You 've seen your mistress?

Pala. I have so.

Rho. And how, and how? Has the old Cupid, your father, chosen well for you? Is he a good woodman?

Pala. She 's much handsomer then I could have imagin'd: in short, I love her, and will marry her.

Rho. Then you are quite off from your other mistress?

100 *Pala.* You are mistaken; I intend to love 'em both, as a reasonable man ought to do: for, since all women have their faults and imperfections, 'tis fit that one of 'em should help out t'other.

68. *ménage*] SsM. *mennage* Q1F (no italics). *mannage* Q2Q3 (no italics).

71. *levé*] Q1Q2F, with italics. *leve* Q3, with italics. *levee* SsM, without italics.

73. *by*] Q1Q2F. Q3 omits.

77. *obligeant*, *charmant*, *ravissant*] QqF omit the italics, which are supplied by SsM.

86. *nay*] QqF. Omitted by SsM.

90. *her, I'll*] QqF. *her. I'll* SsM

99. *other*] Q1Q2F. *old* Q3.

102. *t'other*] Q1Q2F. *the t'other* Q3. *the other* SsM.

Rho. This were a blessed doctrine, indeed, if our wives would hear it; but they 're their own enemies. If they would suffer us but now and then to make excursions, the benefit of our variety would be theirs; instead of one continued, lazy, tir'd love, they would, in their turns, have twenty vigorous, fresh, and active loves.

Pala. And I would ask any of 'em, whether a poor narrow brook, half dry the best part of the year, and running ever one way, be to
110 be compar'd to a lusty stream that has ebbs and flows?

Rho. Aye, or is half so profitable for navigation?

Enter DORALICE, walking by, and reading.

Pala. Ods my life, Rhodophil, will you keep my counsel?

Rho. Yes; where 's the secret?

Pala. There 'tis: [*Showing DOR.*] I may tell you, as my friend, sub sigillo, &c., this is that very numerical lady with whom I am in love.

Rho. [*Aside.*] By all that 's virtuous, my wife!

Pala. You look strangely. How do you like her? Is she not very handsome?

120 *Rho.* [*Aside.*] Sure he abuses me. [*To him*].—Why the devil do you ask my judgment?

Pala. You are so dogged now, you think no man's mistress handsome but your own. Come, you shall hear her talk too; she has wit, I assure you.

Rho. [*Going back.*] This is too much, Palamede.

Pala. [*Pulling him forward.*] Prethee do not hang back so. Of an old tried lover, thou art the most bashful fellow!

Dor. [*Looking up.*] Were you so near, and would not speak, dear husband?

130 *Pala.* [*Aside.*] Husband, quoth a! I have cut out a fine piece of work for myself.

Rho. Pray, spouse, how long have you been acquainted with this gentleman?

Dor. Who? I acquainted with this stranger? To my best knowledge, I never saw him before.

Enter MELANTHA at the other end.

Pala. [*Aside.*] Thanks, Fortune, thou hast help'd me.

Rho. Palamede, this must not pass so. I must know your mistress a little better.

Pala. It shall be your own fault else. Come, I 'll introduce you.

140 *Rho.* Introduce me! Where?

Pala. There. To my mistress.

[*Pointing to MELANTHA, who swiftly passes over the stage.*]

Rho. Who? Melantha! O heavens, I did not see her.

Pala. But I did: I am an eagle where I love; I have seen her this half hour.

107. loves] QqF. lovers SsM.

126. [forward] Q1Q2F. [forwards] Q3.

Dor. [*Aside.*] I find he has wit, he has got off so readily; but it would anger me, if he should love Melantha.

Rho. [*Aside.*] Now, I could e'en wish it were my wife he lov'd; I find he's to be married to my mistress.

Pala. Shall I run after, and fetch her back again, to present you
150 to her?

Rho. No, you need not; I have the honor to have some small acquaintance with her.

Pala. [*Aside.*] O Jupiter! what a blockhead was I, not to find it out! My wife, that must be, is his mistress. I did a little suspect it before. Well, I must marry her, because she 's handsome, and because I hate to be disinherited for a younger brother, which I am sure I shall be, if I disobey; and yet I must keep in with Rhodophil, because I love his wife.—[*To RHO.*] I must desire you to make my
160 excuse to your lady, if I have been so unfortunate to cause any mis-
take; and, withal, to beg the honor of being known to her.

Rho. O, that 's but reason. Hark you, spouse, pray look upon this gentleman as my friend; whom, to my knowledge, you have never seen before this hour.

Dor. I 'm so obedient a wife, sir, that my husband's commands shall ever be a law to me.

Enter MELANTHA again, hastily, and runs to embrace DORALICE.

Mel. O, my dear, I was just going to pay my devoirs to you; I had not time this morning, for making my court to the king, and our new prince. Well, never nation was so happy, and all that, in a young prince; and he 's the kindest person in the world to me, let me die if
170 he is not.

Dor. He has been bred up far from court, and therefore——

Mel. That imports not. Tho' he has not seen the *grand monde*, and all that, let me die but he has the air of the court, most absolutely.

Pala. But yet, madam, he——

Mel. O, servant, you can testify that I am in his good graces. Well, I cannot stay long with you, because I have promis'd him this afternoon to——But hark you, my dear, I 'll tell you a secret.

[*Whispers to Dor.*]

Rho. [*Aside.*] The devil 's in me, that I must love this woman.

Pala. [*Aside.*] The devil 's in me, that I must marry this woman.

180 *Mel.* [*Raising her voice.*] So the prince and I—But you must make a secret of this, my dear; for I would not for the world your husband should hear it, or my tyrant, there, that must be.

Pala. [*Aside.*] Well, fair impertinent, your whisper is not lost, we hear you.

Dor. I understand then that——

Mel. I 'll tell you, my dear, the prince took me by the hand, and press'd it *à la dérobee*, because the king was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and, *in suite*, said a thousand gallantries, or let me die, my dear.

190 *Dor.* Then I am sure you——

147. *e'en*] QqF. *even* SsM.

188. *in suite*] QqF. *ensuite* SsM.

Mel. You are mistaken, my dear.

Dor. What, before I speak?

Mel. But I know your meaning. You think, my dear, that I assum'd something of *fierté* into my countenance, to *rebuté* him; but, quite contrary, I regarded him,—I know not how to express it in our dull Sicilian language,—*d'un air enjoué*; and said nothing but *à d'autres, à d'autres*, and that it was all *grimace*, and would not pass upon me.

Enter ARTEMIS: MELANTHA sees her, and runs away from DORALICE.

[*To ARTEMIS.*] My dear, I must beg your pardon, I was just making a loose from Doralice, to pay my respects to you. Let me die, if I ever pass time so agreeably as in your company, and if I would leave it for any lady's in Sicily.

Arte. The Princess Amalthea is coming this way.

Enter AMALTHEA: MELANTHA runs to her.

Mel. O, dear madam! I have been at your lodgings, in my new *galeche*, so often, to tell you of a new *amour*, betwixt two persons whom you would little suspect for it, that let me die if one of my coach-horses be not dead, and another quite tir'd, and sunk under the *fatigue*.

Amal. O, Melantha, I can tell you news; the prince is coming this way.

210 *Mel.* The prince? O sweet prince! He and I are to—and I forgot it.—Your pardon, sweet madam, for my abruptness. Adieu, my dears. Servant, Rhodophil. Servant, servant, servant all.

[*Exit running.*

Amal. Rhodophil, a word with you.

[*Whispers.*

Dor. [*To PALA.*] Why do you not follow your mistress, sir?

Pala. Follow her? Why, at this rate she 'll be at the Indies within this half hour.

Dor. However, if you can't follow her all day, you 'll meet her at night, I hope?

220 *Pala.* But can you, in charity, suffer me to be so mortified, without affording me some relief? If it be but to punish that sign of a husband there, that lazy matrimony, that dull insipid taste, who leaves such delicious fare at home, to dine abroad on worse meat, and to pay dear for 't into the bargain.

Dor. All this is in vain. Assure yourself, I will never admit of any visit from you in private.

Pala. That is to tell me, in other words, my condition is desperate.

Dor. I think you in so ill a condition that I am resolv'd to pray for you, this very evening, in the close walk behind the terrace; for that's a private place, and there I am sure nobody will disturb my de-

230 votions. And so, good night, sir.

[*Exit.*

Pala. This is the newest way of making an appointment I ever

195. *à d'autres*] SsM. *ad autre* QqF.

203, 204. *lodgings* . . . *galeche*] QqF. *lodging* . . . *calèche* SsM.

204. *amour*] Q1F have italics, which are omitted in Q2Q3 SsM.

217. *all day*] Q1Q2F. *to-day* Q3.

219. *so*] Q1Q2F. Omitted by Q3.

222. *and to pay*] QqF. *and pay* SsM.

heard of. Let women alone to contrive the means; I find we are but dunces to 'em. Well, I will not be so profane a wretch as to interrupt her devotions; but, to make 'em more effectual, I 'll down upon my knees, and endeavor to join my own with 'em. *[Exit.]*

Amal. [To RHO.] I know already they do not love each other; and that my brother acts but a forc'd obedience to the king's commands; so that, if a quarrel should arise betwixt the prince and him, I were most miserable on both sides.

240 *Rho.* There shall be nothing wanting in me, madam, to prevent so sad a consequence.

Enter the King, LEONIDAS; the King whispers AMALTHEA.

[To himself.] I begin to hate this Palamede, because he is to marry my mistress: yet break with him I dare not, for fear of being quite excluded from her company. 'Tis a hard case, when a man must go by his rival to his mistress; but 'tis, at worst, but using him like a pair of heavy boots in a dirty journey; after I have foul'd him all day, I 'll throw him off at night. *[Exit.]*

Amal. [To the King.] This honor is too great for me to hope.

Poly. You shall this hour have the assurance of it.

250 *Leonidas,* come hither; you have heard,
I doubt not, that the father of this princess
Was my most faithful friend, while I was yet
A private man; and, when I did assume
This crown, he serv'd me in that high attempt.
You see, then, to what gratitude obliges me;
Make your addresses to her.

Leon. Sir, I am yet too young to be a courtier;
I should too much betray my ignorance
And want of breeding to so fair a lady.

260 *Amal.* Your language speaks you not bred up in desarts,
But in the softness of some Asian court,
Where luxury and ease invent kind words
To cozen tender virgins of their hearts.

Poly. You need not doubt,
But in what words soe'er a prince can offer
His crown and person, they will be receiv'd.
You know my pleasure and you know your duty.

Leon. Yes, sir, I shall obey, in what I can.

Poly. In what you can, Leonidas? Consider,
270 He 's both your king and father, who commands you.
Besides, what is there hard in my injunction?

Leon. 'Tis hard to have my inclination forc'd.
I would not marry, sir; and, when I do,
I hope you 'll give me freedom in my choice.

Poly. View well this lady,
Whose mind as much transcends her beauteous face
As that excels all others.

247. *[Exit]* Q1F. Omitted by Q2Q3.

254. *that]* QqF. *the* SsM.

Amal. My beauty, as it ne'er could merit love,
 So neither can it beg: and, sir, you may
 280 Believe that what the king has offer'd you
 I should refuse, did I not value more
 Your person then your crown.

Leon. Think it not pride,
 Or my new fortunes, swell me to contemn you;
 Think less, that I want eyes to see your beauty;
 And, least of all, think duty wanting in me
 T' obey a father's will. But——

Poly. But what, Leonidas?
 For I must know your reason; and be sure
 It be convincing too.

Leon. Sir, ask the stars,
 Which have impos'd love on us, like a fate,
 290 Why minds are bent to one, and fly another.
 Ask why all beauties cannot move all hearts;
 For tho' there may
 Be made a rule for color, or for feature,
 There can be none for liking.

Poly. Leonidas, you owe me more
 Then to oppose your liking to my pleasure.

Leon. I owe you all things, sir; but something, too,
 I owe myself.

Poly. You shall dispute no more; I am a king,
 300 And I will be obey'd.

Leon. You are a king, sir, but you are no god;
 Or, if you were, you could not force my will.

Poly. [*Aside.*] But you are just, you gods; O, you are just,
 In punishing the crimes of my rebellion
 With a rebellious son!

Yet I can punish him, as you do me.—

Leonidas, there is no jesting with

My will: I ne'er had done so much to gain

A crown, but to be absolute in all things.

310 *Amal.* O, sir, be not so much a king as to
 Forget you are a father: soft indulgence
 Becomes that name. Tho' nature gives you pow'r
 To bind his duty, 'tis with silken bonds:
 Command him, then, as you command yourself;
 He is as much a part of you, as are
 Your appetite and will, and those you force not,
 But gently bend, and make 'em pliant to your reason.

Poly. It may be I have us'd too rough a way.
 Forgive me, my Leonidas; I know
 320 I lie as open to the gusts of passion,
 As the bare shore to every beating surge:
 I will not force thee now; but I intreat thee,
 Absolve a father's vow to this fair virgin;

A vow, which hopes of having such a son
First caus'd.

Leon. Show not my disobedience by your pray'rs;
For I must still deny you, tho' I now
Appear more guilty to myself, than you:
I have some reasons, which I cannot utter,
330 That force my disobedience; yet I mourn
To death, that the first thing you e'er injoin'd me,
Should be that only one command in nature
Which I could not obey.

Poly. I did descend too much below myself,
When I intreated him.—Hence, to thy desert!
Thou 'rt not my son, or art not fit to be.

Amal. Great sir, I humbly beg you, make not me [Kneeling
The cause of your displeasure. I absolve
Your vow; far, far from me be such designs;
340 So wretched a desire of being great
By making him unhappy. You may see
Something so noble in the prince his nature,
As grieves him more not to obey, than you,
That you are not obey'd.

Poly. Then, for your sake,
I'll give him one day longer, to consider
Not to deny; for my resolves are firm
As fate, that cannot change. [Exeunt King and AMAL.

Leon. And so are mine.
This beauteous princess, charming as she is,
Could never make me happy; I must first
350 Be false to my Palmyra, and then wretched.
But, then, a father's anger!
Suppose he should recede from his own vow,
He never would permit me to keep mine.

Enter PALMYRA; ARGALEON following her, a little after.

See, she appears!
I'll think no more of anything but her.
Yet I have one hour good ere I am wretched.
But, O! Argaleon follows her! So night
Treads on the footsteps of a winter's sun,
And stalks all black behind him.

Palm. O, Leonidas,
360 (For I must call you still by that dear name,)
Free me from this bad man.

Leon. I hope he dares not be injurious to you.

Arga. I rather was injurious to myself,
Then her.

342. prince his] QqF. prince's SsM.

353. would] Q1F. will Q2Q3.

356. hour good] QqF. good hour SsM.

360. by] Q1Q2F. Q3 omits.

Leon. That must be judg'd, when I hear what you said.

Arga. I think you need not give yourself that trouble:
It concern'd us alone.

Leon. You answer saucily, and indirectly:
What interest can you pretend in her?

370 *Arga.* It may be, sir, I made her some expressions
Which I would not repeat, because they were
Below my rank, to one of hers.

Leon. What did he say, Palmyra?

Palm. I'll tell you all. First, he began to look,
And then he sigh'd, and then he look'd again;
At last, he said my eyes wounded his heart:
And, after that, he talk'd of flames, and fires,
And such strange words that I believ'd he conjur'd.

Leon. O my heart! Leave me, Argaleon.

380 *Arga.* Come, sweet Palmyra,
I will instruct you better in my meaning:
You see he would be private.

Leon. Go yourself,
And leave her here.

Arga. Alas, she's ignorant,
And is not fit to entertain a prince.

Leon. First learn what's fit for you; that's to obey.

Arga. I know my duty is to wait on you.
A great king's son, like you, ought to forget
Such mean converse.

Leon. What? a disputing subject?
Hence, or my sword shall do me justice on thee.

390 *Arga.* Yet I may find a time——

[*Going.*

Leon. What's that you mutter,—

[*Going after him.*

To find a time?

Arga. To wait on you again—

[*Softly.*] In the meanwhile I'll watch you.

[*Exit, and watches during the scene.*

Leon. How precious are the hours of love in courts!
In cottages, where love has all the day,
Full, and at ease, he throws it half away.
Time gives himself, and is not valued, there;
But sells at mighty rates each minute, here:
There, he is lazy, unemploy'd, and slow;
Here, he's more swift; and yet has more to do.

400 So many of his hours in public move
That few are left for privacy and love.

Palm. The sun, methinks, shines faint and dimly, here;
Light is not half so long, nor half so clear:
But, O! when every day was yours and mine,
How early up! what haste he made to shine!

Leon. Such golden days no prince must hope to see,
Whose ev'ry subject is more blest than he,

Palm. Do you remember, when their tasks were done,
How all the youth did to our cottage run?

410 While winter winds were whistling loud without,
Our cheerful hearth was circled round about:
With strokes in ashes maids their lovers drew;
And still you fell to me, and I to you.

Leon. When love did of my heart possession take,
I was so young, my soul was scarce awake:
I cannot tell when first I thought you fair;
But suck'd in love, insensibly as air.

Palm. I know too well when first my love began,
When, at our wake, you for the chaplet ran:

420 Then I was made the lady of the May,
And, with the garland, at the goal did stay:
Still, as you ran, I kept you full in view;
I hop'd, and wish'd, and ran, methought, for you.
As you came near, I hastily did rise,
And stretch'd my arm outright, that held the prize.
The custom was to kiss whom I should crown;
You kneel'd, and in my lap your head laid down:
I blush'd, and blush'd, and did the kiss delay;
At last my subjects forc'd me to obey:

430 But, when I gave the crown, and then the kiss,
I scarce had breath to say: "Take that,—and this."

Leon. I felt, the while, a pleasing kind of smart;
The kiss went, tingling, to my very heart.
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay; }
The sweetness cling'd upon my lips all day, }
Like drops of honey, loth to fall away.

Palm. Life, like a prodigal, gave all his store
To my first youth, and now can give no more.
You are a prince; and, in that high degree,

440 No longer must converse with humble me.

Leon. 'Twas to my loss the gods that title gave;
A tyrant's son is doubly born a slave:

He gives a crown; but, to prevent my life
From being happy, loads it with a wife.

Palm. Speak quickly; what have you resolv'd to do?

Leon. To keep my faith inviolate to you.

He threatens me with exile, and with shame,
To lose my birthright, and a prince his name;
But there's a blessing which he did not mean,

450 To send me back to love and you again.

Palm. Why was not I a princess for your sake?
But heav'n no more such miracles can make:
And, since that cannot, this must never be;
You shall not lose a crown for love of me.

433. The] QqF. That SsM.

very] Q1Q2F. Q3 omits.

448. prince his] QqF. prince's SsM.

Live happy, and a nobler choice pursue;
I shall complain of fate, but not of you.

Leon. Can you so easily without me live?
Or could you take the counsel which you give?
Were you a princess, would you not be true?

460 *Palm.* I would; but cannot merit it from you.

Leon. Did you not merit, as you do, my heart,
Love gives esteem, and then it gives desert.
But if I basely could forget my vow,
Poor helpless innocence, what would you do?

Palm. In woods, and plains, where first my love began,
There would I live, retir'd from faithless man:
I'd sit all day within some lonely shade,
Or that close arbor which your hands have made:
I'd search the groves, and ev'ry tree, to find
470 Where you had carv'd our names upon the rind:
Your hook, your scrip, all that was yours, I'd keep,
And lay 'em by me when I went to sleep.
Thus would I live: and maidens, when I die,
Upon my hearse white true-love-knots should tie;
And thus my tomb should be inscrib'd above:
Here the forsaken virgin rests from love.

Leon. Think not that time or fate shall e'er divide
Those hearts, which love and mutual vows have tied.
But we must part; farewell, my love.

Palm. Till when?

480 *Leon.* Till the next age of hours we meet again.

Meantime—we may,
When near each other we in public stand,
Contrive to catch a look, or steal a hand:
Fancy will every touch and glance improve,
And draw the most spirituous parts of love.
Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own intrals spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider-like, we feel the tender'st touch.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter RHODOPHIL, meeting DORALICE and ARTEMIS; RHODOPHIL and DORALICE embrace.

Rho. My own dear heart!

Dor. My own true love! [*She starts back.*] I had forgot myself to be so kind; indeed, I am very angry with you, dear; you are come home an hour after you appointed: if you had stay'd a minute longer, I was just considering whether I should stab, hang, or drown myself.

[*Embracing him.*]

Rho. Nothing but the king's business could have hinder'd me; and I was so vex'd that I was just laying down my commission, rather than have fail'd my dear. [Kissing her hand.]

Arte. Why, this is love as it should be betwixt man and wife: such
10 another couple would bring marriage into fashion again. But is it always thus betwixt you?

Rho. Always thus! This is nothing. I tell you, there is not such a pair of turtles in all Sicily; there is such an eternal cooing and kissing betwixt us that indeed it is scandalous before civil company.

Dor. Well, if I had imagin'd I should have been this fond fool, I would never have married the man I lov'd: I married to be happy, and have made myself miserable by over-loving. Nay, and now my case is desperate; for I have been married above these two years, and find myself every day worse and worse in love: nothing but madness can be
20 the end on 't.

Arte. Doat on, to the extremity, and you are happy.

Dor. He deserves so infinitely much, that, the truth is, there can be no doating in the matter; but, to love well, I confess, is a work that pays itself. 'Tis telling gold; and, after, taking it for one's pains.

Rho. By that I should be a very covetous person; for I am ever pulling out my money and putting it into my pocket again.

Dor. O dear Rhodophil!

Rho. O sweet Doralice!

[Embracing each other.]

Arte. [Aside.] Nay, I am resolv'd, I'll never interrupt lovers: I'll
30 leave 'em as happy as I found 'em. [Steals away.]

Rho. [Looking up.] What, is she gone?

Dor. Yes; and without taking leave.

Rho. [Parting from her.] Then there's enough for this time.

Dor. Yes, sure, the scene's done, I take it.

[They walk contrary ways on the stage; he, with his hands in his pockets, whistling; she singing a dull melancholy tune.]

Rho. Pox o' your dull tune, a man can't think for you.

Dor. Pox o' your damn'd whistling; you can neither be company to me yourself, nor leave me to the freedom of my own fancy.

Rho. Well, thou art the most provoking wife!

Dor. Well, thou art the dullest husband, thou art never to be
40 provok'd.

Rho. I was never thought dull till I married thee; and now thou hast made an old knife of me; thou hast whetted me so long, till I have no edge left.

Dor. I see you are in the husband's fashion; you reserve all your good humors for your mistresses, and keep your ill for your wives.

Rho. Prethee leave me to my own cogitations; I am thinking over all my sins, to find for which of them it was I married thee.

Dor. Whatever your sin was, mine's the punishment.

Rho. My comfort is, thou art not immortal; and, when that blessed,

8. have fail'd] Qq. fail F.

13. all] QqF. SsM omit.

29. I am] Q1F. I'm Q2Q3.

34. (stage direction). [pockets] SsM. [pocket] QqF, probably by a misprint.

47. It was] Q1Q2F. Q3 omits.

50 that divine day comes, of thy departure, I'm resolv'd I'll make one holiday more in the almanac for thy sake.

Dor. Aye, you had need make a holiday for me, for I am sure you have made me a martyr.

Rho. Then, setting my victorious foot upon thy head, in the first hour of thy silence (that is, the first hour thou art dead, for I despair of it before) I will swear by thy ghost, an oath as terrible to me as Styx is to the gods, never more to be in danger of the banes of matrimony.

Dor. And I am resolv'd to marry the very same day thou diest, if 60 it be but to show how little I'm concern'd for thee.

Rho. Prethee, Doralice, why do we quarrel thus a-days? Ha? This is but a kind of heathenish life, and does not answer the ends of marriage. If I have err'd, propound what reasonable atonement may be made before we sleep, and I shall not be refractory; but withal consider I have been married these three years, and be not too tyrannical.

Dor. What should you talk of a peace abed, when you can give no security for performance of articles?

Rho. Then, since we must live together, and both of us stand upon our terms, as to matter of dying first, let us make ourselves as merry as 70 we can with our misfortunes.

Why, there's the devil on 't! If thou couldst make my enjoying thee but a little less easy, or a little more unlawful, thou shouldst see what a termagant lover I would prove. I have taken such pains to enjoy thee, Doralice, that I have fancied thee all the fine women in the town, to help me out. But now there's none left for me to think on, my imagination is quite jaded. Thou art a wife, and thou wilt be a wife, and I can make thee another no longer. [Exit RHO.]

Dor. Well, since thou art a husband, and wilt be a husband, I'll try if I can find out another. 'Tis a pretty time we women have on 't, to 80 be made widows while we are married. Our husbands think it reasonable to complain, that we are the same, and the same to them, when we have more reason to complain that they are not the same to us. Because they cannot feed on one dish, therefore we must be starv'd. 'Tis enough that they have a sufficient ordinary provided, and a table ready spread for 'em: if they cannot fall to, and eat heartily, the fault is theirs; and 'tis pity, methinks, that the good creature should be lost, when many a poor sinner would be glad on 't.

Enter MELANTHA and ARTEMIS to her.

Mel. Dear, my dear, pity me, I am so *chagrin* to-day, and have had the most signal affront at court! I went this afternoon to do my devoir

51, 52. *holiday*] SsM. *holy-day* QqF.

56. *thy*] Q1F. *the* Q2Q3.

57. *in danger*] Q1Q2F. *in the danger* Q3.

60. *be but to*] Q1F. Q2Q3 omit *but*.

64. *shall*] QqF. *will* SsM.

66. *What*] Q1F. *Why* Q2Q3.

69. *to matter*] Q1Q2F. *to the matter* Q3. *to matters* SsM.

72. *less easy*] QqF. SsM omit *less*.

or a] Q1Q2F. or but a Q3.

74. *in*] QqF. of SsM.

88. *chagrin*] QqF have no italics, which are added by SsM.

90 to Princess Amalthea, found her, convers'd with her, and help'd to make her court some half an hour; after which, she went to take the air, chose out two ladies to go with her that came in after me, and left me most barbarously behind her.

Arte. You are the less to be pitied, Melantha, because you subject yourself to these affronts by coming perpetually to court, where you have no business nor employment.

Mel. I declare, I had rather of the two be *raillied*, nay, *mal traitée* at court, then be deified in the town; for, assuredly, nothing can be so *ridicule* as a mere town lady.

100 *Dor.* Especially at court. How I have seen 'em crowd and sweat in the drawing-room, on a holiday night; for that's their time to swarm and invade the presence! O, how they catch at a bow, or any little salute from a courtier, to make show of their acquaintance! And, rather than be thought to be quite unknown, they court'sy to one another; but they take true pains to come near the circle, and press and peep upon the princess, to write letters into the country how she was dress'd, while the ladies that stand about make their court to her with abusing them.

Arte. These are sad truths, Melantha; and therefore I would e'en 110 advise you to quit the court, and live either wholly in the town, or, if you like not that, in the country.

Dor. In the country! Nay, that's to fall beneath the town, for they live there upon our offals here. Their entertainment of wit is only the remembrance of what they had when they were last in town; they live this year upon the last year's knowledge, as their cattle do all night by chewing the cud of what they eat in the afternoon.

Mel. And they tell, for news, such unlikely stories! A letter from one of us is such a present to 'em that the poor souls wait for the carrier's-day with such devotion that they cannot sleep the night before.

120 *Arte.* No more then I can, the night before I am to go a journey.

Dor. Or I, before I am to try on a new gown.

Mel. A song that's stale here will be new there a twelvemonth hence; and if a man of the town by chance come amongst 'em, he's reverenc'd for teaching 'em the tune.

Dor. A friend of mine, who makes songs sometimes, came lately out of the west, and vow'd he was so put out of count'nance with a song of his; for, at the first country gentleman's he visited, he saw three tailors cross-legg'd upon the table in the hall, who were tearing out as loud as ever they could sing,

130 ———After the pangs of a desperate lover, &c.

And all that day he heard nothing else but the daughters of the house, and the maids, humming it over in every corner, and the father whistling it.

Arte. Indeed, I have observ'd of myself, that when I am out of

97. *raillied*] *rally'd* QqF, with italics. *rallied* SsM, without italics.

113. *there*] QqF. Omitted by SsM.

115. *the last*] Q1Q2F. Q3 omits *the*.

131. *all that day he heard nothing*] QqF. *that all day he heard of nothing* SsM,

town but a fortnight, I am so humble that I would receive a letter from my tailor or mercer for a favor.

Mel. When I have been at grass in the summer, and am new come up again, methinks I'm to be turn'd into *ridicule* by all that see me; but when I have been once or twice at court, I begin to value myself
140 again, and to despise my country acquaintance.

Arte. There are places where all people may be ador'd, and we ought to know ourselves so well as to choose 'em.

Dor. That's very true; your little courtier's wife, who speaks to the king but once a month, need but go to a town lady, and there she may vapor and cry, "The king and I," at every word. Your town lady, who is laugh'd at in the circle, takes her coach into the city, and there she's call'd Your Honor, and has a banquet from the merchant's wife, whom she laughs at for her kindness. And as for my finical cit, she removes but to her country house, and there insults over the country
150 gentlewoman that never comes up, who treats her with frumity and custard, and opens her dear bottle of *mirabilis* beside, for a gill glass of it at parting.

Arte. At last, I see, we shall leave Melantha where we found her; for, by your description of the town and country, they are become more dreadful to her than the court, where she was affronted. But you forget we are to wait on the Princess Amalthea. Come, Doralice.

Dor. Farewell, Melantha.

Mel. Adieu, my dear.

Arte. You are out of charity with her, and therefore I shall not
160 give your service.

Mel. Do not omit it, I beseech you; for I have such a *tender* for the court, that I love it ev'n from the drawing-room to the lobby, and can never be *rebutée* by any usage. But hark you, my dears; one thing I had forgot, of great concernment.

Dor. Quickly then, we are in haste.

Mel. Do not call it my service, that's too vulgar; but do my *baise-mains* to the Princess Amalthea; that is *spirituelle*!

Dor. To do you service, then, we will *prendre* the *carrosse* to court, and do your *baise-mains* to the Princess Amalthea, in your phrase
170 *spirituelle*. [Exeunt ARTEMIS and DORALICE.]

Enter PHILOTIS, with a paper in her hand.

Mel. O, are you there, minion? And, well, are not you a most precious damsel, to retard all my visits for want of language, when you know you are paid so well for furnishing me with new words for my daily conversation? Let me die, if I have not run the risk already to speak like one of the vulgar, and if I have one phrase left in all my store, that is not thridbare *et usé*, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to peasants.

Phil. Indeed, madam, I have been very diligent in my vocation;

138. *I'm*] Q1Q2F. *I am* Q3.

150. *frumity*] Q1Q2F. *furmity* Q3 SsM.

161. *tender*] QqF, without italics. *tendre* SsM, with italics. Similarly below, p. 208, l. 101 and p. 209, l. 155.

but you have so drain'd all the French plays and romances that they
180 are not able to supply you with words for your daily expenses.

Mel. Drain'd? What a word's there! *Epuisé*, you sot you. Come, produce your morning's work.

Phil. 'Tis here, madam.

[Shows the paper.

Mel. O, my Venus! fourteen or fifteen words to serve me a whole day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot last till night. Come, read your works. Twenty to one, half of 'em will not pass muster neither.

Phil. *Sottises*.

[Reads.

Mel. *Sottises*: *bon*. That's an excellent word to begin withal; as, for example, he or she said a thousand *sottises* to me. Proceed.

190 Phil. *Figure*: as, what a *figure* of a man is there! *Naïve*, and *naïveté*.

Mel. *Naïve*! as how?

Phil. Speaking of a thing that was naturally said, it was so *naïve*; or, such an innocent piece of simplicity, 'twas such a *naïveté*.

Mel. Truce with your interpretations. Make haste.

Phil. *Foible, chagrin, grimace, embarrassé, double entendre, équivoque, éclaircissement, suite, bévue, façon, panchant, coup d'étourdi, and ridicule*.

Mel. Hold, hold; how did they begin?

200 Phil. They began at *sottises*, and ended *en ridicule*.

Mel. Now give me your paper in my hand, and hold you my glass, while I practice my postures for the day. [MELANTHA laughs in the glass.] How does that laugh become my face?

Phil. Sovereignly well, madam.

Mel. *Sovereignly*? Let me die, that's not amiss. That word shall not be yours; I'll invent it, and bring it up myself; my new point *gorget* shall be yours upon 't. Not a word of the word, I charge you.

Phil. I am dumb, madam.

Mel. That glance, how suits it with my face?

[Looking in the glass.

210 Phil. 'Tis so *languissant*!

Mel. *Languissant*! That word shall be mine too, and my last Indian gown thine for 't. That sigh? [Looks again.

Phil. 'Twill make many a man sigh, madam. 'Tis a mere *incendiary*.

Mel. Take my gimp petticoat for that truth. If thou hast more of these phrases, let me die but I could give away all my wardrobe, and go naked for 'em.

Phil. Go naked? Then you would be a Venus, madam. O Jupiter! what had I forgot? This paper was given me by Rhodophil's page.

220 Mel. [Reading the letter.] *Beg the favor from you.—Gratify my passion—so far—assignation—in the grotto—behind the terrace—clock this evening.—Well, for the billets-doux there's no man in Sicily must dispute with Rhodophil; they are so French, so gallant, and so tendre,*

180. expenses] QqF. expense SsM.

186. of 'em] Q1Q2F. of them Q3 SsM.

190. Figure: as, what a figure] SsM. QqF have italics for the first figure, but not for the second.

196. embarrassé] SsM. embarrasse QqF.

213. many] QqF. Omitted by SsM.

that I cannot resist the temptation of the assignation. Now go you away, Philotis; it imports me to practice what I shall say to my servant when I meet him. [*Exit PHILOTIS.*]

“Rhodophil, you’ll wonder at my assurance to meet you here;—let me die, I am so out of breath with coming that I can render you no reason of it.”—Then he will make this *repartee*: “Madam, I have no reason to accuse you for that which is so great a favor to me.”—Then I reply:
 230 “But why have you drawn me to this solitary place? Let me die, but I am apprehensive of some violence from you.”—Then says he: “Solitude, madam, is most fit for lovers; but by this fair hand”——“Nay, now I vow you’re rude, sir. O fie, fie, fie; I hope you’ll be honorable?”—“You’d laugh at me if I should, madam.”—“What do you mean to throw me down thus? Ah me! ah! ah! ah!”

Enter POLYDAMAS, LEONIDAS, and Guards.

O Venus! The king and court. Let me die, but I fear they have found my *foible*, and will turn me into *ridicule*. [*Exit, running.*]

Leon. Sir, I beseech you.

Poly. Do not urge my patience.

Leon. I’ll not deny,

240 But what your spies inform’d you of is true:
 I love the fair Palmyra; but I lov’d her
 Before I knew your title to my blood.

Enter PALMYRA, guarded.

See, here she comes, and looks, amidst her guards,
 Like a weak dove under the falcon’s gripe.
 O heav’n, I cannot bear it.

Poly. Maid, come hither.

Have you presum’d so far as to receive
 My son’s affection?

Palm. Alas, what shall I answer? To confess it
 Will raise a blush upon a virgin’s face;

250 Yet I was ever taught ’twas base to lie.

Poly. You’ve been too bold, and you must love no more.

Palm. Indeed I must; I cannot help my love:

I was so tender when I took the bent
 That now I grow that way.

Poly. He is a prince, and you are meanly born.

Leon. ~~Love either finds equality, or makes it:~~

Like death, he knows no difference in degrees,
 But plains and levels all.

Palm. Alas! I had not render’d up my heart,
 260 Had he not lov’d me first; but he preferr’d me
 Above the maidens of my age and rank;—
 Still shunn’d their company, and still sought mine.
 I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave;

224. *what I shall say*] QqF. *what to say* SsM.

235. *ah! ah! ah!*] Q1F, without exclamation points. *ha, ha, ha*, Q2Q3.

247. *affection*] QqF. *affections* SsM.

And all his gifts, tho' small, yet spoke his love.
 He pick'd the earliest strawberries in woods,
 The cluster'd filberds, and the purple grapes;
 He taught a prating stare to speak my name;
 And, when he found a nest of nightingales,
 Or callow linnets, he would show 'em me,
 270 And let me take 'em out.

Poly. This is a little mistress, meanly born,
 Fit only for a prince his vacant hours,
 And then, to laugh at her simplicity,
 Not fix a passion there. Now hear my sentence.

Leon. Remember, ere you give it, 'tis pronounc'd
 Against us both.

Poly. First, in her hand
 There shall be plac'd a player's painted scepter,
 And, on her head, a gilded pageant crown:
 Thus shall she go,
 280 With all the boys attending on her triumph;
 That done, he put alone into a boat,
 With bread and water only for three days;
 So on the sea she shall be set adrift,
 And who relieves her, dies.

Palm. I only beg that you would execute
 The last part first. Let me be put to sea;
 The bread and water for my three days' life
 I give you back, I would not live so long;
 But let me scape the shame.

Leon. Look to me, piety;
 290 And you, O gods, look to my piety!
 Keep me from saying that which misbecomes a son,
 But let me die before I see this done.

Poly. If you for ever will abjure her sight,
 I can be yet a father; she shall live.

Leon. Hear, O you pow'rs! is this to be a father?
 I see 'tis all my happiness and quiet
 You aim at, sir; and take 'em:
 I will not save ev'n my Palmyra's life
 At that ignoble price; but I'll die with her.

300 *Palm.* So had I done by you,
 Had fate made me a princess. Death, methinks,
 Is not a terror now;
 He is not fierce, or grim, but fawns, and soothes me,
 And slides along, like Cleopatra's aspic,
 Off'ring his service to my troubled breast.

264. spoke] QqF. spake SsM.

266. filberds] QqF. filberts SsM.
 the purple] Q1F. Q2Q3 omit the.

272. prince his] QqF. prince's SsM.

289, 290. But let . . . piety] QqF SsM arrange as follows:

Palm. But let me scape the shame.

Leon. Look to me, piety; and you, O gods, look to my piety.

Leon. Begin what you have purpos'd when you please;
Lead her to scorn, your triumph shall be doubled.
As holy priests

In pity go with dying malefactors,
310 So will I share her shame.

Poly. You shall not have your will so much; first part 'em,
Then execute your office.

Leon. No; I'll die
In her defense.

[*Draws his sword.*]

Palm. Ah, hold, and pull not on
A curse, to make me worthy of my death:
Do not by lawless force oppose your father,
Whom you have too much disobey'd for me.

Leon. Here, take it, sir, and with it pierce my heart:

[*Presenting his sword to his father upon his knees.*]

You have done more, in taking my Palmyra.
You are my father; therefore I submit.

320 *Poly.* Keep him from anything he may design
Against his life, whilst the first fury lasts;
And now perform what I commanded you.

Leon. In vain; if sword and poison be denied me,
I'll hold my breath and die.

Palm. Farewell, my lost Leonidas; yet live,
I charge you, live, till you believe me dead.
I cannot die in peace, if you die first;
If life's a blessing, you shall have it last.

Poly. Go on with her, and lead him after me.

Enter ARGALEON hastily, with HERMOGENES.

330 *Arga.* I bring you, sir, such news as must amaze you,
And such as will prevent you from an action
Which would have render'd all your life unhappy.

[*HERMOGENES kneels.*]

Poly. Hermogenes, you bend your knees in vain;
My doom's already past.

Her. I kneel not for Palmyra, for I know
She will not need my pray'rs; but for myself:
With a feign'd tale I have abus'd your ears,
And, therefore, merit death; but since, unforc'd,
I first accuse myself, I hope your mercy.

340 *Poly.* Haste to explain your meaning.

Her. Then, in few words, Palmyra is your daughter.

Poly. How can I give belief to this impostor?
He who has once abus'd me often may.
I'll hear no more.

Arga. For your own sake, you must.

310. *will I*] QqF. *I will* SsM.

321. *whilst*] QqF. *while* SsM.

325. *lost*] SsM. *last* QqF, probably a misprint.

343. *has once*] Q1Q2F. *once has* Q3.

Her. A parent's love, for I confess my crime,
Mov'd me to say Leonidas was yours;
But, when I heard Palmyra was to die,
The fear of guiltless blood so stung my conscience,
That I resolv'd, ev'n with my shame, to save
350 Your daughter's life.

Poly. But how can I be certain, but that interest,
Which mov'd you first to say your son was mine,
Does not now move you too, to save your daughter?

Her. You had but then my word; I bring you now
Authentic testimonies. Sir, in short,

[*Delivers on his knees a jewel, and a letter.*]

If this will not convince you, let me suffer.

Poly. I know this jewel well; 'twas once my mother's,

[*Looking first on the jewel.*]

Which, marrying, I presented to my wife.

And this, O this is my Eudocia's hand.

360 [*Reads.*] *This was the pledge of love given to Eudocia,
Who, dying, to her young Palmyra leaves it;
And this, when you, my dearest lord, receive,
Own her, and think on me, dying Eudocia.*

Take it; 'tis well there is no more to read.

[*To ARGÆ.*]

My eyes grow full, and swim in their own light. [*He embraces PALM.*]

Palm. I fear, sir, this is your intended pageant.

You sport yourself at poor Palmyra's cost;

But if you think to make me proud,

Indeed I cannot be so: I was born

370 With humble thoughts, and lowly, like my birth.
A real fortune could not make me haughty,
Much less a feign'd.

Poly. This was her mother's temper.

I have too much deserv'd thou shouldst suspect

That I am not thy father; but my love

Shall henceforth show I am. Behold my eyes,

And see a father there begin to flow:

This is not feign'd, Palmyra.

Palm. I doubt no longer, sir; you are a king,

And cannot lie: falsehood's a vice too base-

380 To find a room in any royal breast.

I know, in spite of my unworthiness,

I am your child; for when you would have kill'd me,

Methought I lov'd you then.

Argæ. Sir, we forget the Prince Leonidas;

His greatness should not stand neglected thus.

Poly. Guards, you may now retire. Give him his sword,
And leave him free.

Leon. Then the first use I make of liberty

355. (stage direction). [and a letter] QqF. SsM omit a.

357. *this jewel*] Q1F. *the jewel* Q2Q3.

384. *forget*] Q1F. *forgot* Q2Q3.

Shall be, with your permission, mighty sir,
 890 To pay that reverence to which nature binds me.

[Kneels to HERMOGENES.

Arga. Sure you forget your birth, thus to misplace
 This act of your obedience; you should kneel
 To nothing but to heav'n, and to a king.

Leon. I never shall forget what nature owes,
 Nor be asham'd to pay it; tho' my father
 Be not a king, I know him brave and honest,
 And well deserving of a worthier son.

Poly. He bears it gallantly.

Leon. Why would you not instruct me, sir, before,
 400 Where I should place my duty?

[To HER.

From which if ignorance have made me swerve,
 I beg your pardon for an erring son.

Palm. I almost grieve I am a princess, since
 It makes him lose a crown.

Leon. And next, to you, my king, thus low I kneel,
 T' implore your mercy; if in that small time
 I had the honor to be thought your son
 I paid not strict obedience to your will,
 I thought, indeed, I should not be compell'd,
 410 But thought it as your son; so, what I took
 In duty from you, I restor'd in courage;
 Because your son should not be forc'd.

Poly. You have my pardon for it.

Leon. To you, fair princess, I congratulate
 Your birth; of which I ever thought you worthy:
 And give me leave to add, that I am proud
 The gods have pick'd me out to be the man
 By whose dejected fate yours is to rise;
 Because no man could more desire your fortune,
 420 Or franklier part with his, to make you great.

Palm. I know the king, tho' you are not his son,
 Will still regard you as my foster brother,
 And so conduct you downward from a throne,
 By slow degrees, so unperceiv'd and soft,
 That it may seem no fall: or, if it be,
 May fortune lay a bed of down beneath you!

Poly. He shall be rank'd with my nobility,
 And kept from scorn by a large pension giv'n him.

Leon. You are all great and royal in your gifts;
 430 But at the donor's feet I lay 'em down:

[Bowing.

Should I take riches from you, it would seem
 As I did want a soul to bear that poverty
 To which the gods design'd my humble birth;
 And, should I take your honors without merit,
 It would appear I wanted manly courage
 To hope 'em, in your service, from my sword.

Poly. Still brave, and like yourself.

The court shall shine this night in its full splendor,
And celebrate this new discovery.

440 *Argaleon*, lead my daughter. As we go,
I shall have time to give her my commands,
In which you are concern'd. *[Exeunt all but LEONIDAS.]*

Leon. Methinks, I do not want
That huge long train of fawning followers,
That swept a furlong after me.
'Tis true I am alone;
So was the Godhead, ere he made the world,
And better serv'd himself, then serv'd by nature.
And yet I have a soul

450 Above this humble fate. I could command,
Love to do good, give largely to true merit,
All that a king should do; but, tho' these are not
My province, I have scene enough within,
To exercise my virtue.

All that a heart so fix'd as mine can move,
Is that myiggard fortune starves my love.

[Exit.]

SCENE II

PALAMEDE and DORALICE meet: she, with a book in her hand, seems to start at sight of him.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing that no warning will serve your turn, and that no retirement will secure me from your impertinent addresses! Did not I tell you that I was to be private here at my devotions?

Pala. Yes; and you see I have observ'd my cue exactly: I am come to relieve you from them. Come, shut up, shut up your book; the man's come who is to supply all your necessities.

Dor. Then, it seems, you are so impudent to think it was an assignation? This, I warrant, was your lewd interpretation of my innocent meaning.

10 *Pala*. Venus forbid that I should harbor so unreasonable a thought of a fair young lady, that you should lead me hither into temptation. I confess, I might think indeed it was a kind of honorable challenge, to meet privately without seconds, and decide the difference betwixt the two sexes; but heaven forgive me, if I thought amiss.

Dor. You thought too, I'll lay my life on 't, that you might as well make love to me, as my husband does to your mistress.

Pala. I was so unreasonable to think so too.

Dor. And then you wickedly inferr'd that there was some justice in the revenge of it; or, at least, but little injury for a man to endeavor
20 to enjoy that which he accounts a blessing, and which is not valued as it ought by the dull possessor. Confess your wickedness; did you not think so?

453. scene] Q1F. seen Q2Q3.

(scene heading) [at sight] QqF. [at the sight] SsM.

20. accounts] QqF. counts SsM.

Pala. I confess I was thinking so, as fast as I could; but you think so much before me, that you will let me think nothing.

Dor. 'Tis the very thing that I design'd; I have forestall'd all your arguments, and left you without a word more, to plead for mercy. If you have anything farther to offer, ere sentence pass—Poor animal, I brought you hither only for my diversion.

Pala. That you may have, if you'll make use of me the right way;
30 but I tell thee, woman, I am now past talking.

Dor. But it may be I came hither to hear what fine things you could say for yourself.

Pala. You would be very angry, to my knowledge, if I should lose so much time to say many of 'em.—By this hand you would!

Dor. Fie, Palamede, I am a woman of honor.

Pala. I see you are; you have kept touch with your assignation: and, before we part, you shall find that I am a man of honor.—Yet I have one scruple of conscience——

Dor. I warrant you will not want some naughty argument or other,
40 to satisfy yourself.—I hope you are afraid of betraying your friend?

Pala. Of betraying my friend! I am more afraid of being betray'd by you to my friend. You women now are got into the way of telling first yourselves: a man who has any care of his reputation will be loth to trust it with you.

[*Dor.* O, you charge your faults upon our sex! You men are like cocks; you never make love, but you clap your wings, and crow when you have done.

—*Pala.* Nay, rather you women are like hens; you never lay but you cackle an hour after, to discover your nest.—But I'll venture it for once.

50 *Dor.* To convince you that you are in the wrong, I'll retire into the dark grotto to my devotion, and make so little noise that it shall be impossible for you to find me.

Pala. But if I find you——

Dor. Aye, if you find me.—But I'll put you to search in more corners then you imagine. [She runs in, and he after her.

Enter RHODOPHIL and MELANTHA.

Mel. Let me die, but this solitude, and that grotto, are scandalous; I'll go no further; besides, you have a sweet lady of your own.

Rho. But a sweet mistress, now and then, makes my sweet lady so much more sweet.

60 *Mel.* I hope you will not force me?

Rho. But I will, if you desire it.

Pala. [Within.] Where the devil are you, madam? 'Sdeath, I begin to be weary of this hide and seek. If you stay a little longer, till the fit's over, I'll hide in my turn, and put you to the finding me. [He enters, and sees RHODOPHIL and MELANTHA.] How! Rhodophil and my mistress!

Mel. My servant to apprehend me! This is *surprenant au dernier*.

Rho. I must on; there's nothing but impudence can help me out.

Pala. Rhodophil, how came you hither in so good company?

70 *Rho.* As you see, Palamede; an effect of pure friendship; I was not able to live without you.

Pala. But what makes my mistress with you?

Rho. Why, I heard you were here alone, and could not in civility but bring her to you.

Mel. You'll pardon the effects of a passion which I may now avow for you, if it transported me beyond the rules of *bienséance*.

Pala. But who told you I was here? They that told you that may tell you more, for aught I know.

Rho. O, for that matter, we had intelligence.

80 *Pala.* But let me tell you, we came hither so very privately that you could not trace us.

Rho. Us! What us? You are alone.

Pala. Us! The devil's in me for mistaking—me, I meant. Or us, that is, you are me, or I you, as we are friends: that's us.

Dor. Palamede, Palamede! [Within.

Rho. I should know that voice; who's within there, that calls you?

Pala. Faith, I can't imagine; I believe the place is haunted.

Dor. Palamede, Palamede, all cocks hidden. [Within.

Pala. Lord, Lord, what shall I do? Well, dear friend, to let you
90 see I scorn to be jealous, and that I dare trust my mistress with you, take her back, for I would not willingly have her frightened, and I am resolv'd to see who's there; I'll not be daunted with a bugbear, that's certain.—Prethee dispute it not, it shall be so; nay, do not put me to swear, but go quickly. There's an effect of pure friendship for you now.

Enter DORALICE, and looks amaz'd, seeing them.

Rho. Doralice! I am thunderstruck to see you here.

Pala. So am I; quite thunderstruck! Was it you that call'd me within? (I must be impudent.)

Rho. How came you hither, spouse?

Pala. Aye, how came you hither? And, which is more, how could
100 you be here without my knowledge?

Dor. [To her husband.] O, gentleman, have I caught you i' faith! Have I broke forth in ambush upon you! I thought my suspicions would prove true.

Rho. Suspicions! this is very fine, spouse! Prethee, what suspicions?

Dor. O, you feign ignorance. Why, of you and Melantha; here have I stay'd these two hours, waiting with all the rage of a passionate, loving wife, but infinitely jealous, to take you two in the manner; for hither I was certain you would come.

110 *Rho.* But you are mistaken, spouse, in the occasion; for we came hither on purpose to find Palamede, on intelligence he was gone before.

80. *very*] Q1Q2F. Q3 omits.

87. *the place*] Q1Q2F. *that place* Q3.

94. *effect of pure friendship for you now*] Q1. Q2Q3 omit *now*. F omits *for you*. SsM read *effort for effect*.

107. *these*] Q1Q2F. *this* Q3.

111. *on purpose*] Q1Q2F; *on the purpose* Q3.

Pala. I'll be hang'd then, if the same party who gave you intelligence I was here did not tell your wife you would come hither. Now I smell the malice on 't on both sides.

Dor. Was it so, think you? Nay, then, I'll confess my part of the malice too. As soon as ever I spied my husband and Melantha come together, I had a strange temptation to make him jealous in revenge; and that made me call "Palamede, Palamede!" as tho' there had been an intrigue between us.

120 *Mel.* Nay, I avow, there was an apparence of an intrigue between us too.

Pala. To see how things will come about!

Rho. And was it only thus, my dear Doralice? [*Embraces.*

Dor. And did I wrong n'own Rhodophil with a false suspicion? [*Embracing him.*

Pala. [*Aside.*] Now am I confident we had all four the same design. 'Tis a pretty odd kind of game this, where each of us plays for double stakes: this is just thrust and parry with the same motion; I am to get his wife, and yet to guard my own mistress. But I am vilely suspicious that, while I conquer in the right wing, I shall be routed in the left; for
130 both our women will certainly betray their party, because they are each of them for gaining of two, as well as we; and I much fear,

If their necessities and ours were known,
They have more need of two, then we of one.

[*Exeunt, embracing one another.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter LEONIDAS, musing; AMALTHEA, following him.

Amal. Yonder he is; and I must speak, or die;
And yet 'tis death to speak: yet he must know...
I have a passion for him, and may know it
With a less blush; because to offer it
To his low fortunes, shows I lov'd before
His person, not his greatness.

Leon. First scorn'd, and now commanded from the court!
The king is good; but he is wrought to this
By proud Argaleon's malice.

10 What more disgrace can love and fortune join
T' inflict upon one man? I cannot now
Behold my dear Palmyra: she, perhaps, too,
Is grown asham'd of a mean ill-plac'd love.

Amal. [*Aside.*] Assist me, Venus, for I tremble when
I am to speak, but I must force myself.
[*To him.*] Sir, I would crave but one short minute with you,
And some few words.

Leon. [*Aside.*] The proud Argaleon's sister!

-
120. *avow*] Q1F. *vow* Q2Q3.
apparence] Q1. *appearance* Q2Q3F SsM.
123. [*Embraces*] QqF. [*Embrace*] SsM.
124. *n'own*] SsM. *none* QqF.
125. *am I*] Q1F. *I am* Q2Q3 SsM.

Amal. [*Aside.*] Alas! it will not out; shame stops my mouth.

[*To him.*] Pardon my error, sir; I was mistaken,

20 And took you for another.

Leon. [*Aside.*] In spite of all his guards, I'll see Palmyra;
Tho' meanly born, I have a kingly soul yet.

Amal. [*Aside.*] I stand upon a precipice, where fain
I would retire, but love still thrusts me on:
Now I grow bolder, and will speak to him.

[*To him.*] Sir, 'tis indeed to you that I would speak,
And if——

Leon. O, you are sent to scorn my fortunes:
Your sex and beauty are your privilege;
But should your brother——

30 *Amal.* Now he looks angry, and I dare not speak.
I had some business with you, sir,
But 'tis not worth your knowledge.

Leon. Then 'twill be charity to let me mourn
My griefs alone, for I am much disorder'd.

Amal. 'Twill be more charity to mourn 'em with you:
Heav'n knows I pity you.

Leon. Your pity, madam,
Is generous, but 'tis unavailable.

Amal. You know not till 'tis tried.
Your sorrows are no secret; you have lost

40 A crown, and mistress.

Leon. Are not these enough?
Hang two such weights on any other soul,
And see if it can bear 'em.

Amal. More; you are banish'd, by my brother's means,
And ne'er must hope again to see your princess;
Except as pris'ners view fair walks and streets,
And careless passengers going by their grates,
To make 'em feel the want of liberty.
But, worse than all,

The king this morning has injoin'd his daughter
50 T' accept my brother's love.

Leon. Is this your pity?
You aggravate my griefs, and print 'em deeper,
In new and heavier stamps.

Amal. 'Tis as physicians show the desperate ill,
T' indear their art by mitigating pains
They cannot wholly cure. When you despair
Of all you wish, some part of it, because
Unhop'd for, may be grateful; and some other——

Leon. What other?

Amal. Some other may——

[*Aside.*] My shame again has seiz'd me, and I can go

19. [*To him.*] Not in QqF SsM.

22. yet] QqF. SsM omit.

56. you wish] Q1Q2F. your wish Q3.

60 No farther.

Leon. These often failing sighs and interruptions
Make me imagine you have grief like mine:
Have you ne'er lov'd?

Amal. I never! [*Aside.*] 'Tis in vain:
I must despair in silence.

Leon. You come as I suspected, then, to mock,
At least observe my griefs. Take it not ill
That I must leave you.

[*Is going.*]

Amal. You must not go with these unjust opinions.
Command my life and fortunes: you are wise;

70 Think, and think well, what I can do to serve you.

Leon. I have but one thing in my thoughts and wishes:
If, by your means, I can obtain the sight
Of my ador'd Palmyra; or, what's harder,
One minute's time, to tell her I die hers—
I see I am not to expect it from you;
Nor could, indeed, with reason.

[*She starts back.*]

Amal. Name any other thing! Is Amalthea
So despicable, she can serve your wishes
In this alone?

Leon. If I should ask of heav'n,

80 I have no other suit.

Amal. To show you, then, I can deny you nothing,
Tho' 'tis more hard to me than any other,
Yet I will do 't for you.

Leon. Name quickly, name the means! speak, my good angel!

Amal. Be not so much o'erjoy'd; for, if you are,
I'll rather die than do 't. This night the court
Will be in masquerade:
You shall attend on me; in that disguise
You may both see and speak to her,

90 If you dare venture it.

Leon. Yes; were a god her guardian,
And bore in each hand thunder, I would venture.

Amal. Farewell, then; two hours hence I will expect you:
My heart's so full that I can stay no longer.

[*Exit.*]

Leon. Already it grows dusky: I'll prepare
With haste for my disguise. But who are these?

Enter HERMOGENES and EUBULUS.

Her. 'Tis he; we need not fear to speak to him.

Eub. Leonidas.

Leon. Sure I have known that voice.

Her. You have some reason, sir: 'tis Eubulus,

100 Who bred you with the princess; and, departing,
Bequeath'd you to my care.

61. *failing sighs*] Q1F. *fallings, sighs* Q2Q3.

87. *masquerade*] Italics in Qq; no italics in F SsM.

98. *Leonidas.*] QqF. *Leonidas?* SsM.

Leon. My foster father! let my knees express
My joys for your return!

[*Kneeling.*]

Eub. Rise, sir; you must not kneel.

Leon. E'er since you left me,

I have been wand'ring in a maze of fate,
Led by false fires of a fantastic glory,
And the vain luster of imagin'd crowns.
But, ah! why would you leave me? or how could you
Absent yourself so long?

110 *Eub.* I'll give you a most just account of both:

And something more I have to tell you, which
I know must cause your wonder; but this place,
Tho' almost hid in darkness, is not safe.

Already I discern some coming towards us [Torches appear.]

With lights, who may discover me. Hermogenes,
Your lodgings are hard by, and much more private.

Her. There you may freely speak.

Leon. Let us make haste;

For some affairs, and of no small importance,

Call me another way. [Exeunt.]

*Enter PALAMEDE and RHODOPHIL, with Vizer-Masks in their Hands, and
Torches before 'em.*

120 *Pala.* We shall have noble sport to-night, Rhodophil; this masquerading is a most glorious invention.

Rho. I believe it was invented first by some jealous lover, to discover the haunts of his jilting mistress; or, perhaps, by some distress'd servant, to gain an opportunity with a jealous man's wife.

Pala. No, it must be the invention of a woman, it has so much of subtilty and love in it.

Rho. I am sure 'tis extremely pleasant; for to go unknown is the next degree to going invisible.

130 *Pala.* What with our antique habits and feign'd voices: "Do you know me?" and, "I know you," methinks we move and talk just like so many overgrown puppets.

Rho. Masquerade is only vizer-mask improv'd; a height'ning of the same fashion.

Pala. No, masquerade is vizer-mask in debauch, and I like it the better for 't: for, with a vizer-mask, we fool ourselves into courtship, for the sake of an eye that glanc'd, or a hand that stole itself out of the glove sometimes, to give us a sample of the skin; but in masquerade there is nothing to be known, she's all *terra incognita*; and the bold discoverer leaps ashore, and takes his lot among the wild Indians and sal-

112. *know*] Q1F. *now* Q2Q3.

[Enter PALAMEDE, etc.] Here SsM insert SCENE II. But the mention of torches just above shows that the action is continuous. QqF, though they number the scenes of this play, here make no division.

128. *going invisible*] Q1F. *go invisible* Q2Q3.

129. *with our antique*] QqF, except that Q3 reads *without* by an obvious misprint. *with our antic* SsM.

140 vages, without the vile consideration of safety to his person, or of beauty or wholesomeness in his mistress.

Enter BELIZA.

Rho. Beliza, what make you here?

Bel. Sir, my lady sent me after you, to let you know she finds herself a little indispos'd; so that she cannot be at court, but is retir'd to rest in her own apartment, where she shall want the happiness of your dear embraces to-night.

Rho. A very fine phrase, Beliza, to let me know my wife desires to lie alone.

Pala. I doubt, Rhodophil, you take the pains sometimes to instruct
150 your wife's woman in these elegancies.

Rho. Tell my dear lady, that since I must be so unhappy as not to wait on her to-night, I will lament bitterly for her absence. 'Tis true I shall be at court, but I will take no divertisement there; and when I return to my solitary bed, if I am so forgetful of my passion as to sleep, I will dream of her; and, betwixt sleep and waking, put out my foot towards her side, for midnight consolation; and, not finding her, I will sigh, and imagine myself a most desolate widower.

Bel. I shall do your commands, sir.

[Exit.

Rho. *[Aside.]* She's sick as aptly for my purpose, as if she had con-
160 triv'd it so. Well, if ever woman was a help-meet for man, my spouse is so; for within this hour I receiv'd a note from Melantha, that she would meet me this evening in masquerade, in boy's habit, to rejoice with me before she enter'd into fetters; for I find she loves me better than Palamede only because he's to be her husband. There's something of antipathy in the word marriage to the nature of love: marriage is the mere ladle of affection, that cools it when 'tis never so fiercely boiling over.

Pala. Dear Rhodophil, I must needs beg your pardon; there is an occasion fall'n out which I had forgot: I cannot be at court to-night.

170 *Rho.* Dear Palamede, I am sorry we shall not have one course together at the herd; but I find your game lies single: good fortune to you with your mistress. *[Exit.*

Pala. He has wish'd me good fortune with his wife; there's no sin in this then, there's fair leave given. Well, I must go visit the sick; I cannot resist the temptations of my charity. O what a difference will she find betwixt a dull resty husband, and a quick vigorous lover! He sets out like a carrier's horse, plodding on, because he knows he must, with the bells of matrimony chiming so melancholy about his neck, in pain till he's at his journey's end; and, despairing to 'get thither, he is fain
180 to fortify imagination with the thoughts of another woman: I take heat after heat, like a well-breath'd coursier, and—But hark, what noise is that? Swords! *[Clashing of swords within.]* Nay, then, have with you. *[Exit PALA.]*

150. woman] Q1Q2F. women Q3.

160. a help-meet] Qq. F omits a. a help-mate SsM.
for man] Q1Q2F. for a man Q3.

*Reënter PALAMEDE, with RHODOPHIL; and DORALICE in
man's habit.*

Rho. Friend, your relief was very timely; otherwise I had been oppress'd.

Pala. What was the quarrel?

Rho. What I did was in rescue of this youth.

Pala. What cause could he give 'em?

Dor. The cause was nothing but only the common cause of fighting
90 in masquerades: they were drunk, and I was sober.

Rho. Have they not hurt you?

Dor. No; but I am exceeding ill with the fright on 't.

Pala. Let's lead him to some place where he may refresh himself.

Rho. Do you conduct him then.

Pala. [*Aside.*] How cross this happens to my design of going to Doralice; for I am confident she was sick on purpose that I should visit her! Hark you, Rhodophil, could not you take care of the stripling? I am partly engag'd to-night.

Rho. You know I have business; but come, youth, if it must be so.

100 *Dor.* [*To RHO.*] No, good sir, do not give yourself that trouble; I shall be safer and better pleas'd with your friend here.

Rho. Farewell, then; once more I wish you a good adventure.

Pala. Damn this kindness! Now must I be troubled with this young rogue, and miss my opportunity with Doralice.

[*Exit RHO. alone; PALA. with DOR.*]

SCENE II

Enter POLYDAMAS.

Poly. Argaleon counsel'd well to banish him;
He has I know not what
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fate,
That almost awes me; but I fear my daughter,
Who hourly moves me for him; and I mark'd,
She sigh'd when I but nam'd Argaleon to her.
But see, the maskers: hence, my cares, this night!
At least take truce, and find me on my pillow.

Enter the Princess in masquerade, with Ladies. At the other end, ARGALEON and Gentlemen in masquerade; then LEONIDAS leading AMALTHEA. The King sits. A Dance. After the Dance.

Amal. [*To LEON.*] That's the princess;
10 I saw the habit ere she put it on.

Leon. I know her by a thousand other signs;

184. *very*] QqF. Omitted by SsM.

190. *and I*] QqF. *as I* SsM.

197. *the*] Q1Q2F. *this* Q3.

3. *of high*] Q1Q2F. *high* of Q8.

She cannot hide so much divinity:

Disguis'd, and silent, yet some graceful motion

Breaks from her, and shines round her like a glory. [Goes to PALMYRA

Amal. Thus she reveals herself, and knows it not:

Like love's dark lantern, I direct his steps,

And yet he sees not that which gives him light.

Palm. [To LEON.] I know you; but, alas, Leonidas,

Why should you tempt this danger on yourself?

20 *Leon.* Madam, you know me not, if you believe

I would not hazard greater for your sake.

But you, I fear, are chang'd.

Palm.

No, I am still the same;

But there are many things became Palmyra

Which ill become the princess.

Leon.

I ask nothing

Which honor will not give you leave to grant:

One hour's short audience, at my father's house,

You cannot sure refuse me.

Palm. Perhaps I should, did I consult strict virtue;

But something must be given to love and you.

30 When would you I should come?

Leon. This evening, with the speediest opportunity.

I have a secret to discover to you,

Which will surprise and please you.

Palm.

'Tis enough.

Go now; for we may be observ'd and known.

I trust your honor; give me not occasion

To blame myself, or you.

Leon. You never shall repent your good opinion.

[Kisses her hand, and Exit.

Arga. I cannot be deceiv'd; that is the princess:

One of her maids betray'd the habit to me.

40 But who was he with whom she held discourse?

'Tis one she favors, for he kiss'd her hand.

Our shapes are like, our habits near the same;

She may mistake, and speak to me for him.

I am resolv'd; I'll satisfy my doubts,

Tho' to be more tormented.

SONG

I.

Whilst Alexis lay press'd

In her arms he lov'd best,

With his hands round her neck, and his head on her breast,

He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,

And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

50

II.

*When Cœlia saw this,
With a sigh and a kiss,
She cried: "O my dear, I am robb'd of my bliss!
'Tis unkind to your love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone."*

III.

*The youth, tho' in haste,
And breathing his last,
In pity died slowly, while she died more fast;
Till at length she cried: "Now, my dear, now let us go;
Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too!"*

60

IV.

*Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till Alexis did try
To recover new breath, that again he might die:
Then often they died; but the more they did so,
The nymph died more quick, and the shepherd more slow.*

*Another Dance. After it, ARGALEON reënters, and
stands by the Princess.*

Palm. [To ARGAL.] Leonidas, what means this quick return?

Arga. O heav'n! 'tis what I fear'd.

Palm. Is aught of moment happen'd since you went?

Arga. No, madam; but I understood not fully

70 *Your last commands.*

Palm. And yet you answer'd to 'em.

Retire; you are too indiscreet a lover:

I'll meet you where I promis'd.

[Exit.

Arga. O my curst fortune! What have I discover'd!

But I will be reveng'd.

[Whispers to the King.

Poly. But are you certain you are not deceiv'd?

Arga. Upon my life.

Poly. Her honor is concern'd.

Somewhat I'll do; but I am yet distracted,

And know not where to fix. I wish'd a child,

And heav'n, in anger, granted my request.

80 *So blind we are, our wishes are so vain,*

That what we most desire proves most our pain.

[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE III

*An Eating-house. Bottles of Wine on the table. PALAMEDE,
and DORALICE in Man's Habit.*

*Dor. [Aside.] Now cannot I find in my heart to discover myself,
tho' I long he should know me.*

Pala. I tell thee, boy, now I have seen thee safe, I must be gone! I have no leisure to throw away on thy raw conversation; I am a person that understand better things, I.

Dor. Were I a woman, O how you'd admire me; cry up every word I said, and screw your face into a submissive smile; as I have seen a dull gallant act wit, and counterfeit pleasantness, when he whispers to a great person in a playhouse; smile, and look briskly, when the other
10 answers, as if something of extraordinary had pass'd betwixt 'em, when, heaven knows, there was nothing else but: "What a clock does your lordship think it is?" And my lord's *repertee* is: "'Tis almost park-time:" or, at most: "Shall we out of the pit, and go behind the scenes for an act or two?" And yet such fine things as these would be wit in a mistress's mouth.

Pala. Aye, boy; there's dame Nature in the case: he who cannot find wit in a mistress deserves to find nothing else, boy. But these are riddles to thee, child, and I have not leisure to instruct thee; I have affairs to dispatch, great affairs; I am a man of business.

Dor. Come, you shall not go: you have no affairs but what you may dispatch here, to my knowledge.

Pala. I find now, thou art a boy of more understanding than I thought thee; a very lewd wicked boy. O' my conscience, thou wouldst debauch me, and hast some evil designs upon my person.

Dor. You are mistaken, sir; I would only have you show me a more lawful reason why you would leave me, then I can why you should not, and I'll not stay you; for I am not so young but I understand the necessities of flesh and blood, and the pressing occasions of mankind, as well as you.

Pala. A very forward and understanding boy! Thou art in great danger of a page's wit, to be brisk at fourteen, and dull at twenty. But I'll give thee no further account; I must, and will go.

Dor. My life on 't, your mistress is not at home.

Pala. This imp will make me very angry.—I tell thee, young sir, she is at home, and at home for me; and, which is more, she is abed for me, and sick for me.

Dor. For you only?

Pala. Aye, for me only.

Dor. But how do you know she's sick abed?

Pala. She sent her husband word so.

Dor. And are you such a novice in love, to believe a wife's message to her husband?

Pala. Why, what the devil should be her meaning else?

Dor. It may be, to go in masquerade, as well as you; to observe your haunts, and keep you company without your knowledge.

Pala. Nay, I'll trust her for that. She loves me too well to disguise herself from me.

Dor. If I were she, I would disguise on purpose to try your wit; and come to my servant like a riddle: "Read me, and take me."

5. *understand*] QqF. *understands* SsM.

16. *there's dame Nature*] QqF. *there dame Nature's* SsM.

50 *Pala.* I could know her in any shape. My good genius would prompt me to find out a handsome woman: there's something in her that would attract me to her without my knowledge.

Dor. Then you make a loadstone of your mistress?

Pala. Yes, and I carry steel about me which has been so often touch'd that it never fails to point to the north pole.

Dor. Yet still my mind gives me that you have met her disguis'd to-night, and have not known her.

Pala. This is the most pragmatistical conceited little fellow; he will needs understand my business better than myself. I tell thee, once more,
60 thou dost not know my mistress.

Dor. And I tell you once more, that I know her better than you do.

Pala. The boy's resolv'd to have the last word. I find I must go without reply. [Exit.]

Dor. Ah mischief, I have lost him with my fooling. Palamede, Palamede!

He returns. She plucks off her peruke, and puts it on again when he knows her.

Pala. O heavens! Is it you, madam?

Dor. Now, where was your good genius, that would prompt you to find me out?

Pala. Why, you see I was not deceiv'd; you yourself were my good
70 genius.

Dor. But where was the steel that knew the loadstone? Ha?

Pala. The truth is, madam, the steel has lost its virtue: and, therefore, if you please, we'll new touch it.

Enter RHODOPHIL, and MELANTHA in Boy's habit. RHODOPHIL sees PALAMEDE kissing DORALICE'S hand.

Rho. Palamede again! Am I fall'n into your quarters? What? Ingaging with a boy? Is all honorable?

Pala. O, very honorable on my side. I was just chastising this young villain; he was running away without paying his share of the reckoning.

Rho. Then I find I was deceiv'd in him.

80 *Pala.* Yes, you are deceiv'd in him; 'tis the archest rogue, if you did but know him.

Mel. Good Rhodophil, let us get off à la dérobee, for fear I should be discover'd.

Rho. There's no retiring now; I warrant you for discovery. Now have I the oddest thought, to entertain you before your servant's face, and he never the wiser; 't will be the prettiest juggling trick, to cheat him when he looks upon us.

Mel. This is the strangest caprice in you.

Pala. [To DORALICE.] This Rhodophil 's the unluckiest fellow to

51. *in her*] QqF. Omitted in SsM.

54. *carry steel*] Q1Q2F. *carry a steel* Q3.

72. *has*] Q1F. *hath* Q2Q3.

88. *caprice*] QqF have italics, which are omitted in SsM.

90 me! This is now the second time he has barr'd the dice when we were just ready to have nick'd him; but if ever I get the box again—

Dor. Do you think he will not know me? Am I like myself?

Pala. No more then a picture in the hangings.

Dor. Nay, then he can never discover me, now the wrong side of the arras is turn'd towards him.

Pala. At least, 't will be some pleasure to me to enjoy what freedom I can while he looks on; I will storm the outworks of matrimony even before his face.

Rho. What wine have you there, Palamede?

100 *Pala.* Old Chios, or the rogue 's damn'd that drew it.

Rho. Come—to the most constant of mistresses! That, I believe, is yours, Palamede.

Dor. Pray spare your seconds; for my part I am but a weak brother.

Pala. Now, to the truest of turtles! That is your wife, Rhodophil, that lies sick at home in the bed of honor.

Rho. Now let 's have one common health, and so have done.

Dor. Then, for once, I'll begin it. Here's to him that has the fairest lady of Sicily in masquerade to-night!

110 *Pala.* This is such an obliging health, I'll kiss thee, dear rogue, for thy invention. [Kisses her.]

Rho. He, who has this lady, is a happy man, without dispute.

[*Aside.*] I'm most concern'd in this, I am sure.

Pala. Was it not well found out, Rhodophil?

Mel. Aye, this was *bien trouvé* indeed.

Dor. [*To MELANTHA.*] I suppose I shall do you a kindness, to enquire if you have not been in France, sir?

Mel. To do you service, sir.

Dor. O, monsieur, *vot valet bien humble.*

[Saluting her.]

120 *Mel.* *Votrè esclave, monsieur, de tout mon cœur.*

[Returning the salute.]

Dor. I suppose, sweet sir, you are the hope and joy of some thriving citizen, who has pinch'd himself at home, to breed you abroad, where you have learnt your exercises, as it appears, most awkwardly, and are return'd, with the addition of a new-lac'd bosom and a clap, to your good old father, who looks at you with his mouth, while you spout French with your man *monsieur*.

Pala. Let me kiss thee again for that, dear rogue.

130 *Mel.* And you, I imagine, are my young master, whom your mother durst not trust upon salt water, but left you to be your own tutor at fourteen, to be very brisk and *entreprenant*, to endeavor to be debauch'd ere you have learnt the knack on 't, to value yourself upon a clap before you can get it, and to make it the height of your ambition to get a player for your mistress.

119, 120. *vot* . . . *Votrè* QqF. *vous* . . . *vous* SsM.

126. *mon monsieur* Q1Q2F SsM; Q1Q2F print both words in italics; SsM, neither of them. *mon monsieur* Q3, with both words in italics.

131. *on't* QqF. *of it* SsM.

Rho. [*Embracing MELANTHA.*] O dear young bully, thou hast tickled him with a *repertee*, i' faith.

Mel. You are one of those that applaud our country plays, where drums, and trumpets, and blood, and wounds, are wit.

Rho. Again, my boy? Let me kiss thee most abundantly.

Dor. You are an admirer of the dull French poetry, which is so
140 thin that it is the very leaf-gold of wit, the very wafers and whipp'd cream of sense, for which a man opens his mouth and gapes, to swallow nothing. And to be an admirer of such profound dulness, one must be endow'd with a great perfection of impudence and ignorance.

Pala. Let me embrace thee most vehemently.

Mel. I'll sacrifice my life for French poetry. [*Advancing.*]

Dor. I'll die upon the spot for our country wit.

Rho. [*To MELANTHA.*] Hold, hold, young Mars! Palamede, draw back your hero.

Pala. 'Tis time; I shall be drawn in for a second else at the wrong
150 weapon.

Mel. O that I were a man, for thy sake!

Dor. You'll be a man as soon as I shall.

Enter a Messenger to RHODOPHIL.

Mess. Sir, the king has instant business with you.
I saw the guard drawn up by your lieutenant,
Before the palace gate, ready to march.

Rho. 'Tis somewhat sudden; say that I am coming.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Now, Palamede, what think you of this sport?

This is some sudden tumult; will you along?

Pala. Yes, yes, I will go; but the devil take me if ever I was less
160 in humor. Why the pox could they not have stay'd their tumult till to-morrow? Then I had done my business, and beer ready for 'em. Truth is, I had a little transitory crime to have committed first; and I am the worst man in the world at repenting, till a sin be thoroughly done. But what shall we do with the two boys?

Rho. Let them take a lodging in the house, till the business be over.

Dor. What, lie with a boy? For my part, I own it, I cannot endure to lie with a boy.

Pala. The more 's my sorrow, I cannot accommodate you with a better bedfellow.

Mel. Let me die, if I enter into a pair of sheets with him that hates
170 the French.

Dor. Pish, take no care for us, but leave us in the streets. I warrant you, as late as it is, I'll find my lodging as well as any drunken bully of 'em all.

Rho. [*Aside.*] I'll fight in mere revenge, and wreak my passion
On all that spoil this hopeful assignation.

Pala. I'm sure we fight in a good quarrel:

Rogues may pretend religion, and the laws;

But a kind mistress is the *Good Old Cause*.

[*Exeunt.*]

165. *Let them*] Q1F. *Let 'em* Q2Q3.

179. *Good Old Cause*] Italics in QqF, not in SsM.

SCENE IV

[In the house of HERMOGENES.]

Enter PALMYRA, EUBULUS, HERMOGENES.

Palm. You tell me wonders; that Leonidas
Is Prince Theagenes, the late king's son.

Eub. It seem'd as strange to him, as now to you,
Before I had convinc'd him; but, besides
His great resemblance to the king his father,
The queen his mother lives, secur'd by me
In a religious house, to whom, each year,
I brought the news of his increasing virtues.
My last long absence from you both was caus'd
10 By wounds, which in my journey I receiv'd,
When set upon by thieves; I lost those jewels,
And letters which your dying mother left.

Herm. The same he means, which since, brought to the king,
Made him first know he had a child alive:
'Twas then my care of Prince Leonidas
Caus'd me to say he was the usurper's son;
Till after, forc'd by your apparent danger,
I made the true discovery of your birth,
And once more hid my prince's.

Enter LEONIDAS.

20 *Leon.* Hermogenes, and Eubulus, retire;
Those of our party whom I left without
Expect your aid and counsel.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Palm. I should, Leonidas, congratulate
This happy change of your exalted fate;
But, as my joy, so you my wonder move.
Your looks have more of business than of love;
And your last words some great design did show.

Leon. I frame not any to be hid from you.
You, in my love, all my designs may see;
30 But what have love and you design'd for me?
Fortune, once more, has set the balance right;
First, equal'd us in lowness; then, in height.
Both of us have so long, like gamesters, thrown, .
Till fate comes round, and gives to each his own.
As fate is equal, so may love appear:

[SCENE IV] QqF SsM do not indicate the place of this scene. But Leonidas has obtained from Palmyra (p. 196 l. 26) an audience at his father's house, which she is now granting him. The mention of an *inner room* (p. 204 l. 115) shows that we are no longer in the *walks near the court*.

14. *know he*] Q1Q2F. *know that he* Q3.

21. *I*] Q1F. *we* Q2Q3.

Tell me, at least, what I must hope, or fear.

Palm. After so many proofs, how can you call
My love in doubt? Fear nothing, and hope all.

Think what a prince, with honor, may receive,

40 Or I may give, without a parent's leave.

Leon. You give, and then restrain the grace you show;
As ostentatious priests, when souls they woo,
Promise their heav'n to all, but grant to few.
But do for me, what I have dar'd for you.
I did no argument from duty bring:
Duty's a name, and love's a real thing.

Palm. Man's love may, like wild torrents, overflow;
Woman's as deep, but in its banks must go.

My love is mine, and that I can impart;

50 But cannot give my person with my heart.

Leon. Your love is then no gift:
For, when the person it does not convey,
'Tis to give gold, and not to give the key.

Palm. Then ask my father.

Leon. He detains my throne;
Who holds back mine, will hardly give his own.

Palm. What then remains?

Leon. That I must have recourse
To arms, and take my love and crown by force.
Hermogenes is forming the design;
And with him all the brave and loyal join.

60 *Palm.* And is it thus you court Palmyra's bed?

Can she the murd'rer of her parent wed?
Desist from force: so much you well may give
To love, and me, to let my father live.

Leon. Each act of mine my love to you has shown;
But you, who tax my want of it, have none.
You bid me part with you, and let him live;
But they should nothing ask, who nothing give.

Palm. I give what virtue, and what duty can,
In vowing ne'er to wed another man.

70 *Leon.* You will be fore'd to be Argaleon's wife.

Palm. I'll keep my promise, tho' I lose my life.

Leon. Then you lose love, for which we both contend;
For life is but the means, but love 's the end.

Palm. Our souls shall love hereafter.

Leon.

I much fear }

That soul, which could deny the body here
To taste of love, would be a niggard there.

Palm. Then 'tis past hope: our cruel fate, I see,
Will make a sad divorce 'twixt you and me.

For, if you force employ, by heav'n I swear,

80 And all blest beings,——

Leon. Your rash oath forbear.

Palm. I never——

Leon. Hold once more. But yet, as he
Who scapes a dang'rous leap looks back to see;
So I desire, now I am past my fear,
To know what was that oath you meant to swear.

Palm. I meant, that if you hazarded your life,
Or sought my father's, ne'er to be your wife.

Leon. See now, Palmyra, how unkind you prove!
Could you, with so much ease, forswear my love?

Palm. You force me with your ruinous design.

90 *Leon.* Your father's life is more your care than mine.

Palm. You wrong me: 'tis not, tho' it ought to be;
You are my care, heav'n knows, as well as he.

Leon. If now the execution I delay,
My honor, and my subjects, I betray.
All is prepar'd for the just enterprise;
And the whole city will to-morrow rise.
The leaders of the party are within,
And Eubulus has sworn that he will bring,
To head their arms, the person of their king. }

100 *Palm.* In telling this, you make me guilty too;
I therefore must discover what I know:
What honor bids you do, nature bids me prevent;
But kill me first, and then pursue your black intent.

Leon. Palmyra, no; you shall not need to die;
Yet I'll not trust so strict a piety.
Within there!

Enter EUBULUS.

Eubulus, a guard prepare;
Here, I commit this pris'nex to your care.

[Kisses PALMYRA'S hand, then gives it to EUBULUS.]

Palm. Leonidas, I never thought these bands
Could e'er be giv'n me by a lover's hands.

110 *Leon.* Palmyra, thus your judge himself arraigns; [Kneeling.
He, who impos'd these bonds, still wears your chains:
When you to love or duty false must be,
Or to your father guilty, or to me,
These chains, alone, remain to set you free. [Noise of swords clashing.]

Poly. [Within.] Secure these, first: then search the inner room.

Leon. From whence do these tumultuous clamors come?

Enter HERMOGENES, hastily.

Herm. We are betray'd; and there remains alone
This comfort, that your person is not known.

99. *their king*] Q1Q2F. *the king* Q3.

100. *make me*] QqF. *may be* SsM.

105. *I'll*] Q1F. *I will* Q2Q3.

111. *bonds*] Q1F. *bands* Q2Q3 SsM.

*Enter the King, ARGALEON, RHODOPHIL, PALAMEDE, Guards;
some, like citizens, as prisoners.*

Poly. What mean these midnight consultations here,
120 Where I like an unsummon'd guest appear?

Leon. Sir——

Arga. There needs no excuse; 'tis understood;
You were all watching for your prince's good.

Poly. My reverend city friends, you are well met!
On what great work were your grave wisdoms set?
Which of my actions were you scanning here?
What French invasion have you found to fear?

Leon. They are my friends; and come, sir, with intent
To take their leaves, before my banishment.

Poly. Your exile in both sexes friends can find;
130 I see the ladies, like the men, are kind. [*Seeing PALMYRA.*

Palm. Alas, I came but——

[*Kneeling.*

Poly. Add not to your crime
A lie: I'll hear you speak some other time.
How? Eubulus! Nor time, nor thy disguise,
Can keep thee undiscover'd from my eyes.
A guard there! seize 'em all.

Rho. Yield, sir; what use of valor can be shown?

Pala. One, and unarm'd, against a multitude?

Leon. O for a sword!

[He reaches at one of the Guards' halberds, and is seiz'd behind.

I wonnot lose my breath

In fruitless pray'rs; but beg a speedy death.

140 *Palm.* O spare Leonidas, and punish me!

Poly. Mean girl, thou want'st an advocate for thee.
Now the mysterious knot will be untied;
Whether the young king lives, or where he died:
To-morrow's dawn shall the dark riddle clear,
Crown all my joys, and dissipate my fear.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V

PALAMEDE, STRATON. PALAMEDE *with a letter in his hand.*

Pala. This evening, say'st thou? Will they both be here?

Stra. Yes, sir, both my old master, and your mistress's father. The
old gentlemen ride hard this journey; they say it shall be the last time
they will see the town; and both of 'em are so pleas'd with this mar-
riage which they have concluded for you, that I am afraid they will live
some years longer to trouble you, with the joy of it.

Pala. But this is such an unreasonable thing, to impose upon me

119. *these*] F. *this* Qq, by an evident misprint.

138. *wonnot*] SsM. *w'not* Q1F. *wo'nt* Q2Q3.

[STRATON] QqF. [STRATO] SsM.

8. *gentlemen ride*] Q1F. *gentleman rid* Q2Q3.

to be married to-morrow; 'tis hurrying a man to execution without giving him time to say his pray'rs.

- 10 *Stra.* Yet, if I might advise you, sir, you should not delay it; for your younger brother comes up with 'em, and is got already into their favors. He has gain'd much upon my old master by finding fault with innkeepers' bills, and by starving us, and our horses, to show his frugality; and he is very well with your mistress's father, by giving him receipts for the spleen, gout and scurvy, and other infirmities of old age.

- Pala.* I'll rout him and his country education. Pox on him, I remember him before I travel'd: he had nothing in him but mere jockey; us'd to talk loud, and make matches, and was all for the crack of the field. Sense and wit were as much banish'd from his discourse, as they
20 are when the court goes out of town to a horse race. Go now and provide your master's lodgings.

Stra. I go, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Pala. It vexes me to the heart, to leave all my designs with Doralice unfinish'd; to have flown her so often to a mark, and still to be bobb'd at retrieve. If I had but once enjoy'd her, tho' I could not have satisfied my stomach with the feast, at least I should have relish'd my mouth a little; but now——

Enter PHILOTIS.

Phil. O, sir, you are happily met; I was coming to find you.

Pala. From your lady, I hope.

- 30 *Phil.* Partly from her; but more especially from myself. She has just now receiv'd a letter from her father, with an absolute command to dispose herself to marry you to-morrow.

Pala. And she takes it to the death?

Phil. Quite contrary. The letter could never have come in a more lucky minute; for it found her in an ill humor with a rival of yours, that shall be nameless, about the pronounciation of a French word.

Pala. Count Rhodophil? never disguise it, I know the *amour*. But I hope you took the occasion to strike in for me?

- Phil.* It was my good fortune to do you some small service in it:
40 for your sake I discommended him all over,—clothes, person, humor, behavior, everything; and, to sum up all, told her it was impossible to find a married man that was otherwise; for they were all so mortified at home with their wives' ill humors that they could never recover themselves to be company abroad.

Pala. Most divinely urg'd!

Phil. Then I took occasion to commend your good qualities; as the sweetness of your humor, the comeliness of your person, your good mien, your valor; but, above all, your liberality.

- Pala.* I vow to Gad I had like to have forgot that good quality in
50 myself, if thou hadst not remember'd me on 't. Here are five pieces for thee.

Phil. Lord, you have the softest hand, sir! It would do a woman

14. *receipts*] QqF. *recipes* SsM.

25. *but*] QqF. Omitted in SsM.

37. *amour*] Italics in QqF, not in SsM.

50. *on't*] QqF. *of it* SsM.

good to touch it: Count Rhodophil's is not half so soft; for I remember I felt it once, when he gave me ten pieces for my new-year's-gift.

Pala. O, I understand you, madam; you shall find my hand as soft again as Count Rhodophil's. There are twenty pieces for you. The former was but a retaining fee; now I hope you'll plead for me.

Phil. Your own merits speak enough. Be sure only to ply her with French words, and I'll warrant you'll do your business. Here are a list
60 of her phrases for this day: use 'em to her upon all occasions, and foil her at her own weapon; for she 's like one of the old Amazons,—she'll never marry, except it be the man who has first conquer'd her.

Pala. I'll be sure to follow your advice; but you'll forget to further my design.

Phil. What, do you think I'll be ungrateful?—But, however, if you distrust my memory, put some token on my finger to remember it by. That diamond there would do admirably.

Pala. There 'tis; and I ask your pardon heartily for calling your memory into question: I assure you I'll trust it another time, without
70 putting you to the trouble of another token.

Enter PALMYRA and ARTEMIS.

Art. Madam, this way the prisoners are to pass; Here you may see Leonidas.

Palm. Then here I'll stay, and follow him to death.

Enter MELANTHA, hastily.

Mel. O, here 's her highness! Now is my time to introduce myself, and to make my court to her in my new French phrases. Stay, let me read my catalogue—*suite*, *figure*, *chagrin*, *naïveté*, and “let me die” for the parenthesis of all.

Pala. [*Aside.*] Do, persecute her; and I'll persecute thee as fast in thy own dialect.

80 *Mel.* Madam the princess! Let me die, but this is a most horrid spectacle, to see a person who makes so grand a *figure* in the court, without the *suite* of a princess, and entertaining your *chagrin* all alone.—
[*Aside.*] *Naïveté* should have been there, but the disobedient word would not come in.

Palm. What is she, Artemis?

Art. An impertinent lady, madam; very ambitious of being known to your highness.

Pala. [*To MELANTHA.*] Let me die, madam, if I have not waited you here these two long hours, without so much as the *suite* of a single
90 servant to attend me: entertaining myself with my own *chagrin*, till I had the honor to see your ladyship, who are a person that makes so considerable a figure in the court.

Mel. Truce with your *douceurs*, good servant; you see I am addressing to the princess; pray do not *embarrass* me.—*Embarrass* me! what a

62. *the man*] Q1Q2F. *a man* Q3.

81, 92. *figure*] no ital. in QqF SsM. So on p. 208, l. 108; p. 216, ll. 465, 466, 467.

83. [*Aside*] F. Omitted in Qq.

91. *to see*] QqF. *of seeing* SsM.

94. *to*] Q1Q2F. Omitted in Q3.

delicious French word do you make me lose upon you too! [*To the Princess.*] Your highness, madam, will please to pardon the *bévue* which I made, in not sooner finding you out to be a princess: but let me die if this *éclaircissement*, which is made this day of your quality does not ravish me; and give me leave to tell you——

100 *Pala.* But first give me leave to tell you, madam, that I have so great a *tender* for your person, and such a *panchant* to do you service, that——

Mel. What, must I still be troubled with your *sottises*? (There 's another word lost that I meant for the princess, with a mischief to you!) But your highness, madam——

Pala. But your ladyship, madam——

Enter LEONIDAS, guarded and led over the stage.

Mel. Out upon him, how he looks, madam! Now he 's found no prince, he is the strangest *figure* of a man; how could I make that *coup d'étourdi* to think him one?

110 *Palm.* Away, impertinent!—my dear Leonidas!

Leon. My dear Palmyra!

Palm. Death shall never part us;

My destiny is yours.

[*He is led off, she follows.*]

Mel. Impertinent! O, I am the most unfortunate person this day breathing: that the princess should thus *rompre en visière*, without occasion. Let me die, but I'll follow her to death, till I make my peace.

Pala. [*Holding her.*] And let me die, but I'll follow you to the infernals, till you pity me.

Mel. [*Turning towards him angrily.*] Aye, 'tis long of you that this *malheur* is fall'n upon me; your impertinence has put me out of the
120 good graces of the princess, and all that, which has ruin'd me, and all that, and therefore let me die, but I'll be reveng'd, and all that.

Pala. *Façon, façon*, you must and shall love me, and all that; for my old man is coming up, and all that; and I am *désespéré au dernier*, and will not be disinherited, and all that.

Mel. How durst you interrupt me *so mal à propos*, when you knew I was addressing to the princess?

Pala. But why would you address yourself so much *à contretemps* then?

Mel. Ah, *mal peste*!

130 *Pala.* Ah, *j'enrage*!

Phil. *Radoucissez vous, de grâce, madame; vous êtes bien en colère pour peu de chose. Vous n'entendez pas la raillerie galante.*

Mel. *A d'autres, à d'autres*: he mocks himself of me, he abuses me. Ah me unfortunate!

[*Cries.*]

Phil. You mistake him, madam, he does but accommodate his phrase to your refin'd language. *Ah qu'il est un cavalier accompli*! Pursue your point, sir——

[*To him.*]

Pala. *Ah qu'il fait beau dans ces bocages*; [*Singing.*] *Ah que le ciel donne un beau jour*! There I was with you, with a *minouet*.

110-112. *Away yours*] QqF arrange as verse; SsM print as prose.
133. *A d'autres*] SsM. *Ad' autres* Qq. *Ad autres* F.

140 *Mel.* Let me die now, but this singing is fine, and extremely French in him. [*Laughs.*] But then, that he should use my own words, as it were in contempt of me, I cannot bear it. [*Crying.*]

Pala. *Ces beaux séjours, ces doux ramages*—— [*Singing.*]

Mel. *Ces beaux séjours, ces doux ramages;* [*Singing after him.*] *Ces beaux séjours nous invitent à l'amour!* Let me die, but he sings *en cavalier*, and so humors the cadence! [*Laughing.*]

Pala. *Vois, ma Climène, vois sous ce chêne* [*Singing again.*] *S'entrebaiser ces oiseaux amoureux!* Let me die now, but that was fine. Ah, now, for three or four brisk Frenchmen, to be put into masking
150 habits, and to sing it on a theater, how witty it would be! And then to dance helter skelter to a *chanson à boire*: *Toute la terre, toute la terre est à moi!* What's matter tho' it were made, and sung, two or three years ago in *cabarets*, how it would attract the admiration, especially of every one that's an *éveillé!*

Mel. Well; I begin to have a *tender* for you; but yet, upon condition, that—when we are married, you——

[*PAL. sings, while she speaks.*]

Phil. You must drown her voice: if she makes her French conditions, you are a slave for ever.

Mel. First, will you engage—that——

160 *Pala.* Fa, la, la, la, &c. [*Louder.*]

Mel. Will you hear the conditions?

Pala. No; I will hear no conditions! I am resolv'd to win you *en françois*: to be very airy, with abundance of noise, and no sense. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Mel. Hold, hold; I am vanquish'd with your *gaieté d'esprit*. I am yours, and will be yours, *sans nulle reserve, ni condition*. And let me die, if I do not think myself the happiest nymph in Sicily.—My dear French dear, stay but a *minuite*, till I *raccommode* myself with the princess; and then I am yours, *jusqu'à la mort*. *Allons donc.*——

[*Exeunt MEL. PHIL.*]

170 *Pala.* [*Solus, fanning himself with his hat.*] I never thought before that wooing was so laborious an exercise; if she were worth a million, I have deserv'd her; and now, methinks too, with taking all this pains for her, I begin to like her. 'Tis so; I have known many who never car'd for hare nor partridge, but those they caught themselves would eat heartily: the pains, and the story a man tells of the taking of 'em, makes the meat go down more pleasantly. Besides, last night I had a sweet dream of her, and, gad, she I have once dream'd of, I am stark mad till I enjoy her, let her be never so ugly.

Enter DORALICE.

Dor. Who 's that you are so mad to enjoy, Palamede?

180 *Pala.* You may easily imagine that, sweet Doralice.

Dor. More easily then you think I can. I met just now with a certain man who came to you with letters from a certain old gentleman,

159. *will you*] QqF. *you will* SsM.

168. *minuite*] QqF, with italics. *minute* SsM, with italics.

yclip'd your father; whereby I am given to understand that to-morrow you are to take an oath in the church to be grave henceforward, to go ill-dress'd and slovenly, to get heirs for your estate, and to dandle 'em for your diversion; and, in short, that love and courtship are to be no more.

Pala. Now have I so much shame to be thus apprehended in the manner, that I can neither speak nor look upon you; I have abundance
190 of grace in me, that I find. But if you have any spark of true friendship in you, retire a little with me to the next room that has a couch or bed in 't, and bestow your charity upon a poor dying man! A little comfort from a mistress, before a man is going to give himself in marriage, is as good as a lusty dose of strong-water to a dying malefactor: it takes away the sense of hell and hanging from him.

Dor. No, good Palamede, I must not be so injurious to your bride. 'Tis ill drawing from the bank to-day, when all your ready money is payable to-morrow.

Pala. A wife is only to have the ripe fruit that falls of itself; but
200 a wise man will always preserve a shaking for a mistress.

Dor. But a wife for the first quarter is a mistress.

Pala. But when the second comes——

Dor. When it does come, you are so given to variety that you would make a wife of me in another quarter.

Pala. No, never, except I were married to you: married people can never oblige one another; for all they do is duty, and consequently there can be no thanks. But love is more frank and generous then he is honest; he 's a liberal giver, but a cursed paymaster.

Dor. I declare I will have no gallant; but, if I would, he should
210 never be a married man; a married man is but a mistress's half-servant, as a clergyman is but the king's half-subject. For a man to come to me that smells o' th' wife! 'Slife, I would as soon wear her old gown after her, as her husband.

Pala. Yet 'tis a kind of fashion to wear a princess' cast shoes; you see the country ladies buy 'em, to be fine in them.

Dor. Yes, a princess' shoes may be worn after her, because they keep their fashion, by being so very little us'd; but generally a married man is the creature of the world the most out of fashion: his behavior is dumpish; his discourse, his wife and family; his habit so much neglected, it looks as if that were married too; his hat is married, his peruke
220 is married, his breeches are married; and, if we could look within his breeches, we should find him married there too.

Pala. Am I then to be discarded for ever? Pray do but mark how terrible that word sounds. For ever! It has a very damn'd sound, Doralice.

191. *a little with me to the next room that has]* QqF. *with me a little into the next room, that hath* SsM.

192. *poor]* QqF. Omitted by SsM.

193. *in]* Q1Q2F. *into* Q3.

212. *o' th' wife]* QqF. *of the wife* SsM.

214, 216. *princess']* *princess* Q1Q2. *princess's* Q3F SsM.

220. *if that]* Q1Q2F. *if it* Q3.

224. *terrible]* QqF. Omitted by SsM.

Dor. Aye, for ever! It sounds as hellishly to me, as it can do to you, but there 's no help for 't.

Pala. Yet, if we had but once enjoy'd one another! But then, once only is worse then not at all: it leaves a man with such a ling'ring
230 after it.

Dor. For aught I know, 'tis better that we have not; we might upon trial have lik'd each other less, as many a man and woman that have lov'd as desperately as we, and yet, when they came to possession, have sigh'd and cried to themselves: "Is this all?"

Pala. That is only, if the servant were not found a man of this world; but if, upon trial, we had not lik'd each other, we had certainly left loving; and faith, that's the greater happiness of the two.

Dor. 'Tis better as 'tis; we have drawn off already as much of our love as would run clear; after possessing, the rest is but jealousies, and
240 disquiets, and quarreling and piecing.

Pala. Nay, after one great quarrel, there's never any sound piecing; the love is apt to break in the same place again.

Dor. I declare I would never renew a love; that's like him who trims an old coach for ten years together; he might buy a new one better cheap.

Pala. Well, madam, I am convinc'd, that 'tis best for us not to have enjoy'd; but gad, the strongest reason is, because I can't help it.

Dor. The only way to keep us new to one another, is never to enjoy, as they keep grapes, by hanging 'em upon a line; they must touch
250 nothing, if you would preserve 'em fresh.

Pala. But then they wither, and grow dry in the very keeping; however, I shall have a warmth for you, and an eagerness every time I see you; and, if I chance to outlive Melantha——

Dor. And if I chance to outlive Rhodophil——

Pala. Well, I'll cherish my body as much as I can, upon that hope. 'Tis true, I would not directly murder the wife of my bosom; but to kill her civilly, by the way of kindness, I'll put as fair as another man. I'll begin to-morrow night, and be very wrathful with her; that's resolv'd on.

260 *Dor.* Well, Palamede, here's my hand, I'll venture to be your second wife, for all your threat'nings.

Pala. In the meantime I'll watch you hourly, as I would the ripeness of a melon; and I hope you'll give me leave now and then to look on you, and to see if you are not ready to be cut yet.

Dor. No, no, that must not be, Palamede, for fear the gardener should come and catch you taking up the glass.

Enter RHODOPHIL.

Rho. [*Aside.*] Billing so sweetly! Now I am confirm'd in my suspicions; I must put an end to this, ere it go further.—[*To DORALICE.*] Cry you mercy, spouse, I fear I have interrupted your recreations.

257. *fair*] Q1F. *fare* Q2. *for* Q3.
266. *come and*] Qq. Omitted in F.
taking] Q1Q2F. *a taking* Q3.
269. *you mercy*] Q1Q2F. *your mercy* Q3.

270 *Dor.* What recreations?

Rho. Nay, no excuses, good spouse; I saw fair hand convey'd to lip, and press'd, as tho' you had been squeezing soft wax together for an indenture. Palamede, you and I must clear this reckoning: why would you have seduc'd my wife?

Pala. Why would you have debauch'd my mistress?

Rho. What do you think of that civil couple that play'd at a game call'd hide and seek, last evening, in the grotto?

Pala. What do you think of that innocent pair who made it their pretense to seek for others, but came, indeed, to hide themselves there?

280 *Rho.* All things consider'd, I begin vehemently to suspect, that the young gentleman I found in your company last night, was a certain youth of my acquaintance.

Pala. And I have an odd imagination that you could never have suspected my small gallant, if your little villainous Frenchman had not been a false brother.

Rho. Farther arguments are needless. Draw off; I shall speak to you now by the way of *bilbo*. [Claps his hand to his sword.]

Pala. And I shall answer you by the way of Dangerfield.

[Claps his hand on his.]

Dor. Hold, hold; are not you two a couple of mad fighting fools, to
290 cut one another's throats for nothing?

Pala. How for nothing? He courts the woman I must marry.

Rho. And he courts you, whom I have married.

Dor. But you can neither of you be jealous of what you love not.

Rho. Faith, I am jealous, and that makes me partly suspect that I love you better then I thought.

Dor. Pish! A mere jealousy of honor.

Rho. Gad, I am afraid there's something else in 't; for Palamede has wit, and, if he loves you, there's something more in ye then I have found: some rich mine, for aught I know, that I have not yet discover'd.

300 *Pala.* 'Slife, what's this? Here's an argument for me to love Melantha; for he has lov'd her, and he has wit too, and, for aught I know, there may be a mine; but, if there be, I am resolv'd-I'll dig for 't.

Dor. [To RHODOPHIL.] Then I have found my account in raising your jealousy. O! 'tis the most delicate sharp sauce to a cloy'd stomach; it will give you a new edge, Rhodophil.

Rho. And a new point too, Doralice, if I could be sure thou art honest.

Dor. If you are wise, believe me for your own sake. Love and religion have but one thing to trust to; that's a good sound faith.
310 Consider, if I have play'd false, you can never find it out by any experiment you can make upon me.

Rho. No? Why, suppose I had a delicate screw'd gun; if I left her clean, and found her foul, I should discover, to my cost, she had been shot in.

288. [hand] QqF. [hands] SsM.

294. and that] QqF. and this SsM.
that I] Q1Q2F. Q3 omits that.

297. there's] Q1Q2F. there is Q3.

298. in ye] Q1Q2F. in you Q3.

Dor. But if you left her clean, and found her only rusty, you would discover, to your shame, she was only so for want of shooting.

Pala. Rhodophil, you know me too well to imagine I speak for fear; and therefore, in consideration of our past friendship, I will tell you, and bind it by all things holy, that Doralice is innocent.

320 *Rho.* Friend, I will believe you, and vow the same for your Melantha; but the devil on 't is, how we shall keep 'em so.

Pala. What dost think of a blessed community betwixt us four, for the solace of the women, and relief of the men? Methinks it would be a pleasant kind of life: wife and husband for the standing dish, and mistress and gallant for the dessert.

Rho. But suppose the wife and the mistress should both long for the standing dish, how should they be satisfied together?

Pala. In such a case they must draw lots; and yet that would not do neither, for they would both be wishing for the longest cut.

330 *Rho.* Then I think, Palamede, we had as good make a firm league, not to invade each other's propriety.

Pala. Content, say I. From henceforth let all acts of hostility cease betwixt us; and that, in the usual form of treaties, as well by sea as by land, and in all fresh waters.

Dor. I will add but one *proviso*, that whoever breaks the league, either by war abroad, or by neglect at home, both the women shall revenge themselves by the help of the other party.

Rho. That's but reasonable. Come away, Doralice; I have a great temptation to be sealing articles in private.

340 *Pala.* Hast thou so? [Claps him on the shoulder.
"Fall on, Macduff,
And curst be he that first cries: 'Hold, enough.'"

Enter POLYDAMAS, PALMYRA, ARTEMIS, ARGALEON: *after them,*
EUBULUS and HERMOGENES, *guarded.*

Palm. Sir, on my knees I beg you.

Poly. Away, I'll hear no more.

Palm. For my dead mother's sake; you say you lov'd her,
And tell me I resemble her. Thus she
Had begg'd.

Poly. And thus had I denied her.

Palm. You must be merciful.

Arga. You must be constant.

Poly. Go, bear 'em to the torture; you have boasted
350 You have a king to head you; I would know
To whom I must resign.

Eub. This is our recompense

321. *we shall keep 'em]* QqF. *shall we keep them* SsM.

326. *the mistress]* QqF. SsM omit *the*.

329. *cut]* F. *out* Qq, probably by a mere misprint.

331. *propriety]* Q1F. *property* Q2Q3.

333. *as by land]* Qq. *as land* F SsM.

335. *but one]* Q1Q2F. Q3 omits *but*.

336. *by neglect]* QqF. SsM omit *by*.

347. *had I]* QqF. *I had* SsM.

For serving thy dead queen.

Herm. And education

Of thy daughter.

Arga. You are too modest, in not naming all
His obligations to you: why did you
Omit his son, the Prince Leonidas?

Poly. That imposture
I had forgot; their tortures shall be doubled.

Herm. You please me; I shall die the sooner.

360 *Eub.* No; could I live an age, and still be rack'd,
I still would keep the secret. [*As they are going off.*]

Enter LEONIDAS, guarded.

Leon. O, whither do you hurry innocence!
If you have any justice, spare their lives;
Or, if I cannot make you just, at least
I'll teach you to more purpose to be cruel.

Palm. Alas, what does he seek!

Leon. Make me the object of your hate and vengeance!
Are these decrepid bodies, worn to ruin,
Just ready of themselves to fall asunder,
370 And to let drop the soul,—

Are these fit subjects for a rack and tortures?
Where would you fasten any hold upon 'em?
Place pains on me; united fix 'em here;
I have both youth, and strength, and soul to bear 'em;
And, if they merit death, then I much more,
Since 'tis for me they suffer.

Herm. Heav'n forbid
We should redeem our pains, or worthless lives,
By our exposing yours.

Eub. Away with us.
Farewell, sir: I only suffer in my fears for you.

380 *Arga.* So much concern'd for him? Then my suspicion's true. [*Aside.*
[*Whispers the King.*]

Palm. Hear yet my last request for poor Leonidas,
Or take my life with his.

Arga. [*To the King.*] Rest satisfied, Leonidas is he.

Poly. I am amaz'd. What must be done?

Arga. Command his execution instantly:
Give him not leisure to discover it;
He may corrupt the soldiers.

Poly. Hence with that traitor, bear him to his death:
Haste there, and see my will perform'd.

390 *Leon.* Nay, then, I'll die like him the gods have made me.
Hold, gentlemen, I am— [*ARGALEON stops his mouth.*]

Arga. Thou art a traitor; 'tis not fit to hear thee.

352. *thy*] Q1F. *the* Q2Q3.

378, 379. *By our* . . . *sir*] In QqF SaM, Hermogenes's speech closes with an hemistich, and the words *Away* . . . *sir* form one line.

Leon. I say, I am the——

[Getting loose a little.

Arga. So; gag him, and lead him off. [Again stopping his mouth.

LEONIDAS, HERMOGENES, EUBULUS, *led off*; POLYDAMAS and ARGALEON *follow*.

Palm. Duty and love, by turns, possess my soul,
And struggle for a fatal victory.

I will discover he's the king:—ah, no!

That will perhaps save him;

But then I am guilty of a father's ruin.

400 What shall I do, or not do? Either way

I must destroy a parent, or a lover.

Break heart; for that's the least of ills to me,

And death the only cure.

[Swoons.

Arte. Help, help the princess.

Rho.

Bear her gently hence,

Where she may have more succor. [She is borne off; ARTE. follows her.

[Shouts within, and clashing of swords.

Pala.

What noise is that?

Enter AMALTHEA, running.

Amal. O, gentlemen, if you have loyalty,

Or courage, show it now! Leonidas

Broke on the sudden from his guards, and snatching

A sword from one, his back against the scaffold,

410 Bravely defends himself, and owns aloud

He is our long-lost king; found for this moment,

But, if your valors help not, lost for ever.

Two of his guards, mov'd by the sense of virtue,

Are turn'd for him, and there they stand at bay

Against an host of foes.

Rho.

Madam, no more;

We lose time; my command, or my example,

May move the soldiers to the better cause.

You'll second me?

[To PALA.

Pala. Or die with you: no subject e'er can meet

420 A nobler fate than at his sovereign's feet.

[Exeunt.

[Clashing of swords within, and shouts.

Enter LEONIDAS, RHODOPHIL, PALAMEDE, EUBULUS, HERMOGENES, and their Party, victorious; POLYDAMAS and ARGALEON, disarm'd.

Leon. That I survive the dangers of this day,

Next to the gods, brave friends, be yours the honor;

And let heav'n witness for me that my joy

Is not more great for this my right restor'd,

Than 'tis, that I have power to recompense

399. I am] QqF. I'm SsM.

404, 405. Bear . . . succor] QqF SsM arrange:

Bear her gently hence, where she may
Have more succor.

412. valors help] QqF. valour helps SsM.

421. this] QqF. the SsM.

Your loyalty and valor. Let mean princes,
Of abject souls, fear to reward great actions;
I mean to show,
That whatsoe'er subjects, like you, dare merit,

430 A king, like me, dares give.—

Rho. You make us blush, we have deserv'd so little.

Pala. And yet instruct us how to merit more.

Leon. And as I would be just in my rewards,
So should I in my punishments; these two,
This, the usurper of my crown, the other
Of my Palmyra's love, deserve that death
Which both design'd for me.

Poly. And we expect it.

Arga. I have too long been happy, to live wretched.

Poly. And I too long have govern'd, to desire

440 A life without an empire.

Leon. You are Palmyra's father; and as such,
Tho' not a king, shall have obedience paid
From him who is one. Father, in that name,
All injuries forgot, and duty own'd.

[Embraces him.]

Poly. O, had I known you could have been this king,
Thus godlike, great and good, I should have wish'd
T' have been dethron'd before. 'Tis now I live,
And more then reign; now all my joys flow pure,
Unmix'd with cares, and undisturb'd by conscience.

Enter PALMYRA, AMALTHEA, ARTEMIS, DORALICE, and MELANTHA.

450 *Leon.* See, my Palmyra comes, the frighted blood
Scarce yet recall'd to her pale cheeks,
Like the first streaks of light broke loose from darkness,
And dawning into blushes! [To POLY.] Sir, you said
Your joys were full. O, would you make mine so!
I am but half restor'd without this blessing.

Poly. The gods, and my Palmyra, make you happy,
As you make me!

[Gives her hand to LEONIDAS.]

Palm. Now all my prayers are heard:

I may be dutiful, and yet may love.

Virtue and patience have at length unravel'd

460 The knots which fortune tied.

Mel. Let me die, but I'll congratulate his majesty. How admirably
well his royalty becomes him! Becomes! That is *lui sied*, but our
damn'd language expresses nothing.

Pala. How? Does it become him already? 'Twas but just now you
said he was such a *figure* of a man.

Mel. True, my dear, when he was a private man he was a *figure*;
but since he is a king, methinks he has assum'd another figure: he looks
so grand, and so august!

[Going to the King.]

454. *were* Q1Q2F. *are* Q3.

465. *such*] Q1Q2F. Omitted by Q3.

Pala. Stay, stay; I'll present you when it is more convenient. I
470 find I must get her a place at court; and when she is once there, she
can be no longer ridiculous; for she is young enough, and pretty enough,
and fool enough, and French enough, to bring up a fashion there to be
affected.

Leon. [*To RHODOPHIL.*] Did she then lead you to this brave attempt?
[*To AMALTHEA.*] To you, fair Amalthea, what I am,
And what all these, from me, we jointly owe:
First, therefore, to your great desert we give
Your brother's life; but keep him under guard
Till our new power be settled. What more grace
480 He may receive, shall from his future carriage
Be given, as he deserves.

Arga. I neither now desire, nor will deserve it;
My loss is such as cannot be repair'd,
And, to the wretched, life can be no mercy.

Leon. Then be a prisoner always: thy ill fate
And pride will have it so. But since in this I cannot,
Instruct me, generous Amalthea, how
A king may serve you.

Amal. I have all I hope,
And all I now must wish; I see you happy.
490 Those hours I have to live, which heav'n in pity
Will make but few, I vow to spend with vestals:
The greatest part in pray'rs for you; the rest
In mourning my unworthiness.
Press me not farther to explain myself;
'Twill not become me, and may cause you trouble.

Leon. [*Aside.*] Too well I understand her secret grief,
But dare not seem to know it.—Come, my fairest; [*To PALMYRA.*
Beyond my crown, I have one joy in store,
To give that crown to her whom I adore. [*Exeunt omnes.*

477. *we give*] Q1F. Q2 omits *we*. *I give* Q3.

494. *not farther*] Q1Q2F. *no farther* Q3. *not further* SsM.

495. *you*] QqF SsM read *your*, which was probably originally a misprint.

EPILOGUE

THUS have my spouse and I inform'd the nation,
 And led you all the way to reformation;
 Not with dull morals, gravely writ, like those
 Which men of easy phlegm with care compose—
 (Your poets of stiff words and limber sense,
 Born on the confines of indifference;)

But by examples drawn, I dare to say,
 From most of you who hear and see the play.
 There are more Rhodophils in this theater,
 10 More Palamedes, and some few wives, I fear.
 But yet too far our poet would not run;
 Tho' 'twas well offer'd, there was nothing done;
 He would not quite the women's frailty bare,
 But stripp'd 'em to the waist, and left 'em there:
 And the men's faults are less severely shown,
 For he considers that himself is one.
 Some stabbing wits, to bloody satire bent,
 Would treat both sexes with less compliment;
 Would lay the scene at home; of husbands tell,
 20 For wenches taking up their wives i' th' Mell;
 And a brisk bout, which each of them did want,
 Made by mistake of mistress and gallant.
 Our modest author thought it was enough
 To cut you off a sample of the stuff.
 He spar'd my shame, which you, I'm sure, would not,
 For you were all for driving on the-plot:

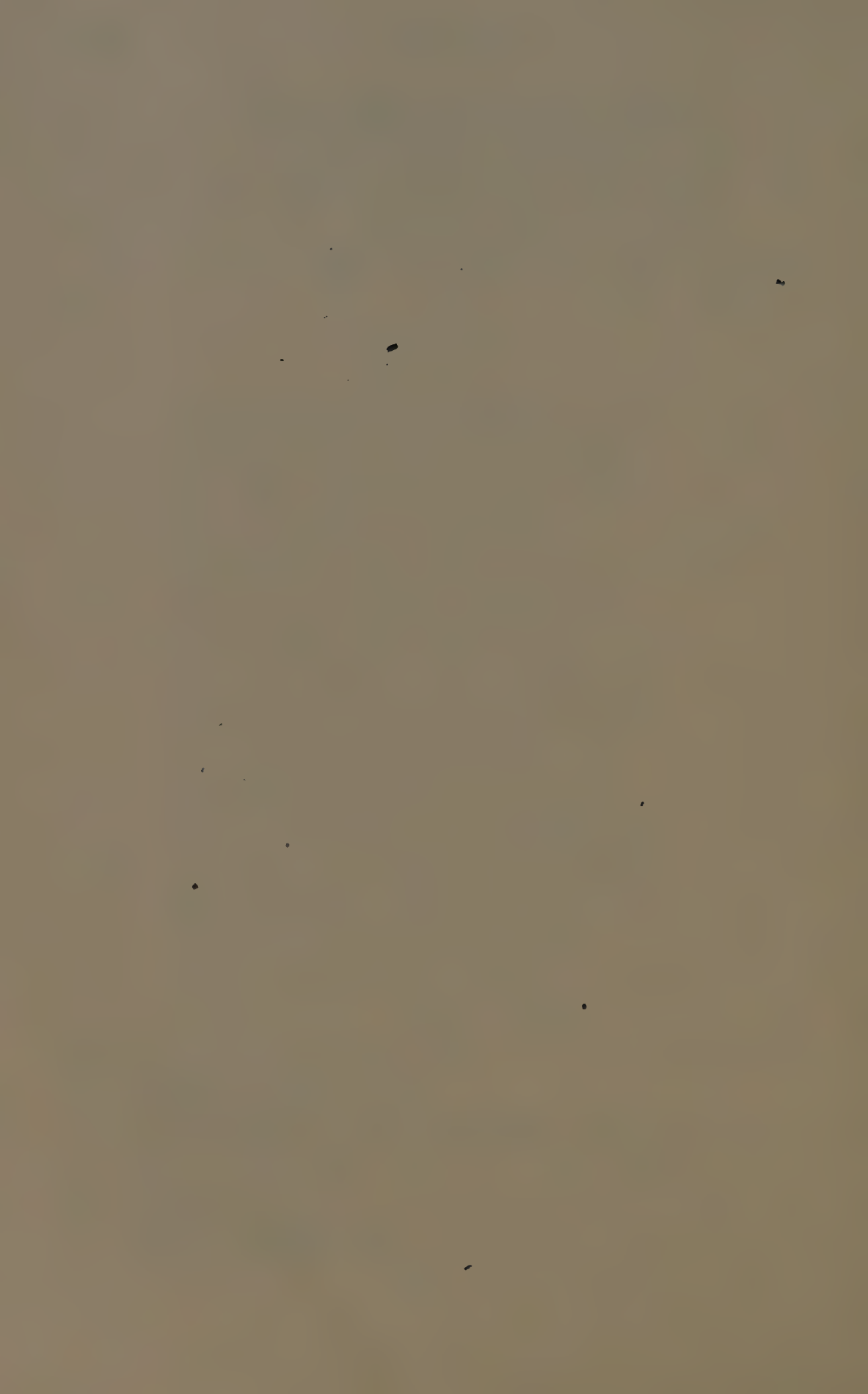
[EPILOGUE] See note on PROLOGUE, p. 152.

6. *poets*] F Cgd SsM. *poet's* Qq.
7. *examples*] QqF. *example* Cgd.
8. *hear and see*] QqF. *see and hear* Cgd.
13. *women's frailty*] SsM. *woman's frailty* QqF. *women faulty* Cgd
14. *stripp'd*] Q1Q2F Cgd SsM. *strip* Q3.
- 'em* . . . *'em*] QqF. *them* . . . *them* Cgd SsM.
15. *are*] QqF. *were* Cgd.
17. *bent*] QqF. *lent* Cgd.
18. *treat*] QqF. *fret* Cgd.
19. *husbands*] QqF. *husband* Cgd.
21. *each*] QqF. Omitted in Cgd.
26. *were*] QqF. *ure* Cgd.

30 You sigh'd when I came in to break the sport,
And set your teeth when each design fell short.
To wives and servants all good wishes lend,
But the poor cuckold seldom finds a friend.
Since, therefore, court and town will take no pity,
I humbly cast myself upon the city.

31. *court and town*] QqF. *town, nor court* Cgd.

32. *I*] QqF. *O* Cgd.



ALL FOR LOVE
OR
THE WORLD WELL LOST
A TRAGEDY

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SHAKSPERE'S STYLE

*Facile est verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare,
idque restinctis animorum incendiis irridere.*

CICERO, *Orator*, 27.

ALL FOR LOVE was first printed in 1678; other quarto editions followed in 1692 and 1696. These quartos are cited as Q1Q2Q3. The Folio of 1701 (F) was printed from Q3, and Q3 from Q2; Q1 furnishes the only authentic text. For illustrations of this fact see notes on p. 231, l. 21; p. 244, l. 216; p. 253, ll. 96, 122; p. 267, ll. 206-10; p. 297, l. 323.

TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
THOMAS, EARL OF DANBY

VISCOUNT LATIMER, AND BARON OSBORNE OF KIVETON, IN YORKSHIRE
LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONORABLE PRIVY COUNCIL
AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF
THE GARTER, &C.

MY LORD,

THE gratitude of poets is so troublesome a virtue to great men that you are often in danger of your own benefits: for you are threaten'd with some epistle, and not suffer'd to do good in quiet, or to compound for their silence whom you have oblig'd. Yet, I confess, I neither am nor ought to be surpris'd at this indulgence; for your Lordship has the same right to favor poetry which the great and noble have ever had.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

There is somewhat of a tie in nature betwixt those who are born
10 for worthy actions, and those who can transmit them to posterity; and tho' ours be much the inferior part, it comes at least within the verge of alliance; nor are we unprofitable members of the commonwealth, when we animate others to those virtues which we copy and describe from you.

'Tis indeed their interest, who endeavor the subversion of governments, to discourage poets and historians; for the best which can happen to them is to be forgotten. But such who, under kings, are the fathers of their country, and by a just and prudent ordering of affairs preserve it, have the same reason to cherish the chroniclers of their actions, as
20 for such records are their undoubted titles to the love and reverence of after ages. Your Lordship's administration has already taken up a considerable part of the English annals; and many of its most happy years are owing to it. His Majesty, the most knowing judge of men, and the best master, has acknowledg'd the ease and benefit he receives in the incomes of his treasury, which you found not only disorder'd, but exhausted. All things were in the confusion of a chaos, without form or method, if not reduc'd beyond it, even to annihilation; so that you had not only to separate the jarring elements, but (if that boldness of expression might be allow'd me) to create them. Your enemies had so

embroil'd the management of your office that they look'd on your advancement as the instrument of your ruin. And, as if the clogging of the revenue, and the confusion of accounts, which you found in your entrance, were not sufficient, they added their own weight of malice to the public calamity, by forestalling the credit which should cure it. Your friends on the other side were only capable of pitying, but not of aiding you; no farther help or counsel was remaining to you, but what was founded on yourself; and that indeed was your security; for your diligence, your constancy, and your prudence, wrought more surely within, 10 when they were not disturb'd by any outward motion. The highest virtue is best to be trusted with itself; for assistance only can be given by a genius superior to that which it assists; and, 'tis the noblest kind of debt, when we are only oblig'd to God and nature. This then, my Lord, is your just commendation, that you have wrought out yourself a way to glory, by those very means that were design'd for your destruction: you have not only restor'd, but advanc'd the revenues of your master, without grievance to the subject; and, as if that were little yet, the debts of the exchequer, which lay heaviest both on the crown and on private persons, have by your conduct been establish'd in a certainty of satisfaction. An 20 action so much the more great and honorable, because the case was without the ordinary relief of laws; above the hopes of the afflicted, and beyond the narrowness of the treasury to redress, had it been manag'd by a less able hand. 'Tis certainly the happiest, and most unenvied part of all your fortune, to do good to many, while you do injury to none; to receive at once the prayers of the subject, and the praises of the prince; and, by the care of your conduct, to give him means of exerting the chiefest (if any be the chiefest) of his royal virtues, his distributive justice to the deserving, and his bounty and compassion to the wanting. The disposition of princes towards their people cannot better be dis- 30 cover'd than in the choice of their ministers; who, like the animal spirits betwixt the soul and body, participate somewhat of both natures, and make the communication which is betwixt them. A king, who is just and moderate in his nature, who rules according to the laws, whom God made happy by forming the temper of his soul to the constitution of his government, and who makes us happy, by assuming over us no other sovereignty than that wherein our welfare and liberty consists; a prince, I say, of so excellent a character, and so suitable to the wishes of all good men, could not better have convey'd himself into his people's apprehensions, than in your Lordship's person; who so lively express the same 40 virtues, that you seem not so much a copy, as an emanation of him. Moderation is doubtless an establishment of greatness; but there is a steadiness of temper which is likewise requisite in a minister of state; so equal a mixture of both virtues that he may stand like an isthmus betwixt the two encroaching seas of arbitrary power and lawless anarchy. The undertaking would be difficult to any but an extraordinary genius, to stand at the line, and to divide the limits; to pay what is due to the great representative of the nation, and neither to inhance, nor to yield up, the undoubted prerogatives of the crown. These, my Lord, are the

proper virtues of a noble Englishman, as indeed they are properly English virtues; no people in the world being capable of using them, but we who have the happiness to be born under so equal, and so well-pois'd a government;—a government which has all the advantages of liberty beyond a commonwealth, and all the marks of kingly sovereignty without the danger of a tyranny. Both my nature, as I am an Englishman, and my reason, as I am a man, have bred in me a loathing to that specious name of a republic; that mock appearance of a liberty, where all who have not part in the government are slaves; and slaves they are of a viler note than such as are subjects to an absolute dominion. For no Christian monarchy is so absolute, but 'tis circumscrib'd with laws; but when the executive power is in the law-makers, there is no farther check upon them; and the people must suffer without a remedy, because they are oppress'd by their representatives. If I must serve, the number of my masters, who were born my equals, would but add to the ignominy of my bondage. The nature of our government, above all others, is exactly suited both to the situation of our country, and the temper of the natives; an island being more proper for commerce and for defense, than for extending its dominions on the Continent; for what the valor of its inhabitants might gain, by reason of its remoteness, and the casualties of the seas, it could not so easily preserve: and, therefore, neither the arbitrary power of one, in a monarchy, nor of many, in a commonwealth, could make us greater than we are. 'Tis true that vaster and more frequent taxes might be gather'd when the consent of the people was not ask'd or needed; but this were only by conquering abroad to be poor at home; and the examples of our neighbors teach us that they are not always the happiest subjects whose kings extend their dominions farthest. Since therefore we cannot win by an offensive war, at least a land war, the model of our government seems naturally contriv'd for the defensive part; and the consent of a people is easily obtain'd to contribute to that power which must protect it. *Felices nimium, bona si sua norint, Angligenæ!* And yet there are not wanting malcontents amongst us, who, surfeiting themselves on too much happiness, would persuade the people that they might be happier by a change. 'Twas indeed the policy of their old forefather, when himself was fallen from the station of glory, to seduce mankind into the same rebellion with him by telling him he might yet be freer than he was; that is, more free than his nature would allow, or (if I may so say) than God could make him. We have already all the liberty which freeborn subjects can enjoy, and all beyond it is but license. But if it be liberty of conscience which they pretend, the moderation of our Church is such that its practice extends not to the severity of persecution; and its discipline is withal so easy that it allows more freedom to dissenters than any of the sects would allow to it. In the meantime, what right can be pretended by these men to attempt innovations in Church or State? Who made them the trustees, or (to speak a little nearer their own language) the keepers of the liberty of England? If their call be extraordinary, let them convince us by working miracles; for ordinary vocation they can have

33. amongst] Qq. among FSsM.

45. innovations] QqF. innovation SsM.

none, to disturb the government under which they were born, and which protects them. He who has often chang'd his party, and always has made his interest the rule of it, gives little evidence of his sincerity for the public good; 'tis manifest he changes but for himself, and takes the people for tools to work his fortune. Yet the experience of all ages might let him know that they who trouble the waters first have seldom the benefit of the fishing; as they who began the late rebellion enjoy'd not the fruit of their undertaking, but were crush'd themselves by the usurpation of their own instrument. Neither is it enough for them to
 10 answer that they only intend a reformation of the government, but not the subversion of it: on such pretenses all insurrections have been founded; 'tis striking at the root of power, which is obedience. Every remonstrance of private men has the seed of treason in it; and discourses which are couch'd in ambiguous terms are therefore the more dangerous, because they do all the mischief of open sedition, yet are safe from the punishment of the laws. These, my Lord, are considerations which I should not pass so lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deserve; for no man can be so inconsiderable in a nation, as not to have a share in the welfare of it; and if he be a true Englishman, he must
 20 at the same time be fir'd with indignation, and revenge himself as he can on the disturbers of his country. And to whom could I more fitly apply myself than to your Lordship, who have not only an inborn, but an hereditary loyalty? The memorable constancy and sufferings of your father, almost to the ruin of his estate for the royal cause, were an earnest of that which such a parent and such an institution would produce in the person of a son. But so unhappy an occasion of manifesting your own zeal, in suffering for his present Majesty, the providence of God, and the prudence of your administration, will, I hope, prevent; that, as your father's fortune waited on the unhappiness of his sovereign, so your
 30 own may participate of the better fate which attends his son. The relation which you have by alliance to the noble family of your lady serves to confirm to you both this happy augury. For what can deserve a greater place in the English chronicle than the loyalty and courage, the actions and death, of the general of an army, fighting for his prince and country? The honor and gallantry of the Earl of Lindsey is so illustrious a subject that 'tis fit to adorn an heroic poem; for he was the protomartyr of the cause, and the type of his unfortunate royal master.

Yet after all, my Lord, if I may speak my thoughts, you are happy
 40 rather to us than to yourself; for the multiplicity, the cares, and the vexations of your employment have betray'd you from yourself, and given you up into the possession of the public. You are robb'd of your privacy and friends, and scarce any hour of your life you can call your own. Those who envy your fortune, if they wanted not good nature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watch'd by a crowd of suitors, whose importunity 'tis impossible to avoid, would conclude, with reason, that you have lost much more in true content than you have gain'd by dignity; and that a private gentleman is better attended by a

single servant, than your Lordship with so clamorous a train. Pardon me, my Lord, if I speak like a philosopher on this subject; the fortune which makes a man uneasy cannot make him happy; and a wise man must think himself uneasy when few of his actions are in his choice.

This last consideration has brought me to another, and a very seasonable one for your relief; which is that while I pity your want of leisure, I have impertinently detain'd you so long a time. I have put off my own business, which was my dedication, till 'tis so late that I am now asham'd to begin it; and therefore I will say nothing of the poem which
 10 I present to you, because I know not if you are like to have an hour which, with a good conscience, you may throw away in perusing it; and for the author, I have only to beg the continuance of your protection to him, who is,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most oblig'd,

Most humble, and most

Obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

THE death of Antony and Cleopatra is a subject which has been treated by the greatest wits of our nation, after Shakspeare; and by all so variously that their example has given me the confidence to try myself in this bow of Ulysses amongst the crowd of suitors; and, withal, to take my own measures, in aiming at the mark. I doubt not but the same motive has prevail'd with all of us in this attempt; I mean the excellency of the moral: for the chief persons represented were famous patterns of unlawful love; and their end accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable men have long since concluded that the hero of the poem
10 ought not to be a character of perfect virtue, for then he could not, without injustice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied. I have therefore steer'd the middle course; and have drawn the character of Antony as favorably as Plutarch, Appian, and Dion Cassius would give me leave; the like I have observ'd in Cleopatra. That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater heighth was not afforded me by the story; for the crimes of love which they both committed were not occasion'd by any necessity, or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our passions are, or ought to be, within our power. The fabric of the play is regular enough, as to the
20 inferior parts of it; and the unities of time, place, and action more exactly observ'd, than perhaps the English theater requires. Particularly, the action is so much one that it is the only of the kind without episode, or underplot; every scene in the tragedy conducing to the main design, and every act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest error in the contrivance seems to be in the person of Octavia; for, tho' I might use the privilege of a poet, to introduce her into Alexandria, yet I had not enough consider'd that the compassion she mov'd to herself and children was destructive to that which I reserv'd for Antony and Cleopatra; whose mutual love, being founded upon vice, must lessen the favor of
30 the audience to them, when virtue and innocence were oppress'd by it. And, tho' I justified Antony in some measure, by making Octavia's departure to proceed wholly from herself; yet the force of the first machine still remain'd; and the dividing of pity, like the cutting of a river into many channels, abated the strength of the natural stream. But this is an objection which none of my critics have urg'd against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolv'd to have been partial to myself. The faults my enemies have found are rather cavils concerning little and not essential decencies, which a master of the ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The French poets, I confess, are

1. *Antony*] Q1Q2 regularly print *Anthony* in the preface, *Antony* in the text of the play. Q3F regularly print *Anthony* in both preface and play.

strict observers of these punctilios: they would not, for example, have suffer'd Cleopatra and Octavia to have met; or, if they had met, there must only have pass'd betwixt them some cold civilities, but no eagerness of repartee, for fear of offending against the greatness of their characters, and the modesty of their sex. This objection I foresaw, and at the same time condemn'd; for I judg'd it both natural and probable that Octavia, proud of her new-gain'd conquest, would search out Cleopatra to triumph over her; and that Cleopatra, thus attack'd, was not of a spirit to shun the encounter: and 'tis not unlikely that two exasperated
 10 rivals should use such satire as I have put into their mouths; for, after all, tho' the one were a Roman, and the other a queen, they were both women. 'Tis true, some actions, tho' natural, are not fit to be represented; and broad obscenities in words ought in good manners to be avoided: expressions therefore are a modest clothing of our thoughts, as breeches and petticoats are of our bodies. If I have kept myself within the bounds of modesty, all beyond it is but nicety and affectation; which is no more but modesty deprav'd into a vice. They betray themselves who are too quick of apprehension in such cases, and leave all reasonable men to imagine worse of them, than of the poet.

20 Honest Montaigne goes yet farther: *Nous ne sommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, et laissons la substance des choses. Nous nous tenons aux branches, et abandonnons le tronc et le corps. Nous avons appris aux dames de rougir, oyans seulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement à faire: nous n'osons appeller à droit nos membres, et ne craignons pas de les employer à toute sorte de debauche. La ceremonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites et naturelles, et nous l'en croyons; la raison nous defend de n'en faire point d'illicites et mauvaises, et personne ne l'en croit.* My comfort is that by this opinion my enemies are but sucking critics, who would fain be
 30 nibbling ere their teeth are come.

Yet, in this nicety of manners does the excellency of French poetry consist; their heroes are the most civil people breathing; but their good breeding seldom extends to a word of sense. All their wit is in their ceremony; they want the genius which animates our stage; and therefore 'tis but necessary, when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But as the civilest man in the company is commonly the dullest, so these authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a critic that they never leave him any work; so busy with the
 40 broom, and make so clean a riddance, that there is little left either for censure or for praise: for no part of a poem is worth our discommending, where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of pall'd wine, we stay not to examine it glass by glass. But while they affect to shine in trifles, they are often careless in essentials. Thus, their Hippolytus is so scrupulous in point of decency that he will rather expose himself to death than accuse his stepmother to his father; and my critics I am sure will commend him for it: but we of grosser apprehensions are apt to think that this excess of generosity is not practicable,

but with fools and madmen. This was good manners with a vengeance; and the audience is like to be much concern'd at the misfortunes of this admirable hero; but take Hippolytus out of his poetic fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser part to set the saddle on the right horse, and choose rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken, honest man, than to die with the infamy of an incestuous villain. In the meantime we may take notice that where the poet ought to have preserv'd the character as it was deliver'd to us by antiquity, when he should have given us the picture of a rough young man, of the Amazonian strain, a jolly
10 huntsman, and both by his profession and his early rising a mortal enemy to love, he has chosen to give him the turn of gallantry, sent him to travel from Athens to Paris, taught him to make love, and transform'd the Hippolytus of Euripides into Monsieur Hippolyte. I should not have troubled myself thus far with French poets, but that I find our *Chedreux* critics wholly form their judgments by them. But, for my part, I desire to be tried by the laws of my own country; for it seems unjust to me that the French should prescribe here till they have conquer'd. Our little sonneteers, who follow them, have too narrow souls to judge of poetry. Poets themselves are the most proper, tho' I conclude not
20 the only critics. But till some genius as universal as Aristotle shall arise, one who can penetrate into all arts and sciences, without the practice of them, I shall think it reasonable that the judgment of an artificer in his own art should be preferable to the opinion of another man; at least where he is not brib'd by interest, or prejudic'd by malice. And this, I suppose, is manifest by plain induction: for, first, the crowd cannot be presum'd to have more than a gross instinct of what pleases or displeases them. Every man will grant me this; but then, by a particular kindness to himself, he draws his own stake first, and will be distinguish'd from the multitude, of which other men may think him
30 one. But, if I come closer to those who are allow'd for witty men, either by the advantage of their quality, or by common fame, and affirm that neither are they qualified to decide sovereignly concerning poetry, I shall yet have a strong party of my opinion; for most of them severally will exclude the rest, either from the number of witty men, or at least of able judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themselves; and every one who believes himself a wit, that is, every man, will pretend at the same time to a right of judging. But to press it yet farther, there are many witty men, but few poets; neither have all poets a taste of tragedy. And this is the rock on which they are daily splitting.
40 Poetry, which is a picture of nature, must generally please; but 'tis not to be understood that all parts of it must please every man; therefore is not tragedy to be judg'd by a witty man, whose taste is only confin'd to comedy. Nor is every man who loves tragedy a sufficient judge of it; he must understand the excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind admirer, not a critic. From hence it comes that so many satires on poets, and censures of their writings, fly abroad. Men of pleasant conversation (at least esteemed so), and indued with a trifling kind of

21. *arise, one who*] Q1. Q2Q3F omit *one*.
25. *induction*] QqF. *inductions* SsM.
44. *excellencies*] QqF. *excellences* SsM.

fancy, perhaps help'd out with some smattering of Latin, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the herd of gentlemen, by their poetry:

*Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortuna.*

And is not this a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their estates, but they must call their wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to public view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober men which they have found from their
10 flatterers after the third bottle? If a little glittering in discourse has pass'd them on us for witty men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the world? Would a man who has an ill title to an estate, but yet is in possession of it; would he bring it of his own accord, to be tried at Westminster? We who write, if we want the talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urg'd in their defense, who, not having the vocation of poverty to scribble, out of mere wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous? Horace was certainly in the right, where he said that *no man is satisfied with his own condition*. A poet is not pleas'd, because he is not rich; and the rich
20 are discontented, because the poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with writers; if they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious satire is prepar'd to level them for daring to please without their leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the fame of others, their ambition is manifest in their concernment; some poem of their own is to be produc'd, and the slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the monarch may appear in the greater majesty.

Dionysius and Nero had the same longings, but with all their power they could never bring their business well about. 'Tis true, they pro-
30 claim'd themselves poets by sound of trumpet; and poets they were, upon pain of death to any man who durst call them otherwise. The audience had a fine time on 't, you may imagine; they sate in a bodily fear, and look'd as demurely as they could: for 'twas a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their subjects had 'em in the wind; so, every man, in his own defense, set as good a face upon the business as he could. 'Twas known beforehand that the monarchs were to be crown'd laureats; but when the shew was over, and an honest man 'was suffer'd to depart quietly, he took out his laughter which he had stifled, with a firm reso-
40 lution never more to see an emperor's play, tho' he had been ten years a-making it. In the meantime the true poets were they who made the best markets, for they had wit enough to yield the prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty legions. They were sure to be rewarded, if they confess'd themselves bad writers, and that was somewhat better than to be martyrs for their reputation. Lucan's example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to death, for overcoming Nero, the emperor carried it without dispute for

the best poet in his dominions. No man was ambitious of that grinning honor; for if he heard the malicious trumpeter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him. Mæcenas took another course, and we know he was more than a great man, for he was witty too; but, finding himself far gone in poetry, which Seneca assures us was not his talent, he thought it his best way to be well with Virgil and with Horace; that at least he might be a poet at the second hand; and we see how happily it has succeeded with him; for his own bad poetry is forgotten, and their panegyrics of him still remain. But
 10 they who should be our patrons are for no such expensive ways to fame; they have much of the poetry of Mæcenas, but little of his liberality. They are for persecuting Horace and Virgil, in the persons of their successors; (for such is every man who has any part of their soul and fire, tho' in a less degree). Some of their little zanies yet go farther; for they are persecuters even of Horace himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his authority, and turning his artillery against his friends. But how would he disdain to be copied by such hands! I dare answer for him, he would be more uneasy in their company than he was with Crispinus,
 20 their forefather, in the Holy Way; and would no more have allow'd them a place amongst the critics, than he would Demetrius the mimic, and Tigellius the buffoon:

——— *Demetri, teque, Tigelli,
 Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

With what scorn would he look down on such miserable translators, who make dogg'rel of his Latin, mistake his meaning, misapply his censures, and often contradict their own? He is fix'd as a landmark to set out the bounds of poetry:

——— *Saxum antiquum, ingens,—
 Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.*

But other arms than theirs, and other sinews are requir'd to raise the weight of such an author; and when they would toss him against their enemies:

*Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis.
 Tum lapis ipse, viri vacuum per inane volutus,
 Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit ictum.*

For my part, I would wish no other revenge, either for myself, or the rest of the poets, from this riming judge of the twelpenny gallery, this legitimate son of Sternhold, than that he would subscribe his
 40 name to his censure, or (not to tax him beyond his learning) set his mark; for, should he own himself publicly, and come from behind the lion's skin, they whom he condemns would be thankful to him, they whom he praises would choose to be condemn'd; and the magistrates whom he has elected would modestly withdraw from their employment,

12. They are . . . successors] Qq. They are for procuring themselves reputation in the persons of their successors F.
 32. against their enemies] QqF. against enemies SsM.
 35. volutus] QqF. volatus SsM.

to avoid the scandal of his nomination. The sharpness of his satire, next to himself, falls most heavily on his friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a friend whose hastiness in writing is his greatest fault, Horace would have taught him to have minc'd the matter, and to have call'd it readiness of thought, and a flowing fancy; for friendship will allow a man to christen an imperfection by the name of some neighbor virtue:

10 *Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus; et isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.*

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd a slow man hasty, or a hasty writer a slow drudge, as Juvenal explains it:

——— *Canibus pigris, scabieque vetusta
Levibus, et siccae lambentibus ora lucernæ,
Nomen erit, Pardus, Tigris, Leo; si quid adhuc est
Quod premit in terris violentius.*

Yet Lucretius laughs at a foolish lover, even for excusing the imperfections of his mistress:

20 *Nigra μελίχροος est, immunda et fætida ἀκοσμος.
Balba loqui non quit, τραυλίζει; muta pudens est, &c.*

But to drive it *ad Æthiopem cygnum* is not to be indur'd. I leave him to interpret this by the benefit of his French version on the other side, and without farther considering him than I have the rest of my illiterate censors, whom I have disdain'd to answer, because they are not qualified for judges. It remains that I acquaint the reader that I have endeavor'd in this play to follow the practice of the ancients, who, as Mr. Rymer has judiciously observ'd, are and ought to be our masters. Horace likewise gives it for a rule in his *Art of Poetry*:

30 *——— Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

Yet, tho' their models are regular, they are too little for English tragedy; which requires to be built in a larger compass. I could give an instance in the *Ædipus Tyrannus*, which was the masterpiece of Sophocles; but I reserve it for a more fit occasion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my style, I have profess'd to imitate the divine Shakspeare; which that I might perform more freely, I have disincumber'd myself from rime. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need not to explain myself, that I have not copied my author servilely: words and phrases
40 must of necessity receive a change in succeeding ages; but 'tis almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure; and that he who began dramatic poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and as Ben Jonson tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair, and the subject would be pleasant to handle the difference of styles betwixt him and Fletcher, and wherein, and how

far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that, by imitating him, I have excell'd myself throughout the play; and particularly, that I prefer the scene betwixt Antony and Ventidius in the first act to anything which I have written in this kind.

PROLOGUE

- WHAT flocks of critics hover here to-day,
 As vultures wait on armies for their prey, }
 All gaping for the carcass of a play!
 With croaking notes they bode some dire event,
 And follow dying poets by the scent.
 Ours gives himself for gone; y' have watch'd your time!
 He fights this day unarm'd,—without his rime;—
 And brings a tale which often has been told;
 As sad as Dido's; and almost as old.
- 10 His hero, whom you wits his bully call,
 Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all:
 He's somewhat lewd; but a well-meaning mind;
 Weeps much; fights little; but is wondrous kind.
 In short, a pattern, and companion fit,
 For all the keeping Tonies of the pit.
 I could name more: a wife, and mistress too; }
 Both (to be plain) too good for most of you:
 The wife well-natur'd, and the mistress true.
- Now, poets, if your fame has been his care,
 20 Allow him all the candor you can spare.
 A brave man scorns to quarrel once a day;
 Like Hectors, in at every petty fray.
 Let those find fault whose wit 's so very small,
 They've need to show that they can think at all;
 Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
 He who would search for pearls must dive below.
 Fops may have leave to level all they can;
 As pigmies would be glad to lop a man.
 Half-wits are fleas; so little and so light,
 30 We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
 But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
 For change, become their next poor tenant's guests;
 Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
 And snatch the homely rasher from the coals:
 So you, retiring from much better cheer,
 For once, may venture to do penance here.
 And since that plenteous autumn now is past,
 Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taste,
 Take in good part, from our poor poet's board,
 40 Such rivel'd fruits as winter can afford.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

MARK ANTONY.

VENTIDIUS, *his General.*

DOLABELLA, *his Friend.*

ALEXAS, *the Queen's Eunuch.*

SERAPION, *Priest of Isis.*

[MYRIS], *another Priest.*

Servants to Antony.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Antony's Wife.*

CHARMION, } *Cleopatra's Maids.*
IRAS, }

Antony's two little Daughters.

SCENE—*Alexandria.*

[MYRIS] Not named in QqF. Cf. p. 239.

ALL FOR LOVE
OR
THE WORLD WELL LOST

ACT I

Scene, the Temple of Isis.

Enter SERAPION, MYRIS, Priests of Isis.

Serap. Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
Flow'd ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd it; men and beasts
Were borne above the tops of trees, that grew
On th' utmost margin of the water-mark.
Then with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,
10 It slipp'd from underneath the scaly herd:
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore;
Forsaken dolphins there, with their broad tails,
Lay lashing the departing waves: hard by 'em,
Sea-horses flound'ring in the slimy mud,
Toss'd up their heads, and dash'd the ooze about 'em.

Enter ALEXAS behind them.

Myr. Avert these omens, Heav'n!

Serap. Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,
In a lone aisle o' th' temple while I walk'd,
A whirlwind rose, that, with a violent blast,
20 Shook all the dome: the doors around me clapp'd;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead.
From out each monument, in order plac'd,
An armed ghost starts up: the boy-king last
Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice
Cried: "Egypt is no more!" My blood ran back,

1. are] Qqf. have SsM.

25. starts] F. start Qq.

My shaking knees against each other knock'd;
 30 On the cold pavement down I fell intranc'd,
 And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene.

Alex. [*Showing himself.*] And dream'd you this? or did invent the story,

To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,
 And train 'em up, betimes, in fear of priesthood?

Serap. My lord, I saw you not,
 Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but what
 I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish dream,
 Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts,
 And holy luxury.

Serap. I know my duty:

40 This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should;
 Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
 All southern, from yon hills, the Roman camp
 Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a storm
 Just breaking on our heads.

Serap. Our faint Egyptians pray for Antony;
 But in their servile hearts they own Octavius.

Myr. Why then does Antony dream out his hours,
 And tempts not fortune for a noble day,
 Which might redeem what Actium lost?

50 *Alex.* He thinks 'tis past recovery.

Serap. Yet the foe
 Seems not to press the siege.

Alex. O, there's the wonder.
 Mæcenâs and Agrippa, who can most
 With Cæsar, are his foes. His wife Octavia,
 Driv'n from his house, solicits her revenge;
 And Dolabella, who was once his friend,
 Upon some private grudge, now seeks his ruin:
 Yet still war seems on either side to sleep.

Serap. 'Tis strange that Antony, for some days past,
 Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra;
 60 But here, in Isis' temple, lives retir'd,
 And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by absence
 To cure his mind of love.

Serap. If he be vanquish'd,
 Or make his peace, Egypt is doom'd to be
 A Roman province; and our plenteous harvests
 Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.
 While Antony stood firm, our Alexandria
 Rival'd proud Rome (dominion's other seat),
 And Fortune striding, like a vast Colossus,
 70 Could fix an equal foot of empire here.

Alex. Had I my wish, these tyrants of all nature,

Who lord it o'er mankind, should perish,—perish,
Each by the other's sword; but, since our will
Is lamely follow'd by our pow'r, we must
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

Serap. How stands the queen affected?

Alex.

O, she dotes,

She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquish'd man,
And winds herself about his mighty ruins;
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
80 This hunted prey, to his pursuers' hands,
She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain—
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her arms,
Far as the earth's deep center. Well, you know
The state of things; no more of your ill omens
And black prognostics; labor to confirm
The people's hearts.

Enter VENTIDIUS, talking aside with a Gentleman of ANTONY'S.

Serap. These Romans will o'erhear us.

But, who's that stranger? By his warlike port,
90 His fierce demeanor, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex.

O, 'tis Ventidius,

Our emp'rор's great lieutenant in the East,
Who first show'd Rome that Parthia could be conquer'd.
When Antony return'd from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.

Serap. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,

When Cleopatra there met Antony:
A mortal foe he was to us, and Egypt.

100 But,—let me witness to the worth I hate,—
A braver Roman never drew a sword;
Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave.
He ne'er was of his pleasures; but presides
O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counsels:
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue,
Of an old true-stamp'd Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better;
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
110 And what's our present work.

*[They withdraw to a corner of the stage; and VENTIDIUS,
with the other, comes forwards to the front.]*

Vent.

Not see him, say you?

I say, I must, and will.

Gent.

He has commanded,

On pain of death, none should approach his presence.

Vent. I bring him news will raise his drooping spirits,
Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not Cleopatra.

Vent. Would he had never seen her!

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of anything, but thought; or, if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:
Then he defies the world, and bids it pass;
120 Sometimes he gnaws his lip, and curses loud
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, "Take all,
The world's not worth my care."

Vent. Just, just his nature.
Virtue's his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice, that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
But, when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
130 He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
Judging himself with malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as man he did,
Because his other parts are more than man.—
He must not thus be lost. [ALEXAS and the Priests come forward.]

Alex. You have your full instructions, now advance;
Proclaim your orders loudly.

Serap. Romans, Egyptians, hear the queen's command.
Thus Cleopatra bids: let labor cease;
To pomp and triumphs give this happy day,
140 That gave the world a lord: 'tis Antony's.
Live, Antony; and Cleopatra live!
Be this the general voice sent up to heav'n,
And every public place repeat this echo.

Vent. [*Aside.*] Fine pageantry!

Serap. Set out before your doors
The images of all your sleeping fathers,
With laurels crown'd; with laurels wreath your posts,
And strow with flow'rs the pavement; let the priests
Do present sacrifice; pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness.

150 *Vent.* Curse on the tongue that bids this general joy!
Can they be friends of Antony, who revel
When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,
You Romans, your great grandsires' images,
For fear their souls should animate their marbles,
To blush at their degenerate progeny.

Alex. A love, which knows no bounds to Antony,
Would mark the day with honors, when all heaven
Labor'd for him, when each propitious star
Stood wakeful in his orb, to watch that hour,

160 And shed his better influence. Her own birthday
Our queen neglected, like a vulgar fate,
That pass'd obscurely by.

Vent. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his; till some remote
And future age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other prince, not him!

Alex. Your emperor,
Tho' grown unkind, would be more gentle than
T' upbraid my queen for loving him too well.

Vent. Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest? <
He knows him not his executioner.

170 O, she has deck'd his ruin with her love,
Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,
And made perdition pleasing; she has left him
The blank of what he was.
I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmann'd him: <
Can any Roman see, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the lord of half mankind,
Unbent, unsinew'd, made a woman's toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honors,
And cramp'd within a corner of the world?

180 O Antony!
Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends!
Bounteous as nature; next to nature's God!
Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst thou give 'em,
As bounty were thy being: rough in battle,
As the first Romans, when they went to war;
Yet, after victory, more pitiful
Than all their praying virgins left at home!

Alex. Would you could add, to those more shining virtues, <
His truth to her who loves him.

Vent. Would I could not!
190 But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,
Antony's other fate. Go, tell thy queen,
Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her charms.
Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your coward's holiday in temples.

[*Exeunt* ALEXAS, SERAPION.]

Enter a second Gentleman of M. ANTONY.

2 *Gent.* The emperor approaches, and commands,

[Enter a second, etc.] QqF SsM read [Reënter the Gentleman of M. ANTONY], except that Q&F, by a misprint, substitute *Gentlemen* for *Gentleman*. This must be a mistake, as is shown by the following speech headings, and by the fact that the *Gentleman* mentioned at l. 88 has never left the stage.

On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

200 1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him. [*Going out with the other.*

Vent.

Well, I dare.

But I'll observe him first unseen, and find

Which way his humor drives: the rest I'll venture.

[*Withdraws.*

*Enter ANTONY, walking with a disturb'd motion before
he speaks.*

Ant. They tell me, 'tis my birthday, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.

'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.

Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,

Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travel'd,

Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward,

To be trod out by Cæsar?

Vent. [Aside.] On my soul,

210 'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant.

Count thy gains.

Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?

Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth

Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Vent. [Aside.]

How sorrow shakes him!

So, now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,

And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [Having thrown himself down.] Lie there, thou shadow of an
emperor;

The place thou pressest on thy mother earth

Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;

Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,

220 When thou 'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,

Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia

(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),

Octavia then will have thee all her own,

And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar;

> Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,

To see his rival of the universe

Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.—

Give me some music; look that it be sad:

216. *Lie there, etc.]* FSsM work confusion by making the twelve lines beginning here a continuation of the speech of Ventidius. The mistake arose from a misinterpretation of the stage direction in Q1Q2, where the words *Ant. having thrown himself down*, instead of being bracketed in the margin, are placed between the lines of text, to mark the beginning of Antony's speech. Q3 moves them to the margin, so that Ventidius's speech seems to continue through l. 240, and to be followed by a short speech by the same person. The printer of F retained the stage direction as in Q3; but, noticing the difficulty, made a new speech by Antony begin with the words *Give me some music* (l. 228). Queerly enough, the passage is printed correctly in Saintsbury's reprint of Scott's *Introduction* to the play (Ss. v. 309).

I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,
 230 And burst myself with sighing.—
 'Tis somewhat to my humor. Stay, I fancy
 I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all,
 Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene;
 Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
 I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
 And look just of a piece as I grew from it;
 My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
 Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
 240 Runs at my foot.

[*Soft music.*]

Vent. Methinks I fancy
 Myself there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
 And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,
 And take me for their fellow-citizen.

More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts. [*Soft music again.*]

Vent. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer. [*Stands before him.*]

Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?

Vent. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was than you to him
 I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,

250 And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me!

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Vent. My emperor; the man I love next heaven.

If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:

Y' are all that 's good, and godlike.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:

And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?

260 For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;

And, if a foe, too much.

Vent. [*Weeping.*] Look, emperor, this is no common dew.

I have not wept this forty year; but now

My mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By heav'n, he weeps! poor good old man, he weeps!

The big round drops course one another down
 The furrows of his cheeks.—Stop 'em, Ventidius,
 Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame,
 270 That caus'd 'em, full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there 's contagion in the tears of friends:
 See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
 For my own griefs, but thine.—Nay, father!

Vent. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor! Why, that 's the style of victory;
 The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
 Salutes his general so: but never more
 Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! O!—

Vent. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day,
 280 And, in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
 The hag that rides my dreams.—

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame.

I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favor'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
 For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
 But Antony—

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony,—

Well, thou wilt have it,—like a coward, fled,
 Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
 Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.

290 I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee.—I have been a man, Ventidius.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but—

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
 The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
 In the full vintage of my flowing honors,
 Sate still, and saw it press'd by other hands.
 Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
 And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
 When first I came to empire, I was borne
 300 On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
 The wish of nations; and the willing world
 Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace;
 I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
 Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
 And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,

And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she 's gone,
Gone, gone, divorce'd for ever. Help me, soldier,
310 To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labor'd to be wretched: pr'ythee, curse me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what y' have done, too conscious of your failings;
And, like a scorpion, whipp'd by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou wouldst.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
320 Give cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would be lost, then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have, to th' utmost. Dost thou think me desperate,
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like Tully, would you? Do,

330 Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.
Up, up, for honor's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief: by painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
340 Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.

'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopp'd hands: there 's virtue in 'em.
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I said in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;

There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march

350 To succor me. O trifier!

Vent. They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

Ant. I'm besieg'd.

Vent. There 's but one way shut up. How came I hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire

A better reason.

Ant. I have never us'd

My soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Ant. What was 't they said?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

360 Why should they fight indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free license
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,

370 To whom you have intrusted humankind!
See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light, worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!

Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;

Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented

380 The burden of thy rank, o'erflowing gall.

O that thou wert my equal; great in arms

As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee

Without a stain to honor!

Vent. You may kill me;

You have done more already,—call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For showing you yourself,

Which none else durst have done? But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.

390 What hinder'd me t' have led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier; /

I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;

Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, sir;
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;

I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.

Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery

400 Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No prince but you

Could merit that sincerity I us'd,

Nor durst another man have ventur'd it;

But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,

Were sure the chief and best of human race,

Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature;

So perfect that the gods, who form'd you, wonder'd

At their own skill, and cried: "A lucky hit

Has mended our design." Their envy hinder'd,

Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,

410 When heav'n would work for ostentation sake,

To copy out again.

Ant. But Cleopatra—

Go'on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou may'st;
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heav'n's blessing on your heart for that kind word!
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [*Hugging him.*]
Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;

420 Lead me to victory! thou know'st the way.

Vent. And,—will you leave this—

Ant. Pr'ythee, do not curse her, }

And I will leave her; tho', heav'n knows, I love

† Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honor;
But I will leave her.

* *Vent.* That's my royal master;
And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier,
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;
And at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud: "Come, follow me!"

Vent. O, now I hear my emperor! in that word
430 Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all:
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Ant. O Cleopatra!

Vent. Again?

Ant. I've done: in that last sigh, she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks, you breathe
Another soul: your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me; my soul 's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
440 That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: in vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below. \

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another hour!

Ant. Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
450 Like time and death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

CLEOPATRA, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

425. *soldier,*] QqF. *soldier.* SsM.

444. *all*] QqF. *on* SsM.

447. *hour*] Q1Q2. *honour* Q3FSSM.

Cleo. Then he would see me, ere he went to fight.
Flatter me not: if once he goes, he 's lost,
And all my hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak passion
Become a mighty queen?

Cleo. I am no queen:
Is this to be a queen, to be besieg'd
By yon insulting Roman, and to wait
10 Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are small;
For Antony is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, Octavius,
I have no more to lose! prepare thy bands;
I'm fit to be a captive: Antony
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.

Iras. Call reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none.
And none would have: my love 's a noble madness,
Which shows the cause deserv'd it. Moderate sorrow
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man:
20 But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion,
I soar'd, at first, quite out of reason's view,
And now am lost above it.—No, I'm proud!
'Tis thus: would Antony could see me now!
Think you he would not sigh, tho' he must leave me?
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natur'd,
And bears a tender heart: I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, madam.

Cleo. Never, never, *Iras.*
30 He once was mine; and once, tho' now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint image of possession still.

Alex. Think him unconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.

Cleo. I cannot: if I could, those thoughts were vain.
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel tho' he be,
I still must love him.

[Enter CHARMION.]

Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live, or die?—nay, do I live?
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I liv'd or died.

40 *Char.* I found him, madam——

Cleo. A long speech preparing!
If thou bring'st comfort, haste, and give it me,
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,
Before her tongue could speak it: now she studies,
To soften what he said; but give me death,
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguis'd,
And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him, then,
Incompass'd round, I think, with iron statues;
So mute, so motionless his soldiers stood,
50 While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And ev'ry leader's hopes or fears survey'd:
Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.
When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
He blush'd, and bade make way.

> *Alex.* There's comfort yet.

Char. Ventidius fix'd his eyes upon my passage
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place: I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd;
I number'd in it all your sighs and tears;
60 And while I mov'd your pitiful request,
That you but only begg'd a last farewell,
He fetch'd an inward groan; and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, sigh'd, as if his heart were breaking,
But shunn'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down:
He seem'd not now that awful Antony,
Who shook an arm'd assembly with his nod;
But, making show as he would rub his eyes,
Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep? And was I worth a tear?
70 If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say, he knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;
And therefore——

Cleo. Thou wouldst say, he would not see me?

Char. And therefore begg'd you not to use a power,
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you, as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word.
For Antony to use to Cleopatra?
O that faint word, *respect*! how I disdain it!
80 Disdain myself, for loving after it!
He should have kept that word for cold Octavia.
Respect is for a wife: am I that thing,
That dull, insipid lump, without desires,
And without pow'r to give 'em?

Alex. You misjudge;
You see thro' love, and that deludes your sight;
As, what is straight, seems crooked thro' the water:

But I, who bear my reason undisturb'd,
 Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,
 A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
 90 And shuns his master's eyes: if you pursue him,
 My life on 't, he still drags a chain along,
 That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee!—

Alex. By ev'ry circumstance I know he loves.
 True, he 's hard press'd, by int'rest and by honor;
 Yet he but doubts, and parleys, and casts out
 Many a long look for succor.

Cleo. He sends word,
 He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?
 He shows his weakness who declines the combat,
 And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
 100 More plainly? To my ears, the message sounds:
 "Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come;
 Come, free me from Ventidius; from my tyrant:
 See me, and give me a pretense to leave him!"
 I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
 Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,
 That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me;
 But all, I fear, in vain. [Exit with CHARMION and IRAS.]

Alex. I fear so too;
 Tho' I conceal'd my thoughts, to make her bold;
 But 'tis our utmost means, and fate befriend it! [Withdraws.]

*Enter Lictors with Fasces, one bearing the Eagle; then enter
 ANTONY with VENTIDIUS, follow'd by other Commanders.*

110 *Ant.* Octavius is the minion of blind chance,
 But holds from virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he courage?

Ant. But just enough to season him from coward.
 O, 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,
 The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
 (As in Illyria once they say he did,
 To storm a town), 'tis when he cannot choose;
 When all the world have fix'd their eyes upon him;
 And then he lives on that for seven years after;
 But, at a close revenge he never fails.

120 *Vent.* I heard you challeng'd him.

Ant. I did, Ventidius.
 What think'st thou was his answer? 'Twas so tame!—
 He said, he had more ways than one to die;
 I had not.

Vent. Poor!

Ant. He has more ways than one;
But he would choose 'em all before that one.

Vent. He first would choose an ague, or a fever.

Ant. No; it must be an ague, not a fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.

Vent. Or old age and a bed.

Ant. Aye, there's his choice,
He would live, like a lamp, to the last wink,
130 And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.
O Hercules! Why should a man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of heav'n? Why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?

Vent. You conquer'd for him:
Philippi knows it; there you shar'd with him
That empire which your sword made all your own.

Ant. Fool that I was, upon my eagle's wings
I bore this wren, till I was tir'd with soaring,
140 And now he mounts above me.

Good heav'n's, is this, is this the man who braves me?
Who bids my age make way? Drives me before him,
To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?

Vent. Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted all.

Ant. Then give the word to march:
I long to leave this prison of a town,
To join thy legions; and, in open field,
Once more to show my face. Lead, my deliverer.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Great emperor,
150 In mighty arms renown'd above mankind,
But, in soft pity to th' oppress'd, a god;
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra
To her departing lord.

> *Vent.* Smooth sycophant!

Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand prayers,
Millions of blessings wait you to the wars;
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,
And would have sent
As many dear embraces to your arms,
As many parting kisses to your lips;
160 But those, she fears, have wearied you already.

Vent. [*Aside.*] False crocodile!

Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her;
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
Too presuming for her low fortune, and your ebbing love;
That were a wish for her more prosperous days,

Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Well, I must man it out! What would the queen?

Alex. First, to these noble warriors, who attend

Your daring courage in the chase of fame

170 (Too daring, and too dang'rous for her quiet),

She humbly recommends all she holds dear,

All her own cares and fears,—the care of you.

Vent. Yes, witness Actium.

Ant. Let him speak, Ventidius.

Alex. You, when his matchless valor bears him forward,

With ardor too heroic, on his foes,

Fall down, as she would do, before his feet;

Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death:

Tell him, this god is not invulnerable;

That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;

180 And, that you may remember her petition,

She begs you wear these trifles, as a pawn,

Which, at your wish'd return, she will redeem

[*Gives jewels to the Commanders.*]

With all the wealth of Egypt:

This to the great Ventidius she presents,

Whom she can never count her enemy,

Because he loves her lord.

Vent. Tell her, I'll none on't;

I'm not asham'd of honest poverty;

Not all the diamonds of the East can bribe

Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see

190 These and the rest of all her sparkling store,

Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

Ant. And who must wear 'em then?

Vent. The wrong'd Octavia. <

Ant. You might have spar'd that word.

Vent. And he that bribe. :

Ant. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one;

Your slave the queen—

Ant. My mistress.

Alex. Then your mistress;

Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,

But that you had long since; she humbly begs

This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts

(The emblems of her own), may bind your arm. [*Presenting a bracelet.*]

200 *Vent.* Now, my best lord, in honor's name, I ask you,

For manhood's sake, and for you own dear safety,

Touch not these poison'd gifts,

Infected by the sender; touch 'em not;

Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath 'em,

And more than aconite has dipp'd the silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ventidius:

A lady's favors may be worn with honor.
 What, to refuse her bracelet! On my soul,
 When I lie pensive in my tent alone,
 210 'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights.
 To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
 To count for every one a soft embrace,
 A melting kiss at such and such a time:
 And now and then the fury of her love,
 When——And what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none, my lord,
 But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Ant. [*Going to tie it.*] We soldiers are so awkward—help me tie it.

Alex. In faith, my lord, we courtiers too are awkward
 In these affairs: so are all men indeed;
 220 Ev'n I, who am not one. But shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my lord, fair hands alone
 Are fit to tie it; she who sent it can.

Vent. Hell, death! this eunuch pander ruins you.
 You will not see her?

[*ALEXAS whispers an Attendant, who goes out.*]

Ant. But to take my leave.

Vent. Then I have wash'd an Ethiop. Y'are undone;
 Y'are in the toils; y'are taken; y'are destroy'd:
 Her eyes do Cæsar's work.

Ant. You fear too soon.

I'm constant to myself: I know my strength;
 And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither,
 230 Born in the depths of Afric: I'm a Roman,
 Bred to the rules of soft humanity.
 A guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Vent. You do not know
 How weak you are to her, how much an infant;
 You are not proof against a smile, or glance;
 A sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes!

Now you shall find your error. Gods, I thank you:
 I form'd the danger greater than it was,
 And now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

240 *Ant.* Well, madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a meeting?

Then we must part?

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

225. Y'are] QqF. You're SsM.

231. to] QqF. in SsM.

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cleo. We make those fates ourselves.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other
Into our mutual ruin.

Cleo. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in heav'n; and all the world
(As 'twere the bus'ness of mankind to part us)
Is arm'd against my love: ev'n you yourself
Join with the rest; you, you are arm'd against me.

250 *Ant.* I will be justified in all I do
To late posterity, and therefore hear me.

If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else, favor me with silence.

Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Vent. I like this well: he shows authority.

Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone——

Cleo. O heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your silence, and you break it
260 Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt,
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes; you gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I settled
Your father in his throne, was for your sake;
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stepp'd in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival;
270 But I deserv'd you first, tho' he enjoy'd you.
When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd myself——

Ant. Again you break your promise.
I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosom, stain'd by Cæsar,
And not half mine: I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the world,
Shut out enquiring nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.

290 *Vent.* [*Aside.*] Yes, to your shame be 't spoken.

Ant. How I lov'd,

261, 262. When first, Egypt, eyes;
love,] So punctuated in Q1Q2. Q3F place only a comma after
eyes. S&M alter the sense by placing a period after *Egypt* and retaining the
comma after *eyes*.

Witness, ye days and nights, and all your hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my passion!
One day pass'd by, and nothing saw but love;
Another came, and still 'twas only love:
The suns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
And ev'ry day was still but as the first,

290 So eager was I still to see you more.

Vent. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason; rais'd a war
In Italy, to call me back.

Vent. But yet
You went not.

Ant. While within your arms I lay,
The world fell mold'ring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp—I thank your love for 't.

Vent. Well push'd: that last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a falsehood, yes; else, not.
Your silence says, I have not. Fulvia died

300 (Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness died);
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæsar's sister; in her pride of youth,
And flow'r of beauty, did I wed that lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.
You call'd; my love obey'd the fatal summons:
This rais'd the Roman arms; the cause was yours,
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;
You hinder'd it: yet, when I fought at sea,
Forsook me fighting; and (O stain to honor!
310 O lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.

Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple sails!
And, to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd.
And would you multiply more ruins on me?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,
Has gather'd up the shipwreck of my fortunes;
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watch'd the news, and bring your eyes
320 To seize them too. If you have aught to answer,
Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. [Aside.] She stands confounded:
Despair is in her eyes.

Vent. Now lay a sigh i' th' way to stop his passage:
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions;
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my judge,
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The love you bore me for my advocate?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me;
330 For love, once past, is at the best forgotten;
But oft'ner sours to hate: 'twill please my lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow searching eyes,
Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
And watching all advantages with care,
That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my lord,
For I end here. Tho' I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?

Ant. O, you wrong me,
340 To think I sought this parting, or desir'd
To accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you;
And, since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Vent. After this, <
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleo. You seem griev'd
(And therein you are kind), that Cæsar first
Enjoy'd my love, tho' you deserv'd it better:
I grieve for that, my lord, much more than you;
For, had I first been yours, it would have sav'd
350 My second choice: I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But Cæsar first,
You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my lord:
He first possess'd my person; you, my love:
Cæsar lov'd me; but I lov'd Antony.
If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
I judg'd it due to the first name of men;
And, half constrain'd, I gave, as to a tyrant,
What he would take by force.

Vent. O Siren! Siren!
Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
360 Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was design'd: 'tis true, I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneasy wife,—

Such Fulvia was.

Yes, but he'll say, you left Octavia for me;—

And can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted such desert, for worthless me?

How often have I wish'd some other Cæsar,

370 Great as the first, and as the second young,

Would court my love, to be refus'd for you!

Vent. Words, words; but Actium, sir; remember Actium.

Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his malice. True, I counsel'd

To fight at sea; but I betray'd you not.

I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear;

Would I had been a man, not to have fear'd!

For none would then have envied me your friendship,

Who envy me your love.

Ant. We're both unhappy;

If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.

380 Speak; would you have me perish by my stay?

Cleo. If, as a friend, you ask my judgment, go;

If, as a lover, stay. If you must perish—

'Tis a hard word—but stay.

Vent. See now th' effects of her so boasted love!

She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;

But, could she scape without you, O, how soon

Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,

And never look behind!

Cleo. Then judge my love by this. [*Giving ANTONY a writing.*]

Could I have borne

390 A life or death, a happiness or woe,

From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.

Ant. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!

I know it well: 'tis that proscribing hand,

Young as it was, that led the way to mine,

And left me but the second place in murder.—

See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,

And joins all Syria to it, as a present;

So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,

And join her arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me!

400 You leave me, Antony; and yet I love you,

Indeed I do: I have refus'd a kingdom;

That's a trifle;

For I could part with life, with anything,

But only you. O let me die but with you!

Is that a hard request?

Ant. Next living with you,

'Tis all that heav'n can give.

Alex. [*Aside.*] He melts; we conquer.

Cleo. No; you shall go: your int'rest calls you hence;

Yes; your dear interest pulls too strong for these
Weak arms to hold you here.

[*Takes his hand.*]

Go; leave me, soldier
410 (For you're no more a lover): leave me dying:
Push me, all pale and panting, from your bosom,
And, when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry: "She's dead."
The soldiers shout; you then, perhaps, may sigh,
And muster all your Roman gravity:
Ventidius chides; and straight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much;
Too much for man to bear.

Cleo. What is 't for me then,
A weak, forsaken woman, and a lover?—
420 Here let me breathe my last: envy me not
This minute in your arms: I'll die apace,
As fast as e'er I can, and end your trouble.

Ant. Die! rather let me perish; loosen'd nature
Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heav'n,
And fall the skies, to crush the nether world!
My eyes, my soul, my all!

[*Embraces her.*]

Vent. And what's this toy,
In balance with your fortune, honor, fame?

Ant. What is 't, Ventidius!—it outweighs 'em all;
Why, we have more than conquer'd Cæsar now:
430 My queen's not only innocent, but loves me.
This, this is she, who drags me down to ruin!
But, could she scape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!

Down on thy knees, blasphemers as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wrong'd innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! whither? Go from all that's excellent!
Faith, honor, virtue, all good things forbid
That I should go from her, who sets my love
Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods,
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleas'd with less than Cleopatra.

Cleo. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love, in public; and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

417, 418. *As I . . . me then*]. In QqFSsM Antony's speech is made
one complete line, Cleopatra's speeches close and begin with hemistichs.
446. *She's*] F. *She* Qq, probably by a mere misprint.

450 *Vent.* O women! women! women! all the gods
Have not such pow'r of doing good to man,
As you of doing harm.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Our men are arm'd.
Unbar the gate that looks to Cæsar's camp:
I would revenge the treachery he meant me;
And long security makes conquest easy.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For all the pleasures I have known beat thick
On my remembrance.—How I long for night!
That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
460 And once triumph o'er Cæsar ere we die.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

At one door enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, and ALEXAS, a Train of Egyptians; at the other, ANTONY and Romans. The entrance on both sides is prepar'd by music; the trumpets first sounding on ANTONY'S part: then answer'd by timbrels, &c., on CLEOPATRA'S. CHARMION and IRAS hold a laurel wreath betwixt them. A Dance of Egyptians. After the ceremony, CLEOPATRA crowns ANTONY.

Ant. I thought how those white arms would fold me in,
And strain me close, and melt me into love;
So, pleas'd with that sweet image, I sprung forwards,
And added all my strength to every blow.

Cleo. Come to me, come, my soldier, to my arms!
You've been too long away from my embraces;
But, when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and with amorous sighs,
I'll say you were unkind, and punish you,
10 And mark you red with many an eager kiss.

Ant. My brighter Venus!

Cleo. O my greater Mars!

Ant. Thou join'st us well, my love!
Suppose me come from the Phlegræan plains,
Where gasping giants lay, cleft by my sword,
And mountain-tops par'd off each other blow,
To bury those I slew. Receive me, goddess!
Let Cæsar spread his subtle nets, like Vulcan;
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By heav'n and earth at once;

460. *And once triumph o'er Cæsar ere we die*] Q2Q3F. Q1 omits *ere*.
And triumph once, etc. SsM.

15. *par'd*] QqF. *paired* SsM.

17. *subtle*] Q1. *subtle* Q2Q3FSsM. QqF have commas after both *nets* and *Vulcan*; SsM injure the sense by putting a semicolon after *nets* and retaining the comma after *Vulcan*.

20 And make their envy what they meant their sport.
 Let those who took us blush; I would love on
 With awful state, regardless of their frowns,
 As their superior god.
 There's no satiety of love in thee:
 Enjoy'd, thou still art new; perpetual spring
 Is in thy arms; the ripen'd fruit but falls,
 And blossoms rise to fill its empty place;
 And I grow rich by giving.

Enter VENTIDIUS, and stands apart.

Alex. O, now the danger's past, your general comes!
 30 He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs;
 But, with contracted brows, looks frowning on,
 As envying your success.

Ant. Now, on my soul, he loves me; truly loves me:
 He never flatter'd me in any vice,
 But awes me with his virtue: ev'n this minute
 Methinks he has a right of chiding me.
 Lead to the temple: I'll avoid his presence;
 It checks too strong upon me.

[Exeunt the rest.

[As ANTONY is going, VENTIDIUS pulls him by the robe.

Vent. Emperor!

Ant. *[Looking back.]* 'Tis the old argument; I pr'ythee, spare me.

40 *Vent.* But this one hearing, emperor.

Ant. Let go

My robe; or, by my father Hercules——

Vent. By Hercules his father, that's yet greater,
 I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou see'st we are observ'd; attend me here,
 And I'll return.

[Exit.

Vent. I'm waning in his favor, yet I love him;
 I love this man, who runs to meet his ruin;
 And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:
 His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,
 50 As would confound their choice to punish one,
 And not reward the other.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. We can conquer,
 You see, without your aid.
 We have dislodg'd their troops;
 They look on us at distance, and, like curs
 Scap'd from the lion's paws, they bay far off,
 And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.
 Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
 Lie breathless on the plain.

Vent. 'Tis well; and he,

Who lost 'em, could have spar'd ten thousand more.

60 Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain
An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
Of arms——

Ant. O, think not on 't, Ventidius!

The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace:

His malice is considerate in advantage.

O, he's the coolest murderer! so stanch,

He kills, and keeps his temper.

Vent. Have you no friend

In all his army, who has power to move him?

Mæcenæ, or Agrippa, might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in Cæsar's interests.

70 We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.

Vent. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy love.

Some four or five such victories as this

Will save thy farther pains.

Vent. Expect no more; Cæsar is on his guard:

I know, sir, you have conquer'd against odds;

But still you draw supplies from one poor town,

And of Egyptians: he has all the world,

And, at his back, nations come pouring in

To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.

80 *Ant.* Why dost thou drive me from myself, to search

For foreign aids? to hunt my memory,

And range all o'er a waste and barren place,

To find a friend? The wretched have no friends.—

Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome,

Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women:

He could resolve his mind, as fire does wax;

From that hard rugged image melt him down,

And mold him in what softer form he pleas'd.

Vent. Him would I see; that man of all the world;

90 Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov'd me too;

I was his soul; he liv'd not but in me:

We were so clos'd within each other's breasts,

The rivets were not found that join'd us first.

That does not reach us yet: we were so mix'd,

As meeting streams,—both to ourselves were lost;

We were one mass; we could not give or take,

But from the same; for he was I, I he.

Vent. [*Aside.*] He moves as I would wish him.

Ant. After this,

I need not tell his name: 'twas Dolabella.

100 *Vent.* He's now in Cæsar's camp.

Ant. No matter where,

Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,
Because I fear'd he lov'd her: he confess'd
He had a warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled;
For 'twere impossible that two, so one,
Should not have lov'd the same. When he departed,
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my thoughts.

Vent. It argues that he lov'd you more than her,
Else he had stay'd; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
110 And would not grieve his friend: I know he loves you.

Ant. I should have seen him, then, ere now.

Vent. Perhaps
He has thus long been lab'ring for your peace.

Ant. Would he were here!

Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you?
I read your answer in your eyes, you would.

Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A messenger from Cæsar's camp, with letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Vent. I'll bring him instantly.

[Exit VENTIDIUS, and reënters immediately with DOLABELLA.]

Ant. 'Tis he himself! himself, by holy friendship!

[Runs to embrace him.]

Art thou return'd at last, my better half?

120 Come, give me all myself! Let me not live,
If the young bridegroom, longing for his night,
Was ever half so fond.

Dola. I must be silent, for my soul is busy
About a nobler work: she's new come home,
Like a long-absent man, and wanders o'er
Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me;

For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.

130 The rivers that ran in, and rais'd my fortunes,
Are all dried up, or take another course:
What I have left is from my native spring;
I've still a heart that swells, in scorn of fate,
And lifts me to my banks.

Dola. Still you are lord of all the world to me.

Ant. Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.

If I had any joy when thou wert absent,
I grudg'd it to myself; methought I robb'd
Thee of thy part. But, O my Dolabella!

140 Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
With scepter'd slaves, who waited to salute me?
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun,

To worship my uprising? Menial kings
 Ran coursing up and down my palace yard,
 Stood silent in my presence, watch'd my eyes,
 And, at my least command, all started out,
 Like racers to the goal.

Dola. Slaves to your fortune..

Ant. Fortune is Cæsar's now; and what am I?

150 *Vent.* What you have made yourself; I will not flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dola. Yes; when his end is so, I must join with him;
 Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide;
 Why am I else your friend?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
 How thou upbraid'st my love: the queen has eyes,
 And thou too hast a soul. Canst thou remember,
 When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first,
 As accessary to thy brother's death?

Dola. Spare my remembrance; 'twas a guilty day,
 160 And still the blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear herself,
 For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.
 Her galley down the silver Cydnos row'd,
 The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold;
 The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
 Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd;
 Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

Dola. No more; I would not hear it.

Ant. O, you must!

She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
 And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
 170 As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
 Neglecting she could take 'em: boys, like Cupids,
 Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
 That play'd about her face: but if she smil'd,
 A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
 That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,
 But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
 The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
 The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight;
 And both to thought. 'Twas heav'n, or somewhat more:
 180 For she so charm'd all hearts that gazing crowds
 Stood panting on the shore and wanted breath
 To give their welcome voice.

Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?
 Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder?
 Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
 And whisper in my ear: "O tell her not
 That I accus'd her of my brother's death?"

Dola. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?
 Mine was an age when love might be excus'd,
 190 When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
 Made it a debt to nature. Yours——

Vent. Speak boldly.
 Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
 When no more heat was left but what you forc'd,
 When all the sap was needful for the trunk,
 When it went down,—then you constrain'd the course,
 And robb'd from nature, to supply desire;
 In you (I would not use so harsh a word)—
 But 'tis plain dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dola. 'Twas urg'd too home.
 But yet the loss was private that I made;
 200 'Twas but myself I lost: I lost no legions;
 I had no world to lose, no people's love.

Ant. This from a friend?

Dola. Yes, Antony, a true one;
 A friend so tender, that each word I speak
 Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.
 O, judge me not less kind, because I chide!
 To Cæsar I excuse you.

Ant. O ye gods!
 Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to Cæsar?

Dola. As to your equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my equal:
 210 While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dola. I bring conditions from him.

Ant. Are they noble?
 Methinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else; yet he
 Is full of deep dissembling; knows no honor
 Divided from his int'rest. Fate mistook him;
 For nature meant him for an usurer:
 He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer kingdoms.

Vent. Then, granting this,
 What pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a temper
 To honorable terms?

Ant. It was my Dolabella, or some god.

220 *Dola.* Nor I, nor yet Mæcenas, nor Agrippa:
 They were your enemies; and I, a friend,

198. But 'tis] QqF. 'Tis but SsM.

206-10. O ye . . . from him] Q1. Q2 garbles the passage as follows:

Ant. O ye gods!

Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to Cæsar?

Dolla. As to your equal:

While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dolla. I bring conditions from him.

Q3F retain the same arrangement, but restore something like sense by omitting the second *Dolla*. This passage is perhaps sufficient proof that Dryden devoted no attention to the proofreading of the text of this play after the publication of the first edition.

Too weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman's deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done: show me that man,
Who has preserv'd my life, my love, my honor;
Let me but see his face.

Vent. That task is mine,
And, Heav'n, thou know'st how pleasing. [Exit VENTIDIUS.]

Dola. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall thank him too.

Dola. I fear she will not.

230 *Ant.* But she shall do 't. The queen, my Dolabella!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?

Dola. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me my better stars! for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her,
At no less price than kingdoms, to betray me;
But she resisted all: and yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dola. Yes; there's my reason.

Reënter VENTIDIUS, with OCTAVIA, leading ANTONY'S two little Daughters.

Ant. Where?—Octavia there! [Starting back.]

Vent. What, is she poison to you?—a disease?
240 Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has nature
No secret call, no whisper they are yours?

Dola. For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive 'em
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
Your arms should open, ev'n without your knowledge,
To clasp 'em in; your feet should turn to wings,
To bear you to 'em; and your eyes dart out,
And aim a kiss, ere you could reach the lips.

250 *Ant.* I stood amaz'd, to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for 'em; I brought 'em in, unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.

Dola. Yet are you cold?

Octav. Thus long I have attended for my welcome;
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?

Ant. Cæsar's sister.

Octav. That's unkind.
Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,

Know, I had still remain'd in Cæsar's camp:
 But your Octavia, your much injur'd wife,
 Tho' banish'd from your bed, driv'n from your house,
 260 In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is yours.

'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
 And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
 But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride:

I come to claim you as my own; to show
 My duty first; to ask, nay beg, your kindness.
 Your hand, my lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[Taking his hand.

Vent. Do, take it; thou deserv'st it.

Dola. On my soul,

And so she does: she's neither too submissive,
 Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean
 270 Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too.

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

Octav. Begg'd it, my lord?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my ambassadress;
 Poorly and basely begg'd it of your brother.

Octav. Poorly and basely I could never beg:
 Nor could my brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who, to my kneeling slave, could say,
 "Rise up, and be a king;" shall I fall down
 And cry: "Forgive me, Cæsar!" Shall I set
 A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,
 280 As he could give me being? No; that word,
 "Forgive," would choke me up,
 And die upon my tongue.

Dola. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me:
 My friend too! to receive some vile conditions.
 My wife has bought me, with her prayers and tears;
 And now I must become her branded slave.
 In every peevish mood, she will upbraid
 The life she gave: if I but look awry,
 She cries: "I'll tell my brother."

Octav. My hard fortune

290 Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.
 But the conditions I have brought are such
 You need not blush to take: I love your honor,
 Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said,
 Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
 Sir, you are free; free, ev'n from her you loathe;
 For, tho' my brother bargains for your love,
 Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
 I have a soul like yours; I cannot take
 Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
 300 I'll tell my brother we are reconcil'd;
 He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march

To rule the East: I may be dropp'd at Athens;
 No matter where. I never will complain,
 But only keep the barren name of wife,
 And rid you of the trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a strife of sullen honor!
 Both scorn to be oblig'd.

Dola. O, she has touch'd him in the tender'st part;
 See how he reddens with despite and shame,

310 To be outdone in generosity!

Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up a tear
 That fain would fall!

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
 The greatness of your soul;

But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:

[For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love;

- And you do all for duty. You would free me,

And would be dropp'd at Athens; was 't not so?

Octav. It was, my lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd

320 To one who loves me not; who, to herself,
 May call me thankless and ungrateful man:—
 I'll not endure it; no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.

[*Aside.*

Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's virtue?

That pride was all I had to bear me up;

That you might think you ow'd me for your life,

And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.

I have been injur'd, and my haughty soul

Could brook but ill the man who slights my bed.

330 *Ant.* Therefore you love me not.

Octav. Therefore, my lord,
 I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me?

Octav. And therefore I should leave you—if I could.

Dola. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,
 To say she loves; and yet she lets you see it.
 Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

Ant. O Dolabella, which way shall I turn?
 I find a secret yielding in my soul;

But Cleopatra, who would die with me,

Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia;

340 But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?

Vent. Justice and pity both plead for Octavia;
 For Cleopatra, neither.

One would be ruin'd with you; but she first

Had ruin'd you: the other, you have ruin'd,

And yet she would preserve you.

In everything their merits are unequal.

Ant. O, my distracted soul!

Octav. Sweet heav'n compose it!

Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
350 Are they not yours? or stand they thus neglected,
As they are mine? Go to him, children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him;
For you may speak, and he may own you-too,
Without a blush; and so he cannot all
His children: go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to yourselves, from that bad woman.
You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms;
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
360 Against the pavement, you must bear it, children;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[*Here the Children go to him, &c.*]

Vent. Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!

Dola. Friend!

Octav. Husband!

Both Child. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd: take me,
Octavia; take me, children; share me all. [*Embracing them.*]
I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
And run out much, in riot, from your stock;
But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blest hour!

Dola. O happy change!

Vent. My joy stops at my tongue;
But it has found two channels here for one,
370 And bubbles out above.

Ant. [*To OCTAV.*] This is thy triumph; lead me where thou wilt;
Ev'n to thy brother's camp.

Octav. All there are yours.

Enter ALEXAS hastily.

Alex. The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours—

Ant. 'Tis past.—

Octavia, you shall stay this night: to-morrow,
Cæsar and we are one.

[*Exit, leading OCTAVIA; DOLABELLA and the Children follow.*]

Vent. There's news for you;

373-74. 'Tis past . . . to-morrow]. Printed as one line in QqF.

375-78. There's . . . haste]. Printed as follows in QqF:

Ven. There's news for you; run,

My officious eunuch,

Be sure to be the first; haste forward:

Haste, my dear eunuch, haste.

The arrangement adopted in the text is in part that of Paul Meyer, *Metrische Untersuchungen über den Blankvers John Drydens*, Halle a. S. 1897; p. 56.

Run, my officious eunuch,
Be sure to be the first; haste forward: haste,
My dear eunuch, haste.

[Exit.

Alex. This downright fighting fool, this thick-skull'd hero,
380 This blunt, unthinking instrument of death,
With plain dull virtue has outgone my wit.
Pleasure forsook my early'st infancy;
The luxury of others robb'd my cradle,
And ravish'd thence the promise of a man.
Cast out from nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest children claim by kind,
Yet greatness kept me from contempt: that's gone.
Had Cleopatra follow'd my advice,
Then he had been betray'd who now forsakes.
390 She dies for love; but she has known its joys:
Gods, is this just, that I, who knows no joys,
Must die, because she loves?

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, Train.

O madam, I have seen what blasts my eyes!
Octavia's here!

Cleo. Peace with that raven's note.
I know it too; and now am in
The pangs of death.

Alex. You are no more a queen;
Egypt is lost.

Cleo. What tell'st thou me of Egypt?
My life, my soul is lost! Octavia has him!—
O fatal name to Cleopatra's love!

400 My kisses, my embraces now are hers;
While I——But thou hast seen my rival; speak,
Does she deserve this blessing? Is she fair?
Bright as a goddess? and is all perfection
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that coarse matter which, when she was finish'd,
The gods threw by for rubbish.

Alex. She's indeed,
A very miracle.

Cleo. Death to my hopes,
A miracle!

Alex. [Bowing.] A miracle;
I mean of goodness; for in beauty, madam,
410 You make all wonders cease.

Cleo. I was too rash:
Take this in part of recompense. But, O!

[Giving a ring.

387. kept] Qq. keeps F.

391. knows] Q1Q2. know Q3FSsM.

406. rubbish] QqF close a line here and make the following speeches of
Alexas and Cleopatra hemistichs. The arrangement adopted in the text
seems a slight improvement.

I fear thou flatter'st me.

Char. She comes! she's here!

Iras. Fly, madam, Cæsar's sister!

Cleo. Were she the sister of the thund'rer Jove,
And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,
Thus would I face my rival.

*Meets OCTAVIA with VENTIDIUS. OCTAVIA bears up to her. Their Trains
come up on either side.*

Octav. I need not ask if you are Cleopatra;
Your haughty carriage——

Cleo. Shows I am a queen:
Nor need I ask you, who you are.

Octav. A Roman:

430 A name, that makes and can unmake a queen.

Cleo. Your lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.

Octav. He was a Roman, till he lost that name,
To be a slave in Egypt; but I come
To free him thence.

Cleo. Peace, peace, my lover's Juno.
When he grew weary of that household clog,
He chose my easier bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your bonds are easy; you have long been practic'd
In that lascivious art. He's not the first
For whom you spread your snares: let Cæsar witness.

430 *Cleo.* I lov'd not Cæsar; 'twas but gratitude
I paid his love. The worst your malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of mankind
Has been my slave. The next, but far above him
In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.

Octav. [*Coming up close to her.*] I would view nearer
That face, which has so long usurp'd my right,
To find th' inevitable charms that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruin'd my dear lord.

Cleo. O, you do well to search; for had you known
440 But half these charms, you had not lost his heart. <

Octav. Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,
Far from a modest wife! Shame of our sex,
Dost thou not blush to own those black endearments,
That make sin pleasing?

Cleo. You may blush, who want 'em.
If bounteous nature, if indulgent heav'n
Have giv'n me charms to please the bravest man,
Should I not thank 'em? Should I be asham'd,
And not be proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;
And, when I love not him, heav'n change this face
450 For one like that.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well.

Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him more.

Octav. You do not; cannot: you have been his ruin.
Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?
Who made him scorn'd abroad, but Cleopatra?
At Actium, who betray'd him? Cleopatra.
Who made his children orphans, and poor me
A wretched widow? only Cleopatra.

Cleo. Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra.
If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.

460 You bear the specious title of a wife
To gild your cause and draw the pitying world
To favor it: the world contemns poor me;
For I have lost my honor, lost my fame,
And stain'd the glory of my royal house,
And all to bear the branded name of mistress.
There wants but life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.

Octav. Be 't so, then; take thy wish.

[*Exit cum suis.*

Cleo. And 'tis my wish,

Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.

470 My sight grows dim, and every object dances,
And swims before me, in the maze of death.
My spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a rival's scorn:
But now she's gone, they faint.

Alex. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel,
To ruin her, who else must ruin you.

Cleo. Vain promiser!
Lead me, my Charmion; nay, your hand too, Iras.
My grief has weight enough to sink you both.
Conduct me to some solitary chamber,

480 And draw the curtains round;
Then leave me to myself, to take alone
My fill of grief:

There I till death will his unkindness weep;
As harmless infants moan themselves asleep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

ANTONY, DOLABELLA.

Dola. Why would you shift it from yourself, on me?
Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot.
I could pull out an eye, and bid it go,
And t' other should not weep. O, Dolabella,

How many deaths are in this word, "Depart!"
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of hers would thaw me into tears,
And I should melt, till I were lost again.

Dola. Then let Ventidius;

10 He's rough by nature.

Ant. O, he'll speak too harshly;
He'll kill her with the news: thou, only thou.

Dola. Nature has cast me in so soft a mold,
That but to hear a story, feign'd for pleasure,
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood. I should speak
So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore,—therefore
Thou only, thou art fit. Think thyself me;
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long),

20 Take off the edge from every sharper sound,
And let our parting be as gently made,
As other loves begin: wilt thou do this?

Dola. What you have said so sinks into my soul,
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad task: farewell.
I sent her word to meet you. [*Goes to the door, and comes back.*]

I forgot;

Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:
Her crown and dignity shall be preserv'd,
If I have pow'r with Cæsar.—O, be sure

30 To think on that.

Dola. Fear not, I will remember.

[*ANTONY goes again to the door, and comes back.*]

Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was constrain'd;
I did not this, but with extremest force:
Desire her not to hate my memory,
For I still cherish hers;—insist on that.

Dola. Trust me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then that's all. [*Goes out, and returns again.*]
Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?
Tell her, tho' we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another love,
The news would break my heart.—Now I must go;

40 For every time I have return'd, I feel
My soul more tender; and my next command
Would be, to bid her stay, and ruin both.

[*Exit.*]

Dola. Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;

And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
 But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 50 To the world's open view: thus I discover'd,
 And blam'd the love of ruin'd Antony;
 Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruin'd.

Enter VENTIDIUS above.

Vent. Alone, and talking to himself? concern'd too?
 Perhaps my guess is right; he lov'd her once,
 And may pursue it still.

Dola. O friendship! friendship!
 Ill canst thou answer this; and reason, worse:
 Unfaithful in th' attempt; hopeless to win;
 And, if I win, undone: mere madness all.
 And yet th' occasion's fair. What injury
 60 To him, to wear the robe which he throws by?

Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
 To ruin her yet more with Antony.

Enter CLEOPATRA, talking with ALEXAS; CHARMION, IRAS, on the other side.

Dola. She comes! What charms have sorrow on that face!
 Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much sweetness;
 Yet, now and then, a melancholy smile
 Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,
 And shows a moment's day.

Vent. If she should love him too! her eunuch there!
 That porc'pisce bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,
 70 Sweet devil, that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me; try

[DOLABELLA goes over to CHARMION and IRAS;
seems to talk with them.

To make him jealous; jealousy is like
 A polish'd glass held to the lips when life's in doubt;
 If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp, and show it.

Cleo. I grant you, jealousy's a proof of love,
 But 'tis a weak and unavailing med'cine;
 It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
 But has no pow'r to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:
 And then this Dolabella, who so fit
 80 To practice on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
 And looks as he were laid for nature's bait,
 To catch weak women's eyes.
 He stands already more than half suspected
 Of loving you: the least kind word or glance
 You give this youth will kindle him with love:

Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the wind,
To fire the heart of jealous Antony.

Cleo. Can I do this? Ah, no; my love's so true,
90 That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A wife; a silly, harmless, household dove,
Fond without art, and kind without deceit;
But fortune, that has made a mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnish'd
Of falsehood to be happy.

Alex. Force yourself.
Th' event will be, your lover will return,
Doubly desirous to possess the good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it;
100 But O, with what regret! [*Exit ALEXAS. She comes up to DOLABELLA.*]

Vent. So, now the scene draws near; they're in my reach.

Cleo. [*To DOLA.*] Discoursing with my women! might not I
Share in your entertainment?

Char. You have been
The subject of it, madam.

Cleo. How! and how?

Iras. Such praises of your beauty!

Cleo. Mere poetry.
Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

Dola. Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt;
Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung:

110 I, who have seen——had I been born a poet,
Should choose a nobler name.

Cleo. You flatter me.
But, 'tis your nation's vice: all of your country
Are flatterers, and all false. Your friend's like you.
I'm sure, he sent you not to speak these words.

Dola. No, madam; yet he sent me——

Cleo. Well, he sent you——

Dola. Of a less pleasing errand.

Cleo. How less pleasing?

Less to yourself, or me?

Dola. Madam, to both.
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleo. You, Charmion, and your fellow, stand at distance.—
120 [*Aside.*] Hold up, my spirits.—Well, now your mournful matter;
For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it too.

Dola. I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless office,
To tell ill news; and I, of all your sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your sex,

I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Vent. Most delicate advances! Woman! woman!
Dear, damn'd, inconstant sex!

Cleo. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; is 't not so?

Dola. I wish I could not answer to that question.

130 *Cleo.* Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:
I should have been more griev'd another time.
Next, I'm to lose my kingdom—Farewell, Egypt!
Yet, is there any more?

Dola. Madam, I fear
Your too deep sense of grief has turn'd your reason.

Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear fortune:
And love may be expell'd by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.

Dola. You o'erjoy me, madam,
To find your griefs so moderately borne.

140 You've heard the worst; all are not false like him.

Cleo. No; heav'n forbid they should.

Dola. Some men are constant.

Cleo. And constancy deserves reward, that's certain.

Dola. Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

Vent. I'll swear, thou hast my leave. I have enough:
But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider.

[*Exit.*]

Dola. I came prepar'd

To tell you heavy news; news, which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to hear:
But you have met it with a cheerfulness

150 That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,
Which on another's message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, Dolabella.

First tell me, were you chosen by my lord?
Or sought you this employment?

Dola. He pick'd me out; and, as his bosom friend,
He charg'd me with his words.

Cleo. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged word, "Depart."

Dola. O, you mistake: he chose the harshest words;
160 With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
He coin'd his face in the severest stamp;
And fury shook his fabric, like an earthquake;
He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing Ætna,
In sounds scarce human—"Hence, away for ever:
Let her begone, the blot of my renown,
And bane of all my hopes!

[*All the time of this speech, CLEOPATRA seems more and more concern'd, till she sinks quite down.*]

Let her be driv'n, as far as men can think,
From man's commerce! she'll poison to the center."

Cleo. O, I can bear no more!

170 *Dola.* Help, help!—O wretch! O cursed, cursed wretch!
What have I done!

Char. Help, chafe her temples, *Iras.*

Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,
She comes again.

Cleo. O, let him not approach me.
Why have you brought me back to this loath'd being,
Th' abode of falsehood, violated vows,
And injur'd love? For pity, let me go;
For if there be a place of long repose,
I'm sure I want it. My disdainful lord
Can never break that quiet; nor awake

180 The sleeping soul, with holloing in my tomb
Such words as fright her hence. Unkind, unkind!

Dola. [*Kneeling.*] Believe me, 'tis against myself I speak;
That sure deserves belief; I injur'd him:
My friend ne'er spoke those words. O had you seen
How often he came back, and every time
With something more obliging and more kind,
To add to what he said; what dear farewells;
How almost vanquish'd by his love he parted,
And lean'd to what unwillingly he left!

190 I, traitor as I was, for love of you
(But what can you not do, who made me false!)
I forg'd that lie; for whose forgiveness kneels
This self-accus'd, self-punish'd criminal.

Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we wish!
Rise, Dolabella; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much love
Has made me guilty too.

Th' advance of kindness which I made was feign'd,
To call back fleeting love by jealousy;

200 But 'twould not last. O, rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart!

Dola. I find your breast fenc'd round from human reach,
Transparent as a rock of solid crystal;
Seen thro', but never pierc'd. My friend, my friend!
What endless treasure hast thou thrown away;
And scatter'd, like an infant, in the ocean,
Vain sums of wealth, which none can gather thence!

Cleo. Could you not beg

An hour's admittance to his private ear?
 210 Like one, who wanders thro' long barren wilds,
 And yet foreknows no hospitable inn
 Is near to succor hunger, eats his fill,
 Before his painful march:
 So would I feed a while my famish'd eyes
 Before we part; for I have far to go,
 If death be far, and never must return.

VENTIDIUS with OCTAVIA, behind.

Vent. From hence you may discover—O, sweet, sweet!
 Would you indeed? The pretty hand in earnest?

Dola. I will, for this reward.—[Takes her hand.] Draw it not back,
 220 'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Vent. They turn upon us.

Octav. What quick eyes has guilt!

Vent. Seem not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.

They enter.

Dola. Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?

Vent. No.

I sought him; but I heard that he was private,
 None with him but Hipparchus, his freedman.

Dola. Know you his bus'ness?

Vent. Giving him instructions,
 And letters to his brother Cæsar.

Dola. Well,
 He must be found.

[*Exeunt DOLABELLA and CLEOPATRA.*]

Octav. Most glorious impudence!

Vent. She look'd, methought,
 230 As she would say: "Take your old man, Octavia;
 Thank you, I'm better here." Well, but what use
 Make we of this discovery?

Octav. Let it die.

Vent. I pity Dolabella; but she 's dangerous:
 Her eyes have pow'r beyond Thessalian charms,
 To draw the moon from heav'n; for eloquence,
 The sea-green Sirens taught her voice their flatt'ry;
 And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
 Unmark'd of those that hear. Then she 's so charming,
 Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
 240 The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
 And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
 They bless her wanton eyes: even I, who hate her,
 With a malignant joy behold such beauty;
 And, while I curse, desire it. Antony

212-13. *Is near . . . march*] So arranged by SsM. QqF read:
Is near to succor hunger,
Eats his fill, before his painful march.

Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cur'd. I know, this minute,
With Cæsar he 's endeavoring her peace.

Octav. You have prevail'd.—But, for a farther purpose,
[*Walks off.*]

250 I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.

What, make a strumpet's peace! it swells my heart:
It must not, sha' not be.

Vent. His guards appear.
Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking you, my love:
What, are your letters ready? I have giv'n
My last instructions.

Octav. Mine, my lord, are written.

Ant. Ventidius! [Drawing him aside.]

Vent. My lord?

Ant. A word in private.—

When saw you Dolabella?

Vent. Now, my lord,

He parted hence; and Cleopatra with him.

260 *Ant.* Speak softly.—'Twas by my command he went,
To bear my last farewell.

Vent. [*Aloud.*] It look'd indeed
Like your farewell.

Ant. More softly.—My farewell?
What secret meaning have you in those words
Of "my farewell?" He did it by my order.

Vent. [*Aloud.*] Then he obey'd your order. I suppose
You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all——love.

Ant. How she mourn'd,
The poor forsaken creature!

Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your parting
270 As she did Cæsar's, as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.

Ant. [*Aloud.*] Thou dost belie her;
Most basely and maliciously belie her.

Vent. I thought not to displease you; I have done.

Octav. [*Coming up.*] You seem disturb'd, my lord.

Ant. A very trifle.

Retire, my love.

Vent. It was indeed a trifle.

He sent——

Ant. [*Angrily.*] No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
Thy life shall answer it.

Octav. Then 'tis no trifle.

Vent. [To OCTAV.] 'Tis less; a very nothing: you too saw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.

280 *Ant.* She saw it!

Vent. Yes: she saw young Dolabella——

Ant. Young Dolabella!

Vent. Young, I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind message;
For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd;
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeez'd it, and worried it with ravenous kisses;
She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd again;
At last she took occasion to talk softly,
290 And brought her cheek up close, and lean'd on his;
At which, he whisper'd kisses back on hers;
And then she cried aloud that constancy
Should be rewarded.

Octav. This I saw and heard.

Ant. What woman was it, whom you heard and saw
So playful with my friend? Not Cleopatra?

Vent. Ev'n she, my lord.

Ant. My Cleopatra?

Vent. Your Cleopatra;
Dolabella's Cleopatra;
Every man's Cleopatra.

300 *Ant.* Thou li'st.

Vent. I do not lie, my lord,
Is this so strange? Should mistresses be left,
And not provide against a time of change?
You know she 's not much us'd to lonely nights.

Ant. I'll think no more on 't.
I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.
You needed not have gone this way, Octavia.
What harms it you that Cleopatra 's just?
She 's mine no more. I see, and I forgive:
Urge it no farther, love.

Octav. Are you concern'd,
310 That she 's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;
For, tho' tis past, I would not that the world
Should tax my former choice, that I lov'd one
Of so light note; but I forgive you both.

Vent. What has my age deserv'd, that you should think
I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If heav'n be true, she 's false.

Ant. Tho' heav'n and earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Vent. I'll bring you then a witness

From hell, to prove her so.—Nay, go not back;

[*Seeing ALEXAS, just ent'ring, and starting back.*

320 For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my lord?

Vent. To make you do what most you hate,—speak truth.
You are of Cleopatra's private counsel,
Of her bed-counsel, her lascivious hours;
Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,
And watch her, as Chaldæans do the moon,
Can tell what signs she passes thro', what day.

Alex. My noble lord!

Vent. My most illustrious pander,
No fine set speech, no cadence, no turn'd periods,
But a plain homespun truth, is what I ask:

330 I did, myself, o'erhear your queen make love
To Dolabella. Speak; for I will know,
By your confession, what more pass'd betwixt 'em;
How near the bus'ness draws to your employment;
And when the happy hour.

Ant. Speak truth, Alexas; whether it offend
Or please Ventidius, care not. Justify
Thy injur'd queen from malice: dare his worst.

Octav. [*Aside.*] See how he gives him courage! how he fears
To find her false! and shuts his eyes to truth,

340 Willing to be misled!

Alex. As far as love may plead for woman's frailty,
Urg'd by desert and greatness of the lover,
So far, divine Octavia, may my queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you for loving him
Who is your lord: so far, from brave Ventidius,
May her past actions hope a fair report.

Ant. 'Tis well, and truly spoken: mark, Ventidius.

Alex. To you, most noble emperor, her strong passion
Stands not excus'd, but wholly justified.

350 Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of sighing kings; and at her feet were laid
The scepters of the earth, expos'd on heaps,
To choose where she would reign:
She thought a Roman only could deserve her,
And, of all Romans, only Antony;
And, to be less than wife to you, disdain'd
Their lawful passion. *Ant.* 'Tis but truth.

Alex. And yet, tho' love, and your unmatch'd desert,
360 Have drawn her from the due regard of honor,
At last heav'n open'd her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs she offer'd fair Octavia,
Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurp'd.

The sad effects of this improsperous war
Confirm'd those pious thoughts.

Vent. [*Aside.*] O, wheel you there?
Observe him now; the man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason. Fear not, eunuch;
The emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t' offend his ears
370 With what the last necessity has urg'd
On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say, her heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy life, I charge thee dare not
Pronounce that fatal word!

Octav. [*Aside.*] Must I bear this? Good heav'n, afford me patience.

Vent. On, sweet eunuch; my dear half-man, proceed.

Alex. Yet Dolabella

Has lov'd her long; he, next my godlike lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,
380 Rejected, as she is, by him she lov'd——

Ant. Hence, from my sight! for I can bear no more:
Let furies drag thee quick to hell; let all
The longer damn'd have rest; each torturing hand
Do thou employ, till Cleopatra comes;
Then join thou too, and help to torture her!

[*Exit ALEXAS, thrust out by ANTONY.*]

Octav. 'Tis not well,—
Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To show this passion, this extreme concernment,
For an abandon'd, faithless prostitute.

390 *Ant.* Octavia, leave me; I am much disorder'd:
Leave me, I say.

Octav. My lord!

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Vent. Obey him, madam; best withdraw a while,
And see how this will work.

Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a Cleopatra?
Were I she,
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
400 And fawn upon my falsehood.

Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, Octavia; I am press'd with sorrows
Too heavy to be borne; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what 's left
Of man within, to aid me.

382-83. *let all The longer damn'd have rest*] Q1. Omitted by Q2Q3F, possibly by Dryden's own direction.

Octav. You would mourn,
In private, for your love, who has betray'd you.
You did but half return to me: your kindness
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my lord,
You make conditions for her,
And would include her treaty. Wondrous proofs
410 Of love to me!

Ant. Are you my friend, Ventidius?
Or are you turn'd a Dolabella too,
And let this Fury loose?

Vent. O, be advis'd,
Sweet madam, and retire.

Octav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My lord, my lord, love will not always last,
When urg'd with long unkindness and disdain:
Take her again, whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd man!
420 Let a feign'd parting give her back your heart,
Which a feign'd love first got; for injur'd me,
Tho' my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My duty shall be yours.
To the dear pledges of our former love,
My tenderness and care shall be transferr'd,
And they shall cheer, by turns, my widow'd nights:
So, take my last farewell; for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.

[Exit.]

Vent. I combat heav'n, which blasts my best designs:
430 My last attempt must be to win her back;
But O! I fear, in vain.

[Exit.]

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain, honest heart,
Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,
But bears its workings outward to the world?
I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
And forc'd a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood:
Octavia had believ'd it, and had stay'd.
But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
Seen to the bottom: all my clearness scorn'd,
440 And all my faults expos'd! See where he comes

Enter DOLABELLA.

Who has profan'd the sacred name of friend,
And worn it into vileness!
With how secure a brow, and specious form,
He gilds the secret villain! Sure that face
Was meant for honesty; but heav'n mismatch'd it,
And furnish'd treason out with nature's pomp,
To make its work more easy.

Dola. O my friend!

Ant. Well, Dolabella, you perform'd my message?

Dola. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?

450 *Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?*

You should have wish'd it.

Dola. Why?

Ant. Because you love me.

And she receiv'd my message with as true,

With as unfeign'd a sorrow as you brought it?

Dola. She loves you, ev'n to madness.

Ant. O, I know it.

You, Dolabella, do not better know

How much she loves me. And should I forsake

This beauty? This all-perfect creature?

Dola. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first

Persuaded me: how come you alter'd since?

460 *Dola.* I said at first I was not fit to go:

I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears,

But pity must prevail: and so, perhaps,

It may again with you; for I have promis'd,

That she should take her last farewell: and, see,

She comes to claim my word.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ant. False Dolabella!

Dola. What 's false, my lord?

Ant. Why, Dolabella 's false,

And Cleopatra 's false; both false and faithless.

Draw near, you well-join'd wickedness, you serpents,

Whom I have in my kindly bosom warm'd,

470 *Till I am stung to death.*

Dola. My lord, have I

Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleo. Can heav'n prepare

A newer torment? Can it find a curse

Beyond our separation?

Ant. Yes, if fate

Be just, much greater: heav'n should be ingenious

In punishing such crimes. The rolling stone,

And gnawing vulture, were slight pains, invented

When Jove was young, and no examples known

Of mighty ills; but you have ripen'd sin

To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the gods

480 *To find an equal torture. Two, two such!—*

O, there 's no farther name,—two such! to me,

To me, who lock'd my soul within your breasts,

Had no desires, no joys, no life, but you.

456. *How much, etc.]* The editor again follows Meyer (*op. cit.*, p. 56) in rearranging the lines.

When half the globe was mine, I gave it you
 In dowry with my heart; I had no use,
 No fruit of all, but you! a friend and mistress,
 Was what the world could give. O Cleopatra!
 O Dolabella! how could you betray
 This tender heart, which, with an infant fondness,
 490 Lay lull'd betwixt your bosoms, and there slept,
 Secure of injur'd faith?

Dola. If she has wrong'd you,
 Heav'n, hell, and you, revenge it.

Ant. If she wrong'd me!
 Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt; but swear
 Thou lov'st not her.

Dola. Not so as I love you.

Ant. Not so? Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her.

Dola. No more than friendship will allow.

Ant. No more?

Friendship allows thee nothing: thou art perjur'd—
 And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'dst her not;
 But not so much, no more. O trifling hypocrite,
 500 Who dar'st not own to her, thou dost not love,
 Nor own to me, thou dost! Ventidius heard it;
 Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are enemies.

Ant. Alexas is not so: he, he confess'd it;
 He, who, next hell, best knew it, he avow'd it.
 [To DOLA.] Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself?
 You, whom I sent to bear my last farewell,
 Return'd, to plead her stay.

Dola. What shall I answer?
 If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have sinn'd;
 But if to have repented of that love
 510 Can wash away my crime, I have repented.
 Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,
 Let not her suffer: she is innocent.

Cleo. Ah, what will not a woman do, who loves?
 What means will she refuse, to keep that heart
 Where all her joys are plac'd? 'Twas I encourag'd,
 'Twas I blew up the fire that scorch'd his soul,
 To make you jealous, and by that regain you.
 But all in vain; I could not counterfeit.
 In spite of all the dams, my love broke o'er
 520 And drown'd my heart again: fate took th' occasion;
 And thus one minute's feigning has destroy'd
 My whole life's truth.

Ant. Thin cobweb arts of falsehood;

492. *If she wrong'd me!]* QqF have only a comma after these words;
 SsM insert the exclamation point. SsM insert *has* after *she*.

498. *lov'dst]* QqF. *lov'st* SsM.

Seen, and broke thro' at first.

Dola. Forgive your mistress.

Cleo. Forgive your friend.

Ant. You have convinc'd yourselves.

You plead each other's cause: what witness have you,

That you but meant to raise my jealousy?

Cleo. Ourselves, and heav'n.

Ant. Guilt witnesses for guilt. Hence, love and friendship!

You have no longer place in human breasts;

530 These two have driv'n you out. Avoid my sight!

I would not kill the man whom I have lov'd,

And cannot hurt the woman; but avoid me:

I do not know how long I can be tame;

For, if I stay one minute more, to think

How I am wrong'd, my justice and revenge

Will cry so loud within me that my pity

Will not be heard for either.

Dola. Heav'n has but

Our sorrow for our sins; and then delights

To pardon erring man: sweet mercy seems

540 Its darling attribute, which limits justice;

As if there were degrees in infinite,

And infinite would rather want perfection,

Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive

A foe; but not a mistress and a friend.

Treason is there in its most horrid shape,

Where trust is greatest; and the soul resign'd,

Is stabb'd by its own guards: I'll hear no more;

Hence from my sight, for ever!

Cleo. How? for ever?

I cannot go one moment from your sight,

550 And must I go for ever?

My joys, my only joys, are center'd here:

What place have I to go to? My own kingdom?

That I have lost for you. Or to the Romans?

They hate me for your sake. Or must I wander

The wide world o'er, a helpless, banish'd woman,

Banish'd for love of you; banish'd from you?

Aye, there 's the banishment! O, hear me; hear me,

With strictest justice: for I beg no favor;

And if I have offended you, then kill me,

560 But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.

I have a fool within me takes your part;

But honor stops my ears.

Cleo. For pity hear me!

Would you cast off a slave who follow'd you?

Who crouch'd beneath your spurn?—He has no pity!
 See, if he gives one tear to my departure;
 One look, one kind farewell: O iron heart!
 Let all the gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
 If he did ever love!

Ant. No more: Alexas!

Dola. A perjur'd villain!

Ant. [To CLEO.] Your Alexas; yours.

570 *Cleo.* O, 'twas his plot; his ruinous design,
 T' ingage you in my love by jealousy.
 Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.

Ant. I have; I have.

Cleo. And if he clear me not——

Ant. Your creature! one who hangs upon your smiles!
 Watches your eye, to say or to unsay,
 Whate'er you please! I am not to be mov'd.

Cleo. Then must we part? Farewell, my cruel lord!
 Th' appearance is against me; and I go,
 Unjustified, for ever from your sight.

580 How I have lov'd, you know; how yet I love,
 My only comfort is, I know myself:
 I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
 Than when you lov'd me most; so well, so truly
 I'll never strive against it; but die pleas'd,
 To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good heav'n, they weep at parting.
 Must I weep too? that calls 'em innocent.
 I must not weep; and yet I must, to think
 That I must not forgive.——

590 Live, but live wretched; 'tis but just you should,
 Who made me so: live from each other's sight;
 Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth,
 And all the seas, betwixt your sunder'd loves:
 View nothing common but the sun and skies.
 Now, all take several ways;

And each your own sad fate, with mine, deplore;
 That you were false, and I could trust no more. [Exeunt severally.]

ACT V

CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS.

Char. Be juster, heav'n; such virtue punish'd thus,
 Will make us think that chance rules all above,
 And shuffles, with a random hand, the lots
 Which man is forc'd to draw.

Cleo. I could tear out these eyes, that gain'd his heart,
 And had not pow'r to keep it. O the curse

Of doting on, ev'n when I find it dotage!
 Bear witness, gods, you heard him bid me go;
 You, whom he mock'd with imprecating vows
 10 Of promis'd faith!—I'll die; I will not bear it.
 You may hold me—— [*She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.*
 But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,
 And choke this love.

Enter ALEXAS.

Iras. Help, O Alexas, help!

The queen grows desperate; her soul struggles in her
 With all the agonies of love and rage,
 And strives to force its passage.

Cleo. Let me go.

Art thou there, traitor!—O,
 O for a little breath, to vent my rage!
 Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

20 *Alex.* Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd truth.
 Was it for me to prop
 The ruins of a falling majesty?
 To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,
 Thus to be crush'd, and pounded into atoms,
 By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming
 For subjects to preserve that wilful pow'r,
 Which courts its own destruction.

Cleo. I would reason

More calmly with you. Did not you o'errule,
 And force my plain, direct, and open love,
 30 Into these crooked paths of jealousy?
 Now, what 's th' event? Octavia is remov'd;
 But Cleopatra 's banish'd. Thou, thou villain,
 Hast push'd my boat to open sea; to prove,
 At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.
 It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd:
 Hence, thou imposter, traitor, monster, devil!—
 I can no more: thou, and my griefs, have sunk
 Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.

Alex. Suppose some shipwrack'd seaman near the shore,
 40 Dropping and faint, with climbing up the cliff,
 If, from above, some charitable hand
 Pull him to safety, hazarding himself,
 To draw the other's weight; would he look back,
 And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;
 But one step more, and you have gain'd the heighth.

Cleo. Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. Octavia 's gone, and Dolabella banish'd.
 Believe me, madam, Antony is yours.
 His heart was never lost, but started off

50 To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert;
 Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,
 And list'ning for the sound that calls it back.
 Some other, any man ('tis so advanc'd),
 May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I
 (Unhappy only to myself) have left
 So easy to his hand.

Cleo. Look well thou do 't; else——

Alex. Else, what your silence threatens.—Antony
 Is mounted up the Pharos, from whose turret
 He stands surveying our Egyptian galleys,
 60 Engag'd with Cæsar's fleet. Now death or conquest!
 If the first happen, fate acquits my promise;
 If we o'ercome, the conqueror is yours. [*A distant shout within.*]

Char. Have comfort, madam: did you mark that shout?

[*Second shout nearer.*]

Iras. Hark! they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the port.

The loudness shows it near: good news, kind heavens!

Cleo. Osiris make it so!

Enter SERAPION.

Serap. Where, where's the queen?

Alex. How frightfully the holy coward stares,
 As if not yet recover'd of th' assault,
 When all his gods, and, what 's more dear to him,
 70 His offerings, were at stake.

Serap. O horror, horror!
 Egypt has been; our latest hour is come:
 The queen of nations, from her ancient seat,
 Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss:
 Time has unroll'd her glories to the last,
 And now clos'd up the volume.

Cleo. Be more plain:
 Say whence thou com'st; tho' fate is in thy face,
 Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly out,
 And threatens ere thou speak'st.

Serap. I came from Pharos;
 From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
 80 Our land's last hope, your navy——

Cleo. Vanquish'd?

Serap. No:
 They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Serap. Nor that. I saw,
 With Antony, your well-appointed fleet
 Row out; and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,
 And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back:
 'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning strumpet,

About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,
 With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,
 And flatter to the last; the well-tim'd oars
 Now dipp'd from every bank, now smoothly run
 90 To meet the foe; and soon indeed they met,
 But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps
 On either side thrown up; th' Egyptian galleys
 (Receiv'd like friends) pass'd thro', and fell behind
 The Roman rear: and now, they all come forward,
 And ride within the port.

Cleo. Enough, Serapion:
 I've heard my doom.—This needed not, you gods:
 When I lost Antony, your work was done;
 'Tis but superfluous malice. Where 's my lord?
 How bears he this last blow?

100 *Serap.* His fury cannot be express'd by words.
 Thrice he attempted headlong to have fall'n
 Full on his foes, and aim'd at Cæsar's galley:
 Withheld, he raves on you; cries, he 's betray'd.
 Should he now find you——

Alex. Shun him; seek your safety,
 Till you can clear your innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not; haste you to your monument,
 While I make speed to Cæsar.

Cleo. Cæsar! No,
 I have no business with him.

Alex. I can work him
 To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

110 *Cleo.* Base fawning wretch! wouldst thou betray him too?
 Hence from my sight! I will not hear a traitor;
 'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.
 Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:
 But haste, each moment 's precious.

Serap. Retire; you must not yet see Antony.
 He who began this mischief,
 'Tis just he tempt the danger; let him clear you:
 And, since he offer'd you his servile tongue,
 To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,
 120 Let him expose that fawning eloquence,
 And speak to Antony.

Alex. O heavens! I dare not;
 I meet my certain death.

Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.—
 Not that I fear my lord, will I avoid him;
 I know him noble: when he banish'd me,
 And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life;
 But I'll be justified, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,
Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save;
130 While mine I prize at this. Come, good Serapion.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, SERAPION, CHARMION, IRAS.]

Alex. O that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snowball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.
Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou!
For still, in spite of thee,
These two long lovers, soul and body, dread
Their final separation. Let me think:
What can I say, to save myself from death?
No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.

140 *Ant.* [*Within.*] Which way? where?

Vent. [*Within.*]

This leads to th' monument.

Alex. Ah me; I hear him; yet I'm unprepar'd:
My gift of lying 's gone;
And this court devil, which I so oft have rais'd,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay;
Yet cannot far go hence.

[*Exit.*

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Ant. O happy Cæsar; thou hast men to lead:
Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd Antony;
But Rome has conquer'd Egypt. I'm betray'd.

Vent. Curse on this treach'rous train!
150 Their soil and heav'n infect 'em all with baseness:
And their young souls come tainted to the world
With the first breath they draw.

Ant. Th' original villain sure no god created;
He was a bastard of the sun, by Nile,
Ap'd into man; with all his mother's mud
Crusted about his soul.

Vent. The nation is
One universal traitor; and their queen
The very spirit and extract of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left
160 A possibility of aid from valor?
Is there one god unsworn to my destruction?
The least unmortgag'd hope? for, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate
Of such a boy as Cæsar.
The world's one half is yet in Antony;
And from each limb of it that 's hew'd away,
The soul comes back to me.

Vent. There yet remain
Three legions in the town. The last assault
Lopp'd off the rest: if death be your design—
170 As I must wish it now—these are sufficient

To make a heap about us of dead foes,
An honest pile for burial.

Ant. They're enough.

We'll not divide our stars; but, side by side,
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts. So, every death
Thou giv'st, I'll take on me, as a just debt,
And pay thee back a soul.

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
180 I am so pleas'd with this brave Roman fate,
That I would not be Cæsar, to outlive you.
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shown to all th' ethereal crowd:
"Lo, this is he who died with Antony!"

Ant. Who knows, but we may pierce thro' all their troops,
And reach my veterans yet? 'Tis worth the 'tempting,
T' o'erleap this gulf of fate,
And leave our wond'ring destinies behind.

Enter ALEXAS, trembling.

Vent. See, see, that villain!

190 See Cleopatra stamp'd upon that face,
With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!
How she looks out thro' those dissembling eyes!
How he has set his count'nance for deceit,
And promises a lie, before he speaks!
Let me dispatch him first.

[Drawing.]

Alex. O spare me, spare me!

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy life,
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it,)
No syllable to justify thy queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone,
200 Where she shall never be molested more
By love, or you.

Ant. Fled to her Dolabella!

Die, traitor! I revoke my promise! die!

[Going to kill him.]

Alex. O hold! she is not fled.

Ant. She is: my eyes

Are open to her falsehood; my whole life
Has been a golden dream of love and friendship;
But, now I wake, I'm like a merchant, rous'd
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking,
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful woman!
Who follow'd me, but as the swallow summer,

188. *wond'ring*] Q1. *wand'ring* Q2Q3FSSM.

193. *he has set*] Q1. *he sets* Q2Q3FSSM, to the injury of the meter.

208. *o'er. Ingrateful*] QqF. *over. Ungrateful* SsM.

210 Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake:
But, now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.

Alex. Think not so:
Her fortunes have, in all things, mix'd with yours.
Had she betray'd her naval force to Rome,
How easily might she have gone to Cæsar,
Secure by such a bribe!

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain;
Else would she have appear'd, to clear herself.

220 *Alex.* Too fatally she has: she could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but shut herself
Within her monument; look'd down and sigh'd;
While, from her unchang'd face, the silent tears
Dropp'd, as they had not leave, but stole their parting.
Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd;
At last, she rais'd her eyes; and, with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast——

Ant. My heart forebodes——

Vent. All for the best: go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her poniard,
And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,

230 Plung'd it within her breast; then turn'd to me:
"Go, bear my lord," said she, "my last farewell;
And ask him if he yet suspect my faith."
More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath,
And buried half within her.

Vent. Heav'n be prais'd!

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear love?
And art thou dead?

O those two words! their sound should be divided:
Hadst thou been false, and died; or hadst thou liv'd,
240 And hadst been true.—But innocence and death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I,
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!

Vent. Is 't come to this? The gods have been too gracious;
And thus you thank 'em for 't!

Ant. [To ALEX.] Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,
And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence;
Thou art not worthy to behold what now

250 Becomes a Roman emperor to perform.

Alex. [Aside.] He loves her still: C

His grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find
 She 's yet alive, completes the reconciliation.
 I've sav'd myself, and her. But, O! the Romans!
 Fate comes too fast upon my wit,
 Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.

[Exit.

Vent. Would she had died a little sooner, tho',
 Before Octavia went; you might have treated:
 Now 'twill look tame, and would not be receiv'd.

280 Come, rouse yourself, and let 's die warm together.

Ant. I will not fight: there 's no more work for war.
 The bus'ness of my angry hours is done.

Vent. Cæsar is at your gates.

Ant.

Why, let him enter;

He 's welcome now.

Vent. What lethargy has crept into your soul?

Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
 To free myself from bondage.

Vent.

Do it bravely.

Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O, Ventidius!
 What should I fight for now? My queen is dead.

270 I was but great for her; my pow'r, my empire,
 Were but my merchandise to buy her love;
 And conquer'd kings, my factors. Now she 's dead,
 Let Cæsar take the world——

An empty circle, since the jewel 's gone
 Which made it worth my strife: my being 's nauseous;
 For all the bribes of life are gone away.

Vent. Would you be taken?

Ant.

Yes, I would be taken;

But, as a Roman ought,—dead, my Ventidius:

For I'll convey my soul from Cæsar's reach,

280 And lay down life myself. 'Tis time the world
 Should have a lord, and know whom to obey.

We two have kept its homage in suspense,
 And bent the globe on whose each side we trod,
 Till it was dinted inwards. Let him walk
 Alone upon 't: I'm weary of my part.

My torch is out; and the world stands before me,
 Like a black desert at th' approach of night:
 I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

Vent. I could be griev'd,

290 But that I'll not outlive you: choose your death;
 For, I have seen him in such various shapes,
 I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
 The life I bear is worn to such a rag,

257, 258. *Would . . . went;*] So punctuated in QqF; SsM place an exclamation point after *tho'* and a comma after *went*.

284. *dinted*] Qq. *dented* FSSM.

292. *troubled*] QqF have no punctuation after this word; SsM insert a comma.

'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish, indeed,
We threw it from us with a better grace;
That, like two lions taken in the toils,
We might at least thrust out our paws, and wound
The hunters that inclose us.

Ant. I have thought on 't.

Ventidius, you must live.

Vent. I must not, sir.

300 *Ant.* Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?
To stand by my fair fame, and guard th' approaches
From the ill tongues of men?

Vent. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you?

Ant. Say, I command it.

Vent. If we die well our deaths will speak themselves,
And need no living witness.

Ant. Thou hast lov'd me,
And fain I would reward thee. I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death,
To make thee friends with Cæsar.

Vent. Thank your kindness.

You said I lov'd you; and in recompense,
310 You bid me turn a traitor. Did I think
You would have us'd me thus?—that I should die
With a hard thought of you?

Ant. Forgive me, Roman.
Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
But lets my thoughts break all at random out.
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.

Vent. By heav'n I will not.
Let it not be t' outlive you.

Ant. Kill me first,
And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve
320 Thy friend, before thyself.

Vent. Give me your hand.
We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell, emperor!
Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend!
That's all——

[Embrace.]

I will not make a bus'ness of a trifle;
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;
Pray turn your face.

Ant. I do: strike home, be sure.

Vent. Home as my sword will reach. [Kills himself.]

Ant. O, thou mistak'st;

297. at least] Q1. at last Q2Q3FSsM.

323. all] Q1. Omitted by Q2Q3F.

327. home, be sure] Q1. home sure Q2Q3F.

That wound was none of thine; give it me back:

330 Thou robb'st me of my death.

Vent.

I do indeed;

But think 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you,
If that may plead my pardon. And you, gods,
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my friend.

[Dies.

Ant. Farewell! Ever my leader, ev'n in death!

My queen and thou have got the start of me,

And I'm the lag of honor.—Gone so soon?

Is Death no more? He us'd him carelessly,
With a familiar kindness: ere he knock'd,

340 Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,

As who should say: "Y'are welcome at all hours,

A friend need give no warning." Books had spoil'd him;

For all the learn'd are cowards by profession.

'Tis not worth

My farther thought; for death, for aught I know,

Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfied.

[Falls on his sword.

I've miss'd my heart. O unperforming hand!

Thou never couldst have err'd in a worse time.

My fortune jades me to the last; and death,

350 Like a great man, takes state, and makes me wait

For my admittance.—

[Trampling within.

Some, perhaps, from Cæsar:

If he should find me living, and suspect

That I play'd booty with my life! I'll mend

My work, ere they can reach me.

[Rises upon his knees.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS.

Cleo. Where is my lord? where is he?

Char.

There he lies,

And dead Ventidius by him.

Cleo. My fears were prophets; I am come too late.

O that accurst Alexas!

[Runs to him.

Ant. Art thou living?

Or am I dead before I knew, and thou

360 The first kind ghost that meets me?

Cleo.

Help me seat him.

Send quickly, send for help!

[They place him in a chair.

Ant.

I am answer'd.

We live both. Sit thee down, my Cleopatra:

I'll make the most I can of life, to stay

A moment more with thee.

Cleo. How is it with you?

Ant.

'Tis as with a man

Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up,

But one dear jewel that his haste forgot;

And he, for that, returns upon the spur:
So I come back, for thee.

370 *Cleo.* Too long, you heav'ns, you have been cruel to me:
Now show your mended faith, and give me back
His fleeting life!

Ant. It will not be, my love;
I keep my soul by force.
Say but thou art not false.

Cleo. 'Tis now too late
To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.
Unknown to me, Alexas feign'd my death:
Which when I knew, I hasted to prevent
This fatal consequence. My fleet betray'd
Both you and me.

Ant. And Dolabella——

Cleo. Scarce

380 Esteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.

Ant. Enough: my life's not long enough for more.
Thou say'st thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,
That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come:
Doubt not, my life, I'll come, and quickly too:
Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stay'st,
My last disastrous times:
Think we have had a clear and glorious day;
390 And heav'n did kindly to delay the storm,
Just till our close of ev'ning. Ten years' love,
And not a moment lost, but all improv'd
To th' utmost joys,—what ages have we liv'd!
And now to die each other's; and, so dying,
While hand in hand we walk in groves below,
Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the train be ours.

Cleo. Your words are like the notes of dying swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
400 For your unkindness, and not one for love?

Ant. No, not a minute.—This one kiss—more worth
Than all I leave to Cæsar.

[Dies.]

Cleo. O tell me so again,
And take ten thousand kisses for that word.
My lord, my lord! speak, if you yet have being;
Sigh to me, if you cannot speak; or cast

370. *you heav'ns*] QqF. *ye heavens* SsM.

379. *Scarce*]. Joined to the following line in QqF; the text follows SsM.

387. *stay'st,*] QqF have no punctuation after this word; SsM insert the comma.

398. *swans*] Q1Q2. *swan* Q3F.

406. *Sigh*] QqF. *Sign* SsM.

One look! Do anything that shows you live.

Iras. He's gone too far to hear you;
And this you see, a lump of senseless clay,
410 The leavings of a soul.

Char. Remember, madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him.
I have not lov'd a Roman, not to know
What should become his wife; his wife, my Charmion!
For 'tis to that high title I aspire;
And now I'll not die less. Let dull Octavia
Survive, to mourn him dead: my nobler fate
Shall knit our spousals with a tie too strong
For Roman laws to break.

Iras. Will you then die?

Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that question?

420 *Iras.* Cæsar is merciful.

Cleo. Let him be so
To those that want his mercy: my poor lord
Made no such cov'nant with him, to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to Cæsar's pride?
What! to be led in triumph thro' the streets,
A spectacle to base plebeian eyes;
While some dejected friend of Antony's,
Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters
A secret curse on her who ruin'd him!
I'll none of that.

Char. Whatever you resolve,
430 I'll follow, ev'n to death.

Iras. I only fear'd
For you; but more should fear to live without you.

Cleo. Why, now, 'tis as it should be. Quick, my friends,
Dispatch; ere this, the town's in Cæsar's hands:
My lord looks down concern'd, and fears my stay,
Lest I should be surpris'd;
Keep him not waiting for his love too long.
You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest jewels;
With 'em, the wreath of victory I made
(Vain augury!) for him, who now lies dead: .

440 You, *Iras*, bring the cure of all our ills.

Iras. The aspics, madam?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice? [*Exeunt CHARMION and IRAS.*
'Tis sweet to die, when they would force life on me;
To rush into the dark abode of Death,
And seize him first; if he be like my love,
He is not frightful, sure.
We're now alone, in secrecy and silence;
And is not this like lovers? I may kiss
These pale, cold lips; Octavia does not see me:

And, O! 'tis better far to have him thus,
450 Than see him in her arms.—O, welcome, welcome!

Enter CHARMION, IRAS.

Char. What must be done?

Cleo. Short ceremony, friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel
Shall crown my hero's head: he fell not basely,
Nor left his shield behind him. Only thou
Couldst triumph o'er thyself; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.

Char. To what end
These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?

Cleo. Dull that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my love;
As when I saw him first, on Cydnos' bank,
60 All sparkling, like a goddess: so adorn'd,
I'll find him once again; my second spousals
Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the bride of Antony.

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleo. Now seat me by my lord. I claim this place;
For I must conquer Cæsar too, like him,
And win my share o' th' world. Hail, you dear relics
Of my immortal love!
O let no impious hand remove you hence,
But rest for ever here! Let Egypt give
470 His death that peace which it denied his life.
Reach me the casket.

Iras. Underneath the fruit
The aspic lies.

Cleo. [*Putting aside the leaves.*] Welcome, thou kind deceiver!
Thou best of thieves; who, with an easy key,
Dost open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from ourselves; discharging so
Death's dreadful office, better than himself;
Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own image,
And thinks himself but Sleep.

Serap. [*Within.*] The queen, where is she?
480 The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.

Cleo. He comes too late t' invade the rights of death.
Haste, bare my arm, and rouse the serpent's fury.

[*Holds out her arm, and draws it back.*

Coward flesh,
Wouldst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to 't,
And not be sent by him,

471-72. *Underneath . . . lies.*] So arranged in SsM; one line in QqF.

But bring myself, my soul to Antony

[Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.

Take hence; the work is done.

Serap. [Within.] Break ope the door,
And guard the traitor well.

Char. The next is ours.

490 Iras. Now, Charmion, to be worthy

Of our great queen and mistress.

[They apply the aspics.

Cleo. Already, death, I feel thee in my veins:

I go with such a will to find my lord,

That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps thro' every limb,

And now 'tis at my head: my eyelids fall,

And my dear love is vanish'd in a mist.

Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,

And lay me on his breast!—Cæsar, thy worst;

500 Now part us, if thou canst.

[Dies.

[IRAS sinks down at her feet, and dies; CHARMION
stands behind her chair, as dressing her head.

Enter SERAPION, two Priests, ALEXAS bound, Egyptians.

Two Priests. Behold, Serapion,
What havoc death has made!

Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd.—
Charmion, is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen, the last
Of her great race: I follow her.

[Sinks down; dies.

Alex. 'Tis true,

| She has done well: much better thus to die,
— Than live to make a holiday in Rome.

Serap. See,

See how the lovers sit in state together,
As they were giving laws to half mankind!

510 Th' impression of a smile, left in her face,
Shows she died pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,
And went to charm him in another world.

Cæsar's just ent'ring: grief has now no leisure.

Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,

To grace th' imperial triumph. Sleep, blest pair,

Secure from human chance, long ages out,

While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb;

And fame to late posterity shall tell,

No lovers liv'd so great, or died so well.

[Exeunt.

497. *vanish'd*] QqF. *vanquished* SsM.

500. (*stage direction*). two Priests]. 2. Priests QqF. Priest SsM. QqF print the following speech as one line; SsM arrange as above.

507-08. *See, See how*] QqF read *See, see how*, etc., as one line; SsM boldly restore meter by omitting one *see*.

EPILOGUE

POETS, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left—and that's to rail.
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd thro' the pit;
And this is all their equipage of wit.
We wonder how the devil this diff'rence grows,
Betwixt our fools in verse, and yours in prose:
For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.
The threadbare author hates the gaudy coat;
10 And swears at the gilt coach, but swears afoot:
For 'tis observ'd of every scribbling man,
He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,
If pink or purple best become his face.
For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor prays; }
Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays; }
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes.
He does his best; and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his *writ of ease*.
20 Yet, if he might his own grand jury call,
By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's power the men's ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the world for love!
Yet if some antiquated lady say,
The last age is not copied in his play;
Heav'n help the man who for that face must drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.
Let not the young and beauteous join with those;
For, should you raise such numerous hosts of foes,
30 Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call;
'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.

THE
SPANISH FRIAR
OR
THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY

Ut melius possis fallere, sume togam.

MARTIAL, viii. 48. 8.

—*Alterna revisens*

Lusit, et in solido rursus fortuna locavit.

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, xi. 426, 427.

Written by *John Dryden*, servant to his Majesty.

THE SPANISH PRIAR was first printed in 1681; other quarto editions followed in 1686, 1690, and 1695. These quartos are cited as Q1, Q2, Q3, Q4. Q1 furnishes the authoritative text; later variants, with exceptions noted below, are due merely to the printer. Q3 was printed from Q2 (see notes on p. 319, l. 153; p. 322, l. 256; p. 361, l. 173); Q4 was printed from Q3 (see notes on p. 316, l. 57; p. 332, l. 4; p. 362, l. 198); and the Folio of 1701 (F) was printed from Q1 (see notes on p. 321, l. 243; p. 345, l. 23; p. 382, l. 387). Q3 adds to the text four passages of some importance; see notes on p. 332, l. 4; p. 339, l. 27; p. 345, l. 23; p. 358, l. 21. As the first two passages contain violent anti-Catholic satire, and Dryden was already a Catholic in 1690, the date of Q3, it is at least doubtful whether the lines were written by the poet himself. If they are by him, they were probably suppressed on the publication of Q1, and later restored from a stage copy.

TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
JOHN
LORD HAUGHTON

MY LORD,

WHEN I first design'd this play, I found, or thought I found, somewhat so moving in the serious part of it, and so pleasant in the comic, as might deserve a more than ordinary care in both; accordingly I us'd the best of my endeavor in the management of two plots, so very different from each other, that it was not, perhaps, the talent of every writer to have made them of a piece. Neither have I attempted other plays of the same nature, in my opinion, with the same judgment, tho' with like success. And tho' many poets may suspect themselves for the fondness
10 and partiality of parents to their youngest children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this rule, because I know myself too well to be ever satisfied with my own conceptions, which have seldom reach'd to those ideas that I had within me; and consequently, I presume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or less pardonably, as an ordinary marksman may know certainly when he shoots less wide at what he aims. Besides, the care and pains I have bestow'd on this, beyond my other tragi-comedies, may reasonably make the world conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this poem is not
20 much amiss. Few good pictures have been finish'd at one sitting; neither can a true just play, which is to bear the test of ages, be produc'd at a heat, or by the force of fancy, without the maturity of judgment. For my own part, I have both so just a diffidence of myself, and so great a reverence for my audience, that I dare venture nothing without a strict examination; and am as much asham'd to put a loose indigested play upon the public, as I should be to offer brass money in a payment; for tho' it should be taken (as it is too often on the stage), yet it will be found in the second telling; and a judicious reader will discover, in his closet, that trashy stuff whose glittering deceiv'd him in the action. I have often heard the stationer sighing in his shop, and
30 wishing for those hands to take off his melancholy bargain which clapp'd its performance on the stage. In a playhouse everything contributes to impose upon the judgment; the lights, the scenes, the habits, and, above all, the grace of action, which is commonly the best where there is the most need of it, surprise the audience, and cast a mist upon their understandings; not unlike the cunning of a juggler, who is always

staring us in the face, and overwhelming us with gibberish, only that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of his trick. But these false beauties of the stage are no more lasting than a rainbow; when the actor ceases to shine upon them, when he gilds them no longer with his reflection, they vanish in a twinkling. I have sometimes wonder'd, in the reading, what was become of those glaring colors which amaz'd me in *Bussy d'Ambois* upon the theater; but when I had taken up what I suppos'd a fallen star, I found I had been cozen'd with a jelly; nothing but a cold, dull mass, which glitter'd no longer than it was shooting; a dwarfish thought, dress'd up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and, to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or, at best, a scantling of wit, which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish. A famous modern poet us'd to sacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's manes; and I have indignation enough to burn a *d'Ambois* annually, to the memory of Jonson. But now, my Lord, I am sensible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far; for I remember some verses of my own Maximin and
 20 Almanzor which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, and which I wish heartily in the same fire with Statius and Chapman. All I can say for those passages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to please, even when I writ them; but I repent of them amongst my sins; and, if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my present writings, I draw a stroke over all those Dalilahs of the theater; and am resolv'd I will settle myself no reputation by the applause of fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted judges, as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles. Neither do I discom-
 30 mend the lofty style in tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper. If the ancients had judg'd by the same measures which a common reader takes, they had concluded Statius to have written higher than Virgil, for,

Quæ superimposito moles geminata colosso

carries a more thund'ring kind of sound than

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi:

yet Virgil had all the majesty of a lawful prince, and Statius only the blust'ring of a tyrant. But when men affect a virtue which they cannot reach, they fall into a vice which bears the nearest resemblance to it.
 40 Thus an injudicious poet who aims at loftiness runs easily into the swelling puffy style, because it looks like greatness. I remember, when I was a boy, I thought inimitable Spenser a mean poet, in comparison of Sylvester's *Dubartas*, and was rapt into an ecstasy when I read these lines:

38. cannot reach] QqF. cannot easily reach S&MK.

39. to it] Q1F. of it Q2Q3Q4.

Now, when the winter's keener breath began
 To crystallize the Baltic ocean;
 To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
 And periwig with snow the baldpate woods.

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable fustian, that is, thoughts and words ill-sorted, and without the least relation to each other; yet I dare not answer for an audience, that they would not clap it on the stage: so little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but madness can please madmen, and a poet must be of a piece with
 10 the spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But, as in a room contriv'd for state the height of the roof should bear a proportion to the area; so, in the height'nings of poetry, the strength and vehemence of figures should be suited to the occasion, the subject, and the persons. All beyond this is monstrous: 'tis out of nature, 'tis an excrescence, and not a living part of poetry. I had not said thus much, if some young gallants, who pretend to criticism, had not told me that this tragedy wanted the dignity of style; but, as a man who is charg'd with a crime of which he thinks himself innocent is apt to be too eager in his own defense; so perhaps I have vindicated my play with more partiality
 20 than I ought, or than such a trifle can deserve. Yet, whatever beauties it may want, 'tis free at least from the grossness of those faults I mention'd: what credit it has gain'd upon the stage, I value no farther than in reference to my profit and the satisfaction I had in seeing it represented with all the justness and gracefulness of action. But, as 'tis my interest to please my audience, so 'tis my ambition to be read. That I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler design; for the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of a play, are but confus'dly judg'd in the vehemence of action: all things are there beheld as in a hasty motion, where the objects only glide before the eye, and
 30 disappear. The most discerning critic can judge no more of these silent graces in the action than he who rides post thro' an unknown country can distinguish the situation of places, and the nature of the soil. The purity of phrase, the clearness of conception and expression, the boldness maintain'd to majesty, the significancy and sound of words, not strain'd into bombast, but justly elevated; in short, those very words and thoughts which cannot be chang'd but for the worse, must of necessity escape our transient view upon the theater; and yet, without all these, a play may take. For, if either the story move us, or the actor help the lameness of it with his performance, or now and then a glittering beam
 40 of wit or passion strike thro' the obscurity of the poem, any of these are sufficient to effect a present liking, but not to fix a lasting admiration; for nothing but truth can long continue; and time is the surest judge of truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no faults in this which that touchstone will not discover; neither, indeed, is it possible to avoid them in a play of this nature. There are evidently two actions in it; but it will be clear to any judicious man that with half

the pains I could have rais'd a play from either of them; for this time I satisfied my own humor, which was to tack two plays together, and to break a rule for the pleasure of variety. The truth is, the audience are grown weary of continued melancholy scenes; and I dare venture to prophesy that few tragedies, except those in verse, shall succeed in this age, if they are not lighten'd with a course of mirth; for the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles. But how difficult a task this is, will soon be tried; for a several genius is requir'd to either way; and, without both of 'em, a man, in my opinion, is but half a poet for the
 10 stage. Neither is it so trivial an undertaking to make a tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to save than 'tis to kill. The dagger and the cup of poison are always in a readiness; but to bring the action to the last extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the art and judgment of a writer, and cost him many a pang in the performance.

And now, my Lord, I must confess that what I have written looks more like a Preface than a Dedication; and, truly, it was thus far my design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own art which might be more worthy of a noble mind than the stale exploded trick of
 20 fulsome panegyrics. 'Tis difficult to write justly on anything, but almost impossible in praise. I shall therefore waive so nice a subject; and only tell you that, in recommending a Protestant play to a Protestant patron, as I do myself an honor, so I do your noble family a right, who have been always eminent in the support and favor of our religion and liberties. And if the promises of your youth, your education at home, and your experience abroad, deceive me not, the principles you have embrac'd are such as will no way degenerate from your ancestors, but refresh their memory in the minds of all true Englishmen, and renew their luster in your person; which, my Lord, is not more the wish than
 30 it is the constant expectation of your Lordship's

Most obedient,

Faithful servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE

Now, luck for us, and a kind hearty pit;
 For he, who pleases, never fails of wit:
 Honor is yours;
 And you, like kings, at city-treats bestow it;
 The writer kneels, and is bid rise a poet;
 But you are fickle sovereigns, to our sorrow;
 You dub to-day, and hang a man to-morrow:
 You cry the same sense up, and down again,
 Just like brass money once a year in Spain:
 10 Take you i' th' mood, whate'er base metal come,
 You coin as fast as groats at Broomingam:
 Tho' 'tis no more like sense, in ancient plays,
 Than Rome's religion like St. Peter's days.
 In short, so swift your judgments turn and wind,
 You cast our fleetest wits a mile behind.
 'Twere well your judgments but in plays did range,
 But ev'n your follies and debauches change
 With such a whirl, the poets of your age
 Are tir'd, and cannot score 'em on the stage;
 20 Unless each vice in shorthand they indite,
 Ev'n as notch'd prentices whole sermons write.
 The heavy Hollanders no vices know,
 But what they us'd a hundred years ago;
 Like honest plants, where they were stuck, they grow. }
 They cheat, but still from cheating sires they come;
 They drink, but they were christen'd first in mum.
 Their patrimonial sloth the Spaniards keep,
 And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.
 The French and we still change; but here's the curse,
 30 They change for better, and we change for worse;
 They take up our old trade of conquering,
 And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing:
 Our fathers did for change to France repair,
 And they for change will try our English air.
 As children, when they throw one toy away,
 Straight a more foolish gewgaw comes in play:
 So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking,
 Leave whoring, and devoutly fall to drinking.

17. *ev'n*] Q1F. *e'en* Q2Q3Q4. Similar variants occur later, but are not recorded in these notes.

20. *indite*] QqF. *indict* SsM.

Scouring the watch grows out-of-fashion wit:
40 Now we set up for tilting in the pit,
Where 'tis agreed by bullies, chicken-hearted,
To fright the ladies first, and then be parted.
A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire night-murth'ers, and make death a trade.
When murther's out, what vice can we advance?
Unless the new-found pois'ning trick of France:
And, when their art of ratsbane we have got,
By way of thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our Plot.

THE SPANISH FRIAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONORA, *Queen of Aragon.*
TERESA, *Woman to Leonora.*
ELVIRA, *Wife to Gomez.*

TORRISMOND.
BERTRAN.
ALPHONSO.
LORENZO, *his Son.*
RAYMOND.
PEDRO.
GOMEZ.
DOMINIC, *the Spanish Friar.*

[SCENE—*Saragossa.*]

[SCENE, etc.] Not in QqF SsM. Cf. p. 324, l. 371.

THE
SPANISH FRIAR
OR
THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY
ACT I

ALPHONSO, PEDRO meet, with Soldiers on each side, Drums, &c.

Alph. Stand: give the word.

Ped. The Queen of Aragon.

Alph. Pedro!—how goes the night?

Ped. She wears apace.

Alph. Then welcome daylight; we shall have warm work on 't.
The Moor will 'gage
His utmost forces on this next assault,
To win a queen and kingdom.

Ped. Pox o' this lion way of wooing, tho'.
Is the queen stirring yet?

Alph. She has not been abed, but in her chapel
10 All night devoutly watch'd, and brib'd the saints
With vows for her deliverance.

Ped. O, Alphonso,
I fear they come too late! Her father's crimes
Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her prayers.
A crown usurp'd; a lawful king depos'd,
In bondage held, debarr'd the common light;
His children murther'd, and his friends destroy'd,—
What can we less expect then what we feel,
And what we fear will follow?

Alph. Heav'n avert it!

Ped. Then heav'n must not be heav'n. Judge the event
20 By what has pass'd. Th' usurper joy'd not long
His ill-got crown!—'Tis true, he died in peace,—
Unriddle that, ye pow'rs!—but left his daughter,
Our present queen, ingag'd, upon his deathbed,

[ALPHONSO, PEDRO] QqF. SsM insert *and*.
17. *then*] Q1. *than* Q2Q3Q4F. The same variation occurs often later,
but is left unrecorded in these notes. The spelling *then* is almost confined
to Q1.

To marry with young Bertran, whose curst father
Had help'd to make him great.

Hence, you well know, this fatal war arose;
Because the Moor Abdalla, with whose troops
Th' usurper gain'd the kingdom, was refus'd;
And, as an infidel, his love despis'd.

30 *Alph.* Well, we are soldiers, Pedro; and, like lawyers,
Plead for our pay.

Ped. A good cause would do well tho':
It gives my sword an edge. You see this Bertran
Has now three times been beaten by the Moors:
What hope we have, is in young Torrismond,
Your brother's son.

Alph. He's a successful warrior,
And has the soldiers' hearts; upon the skirts
Of Aragon our squander'd troops he rallies.
Our watchmen, from the tow'rs, with longing eyes
Expect his swift arrival.

40 *Ped.* It must be swift, or it will come too late.

Alph. No more.—Duke Bertran.

Enter BERTRAN attended.

Bert. Relieve the sentries that have watch'd all night.
[*To PED.*] Now, colonel, have you dispos'd your men,
That you stand idle here?

Ped. Mine are drawn off,
To take a short repose.

Bert. Short let it be:
For, from the Moorish camp, this hour and more,
There has been heard a distant humming noise,
Like bees disturb'd and arming in their hives.
What courage in our soldiers? Speak! What hope?

50 *Ped.* As much as when physicians shake their heads,
And bid their dying patient think of heav'n.
Our walls are thinly mann'd; our best men slain;
The rest, an heartless number, spent with watching,
And harass'd out with duty.

Bert. Good night all, then.

Ped. Nay, for my part, 'tis but a single life
I have to lose. I'll plant my colors down
In the mid-breach, and by 'em fix my foot;
Say a short soldier's pray'r, to spare the trouble
Of my few friends above; and then expect
60 The next fair bullet.

Alph. Never was known a night of such distraction:
Noise so confus'd and dreadful; justling crowds,
That run, and know not whither; torches gliding,

Like meteors, by each other in the streets.

Ped. I met a reverend, fat, old gouty friar,
With a paunch swoln so high, his double chin
Might rest upon 't; a true son of the Church;
Fresh-color'd, and well thriven on his trade,
Come puffing with his greasy baldpate choir,
70 And fumbling o'er his beads in such an agony,
He told 'em false, for fear. About his neck
There hung a wench, the label of his function,
Whom he shook off, i' faith, methought, unkindly.
It seems the holy stallion durst not score
Another sin before he left the world.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. To arms, my lord, to arms!
From the Moors' camp the noise grows louder still:
Rattling of armor, trumpets, drums, and atabals;
And sometimes peals of shouts that rend the heav'ns,
80 Like victory: then groans again, and howlings,
Like those of vanquish'd men; but every echo
Goes fainter off, and dies in distant sounds.

Bert. Some false attack: expect on t' other side.
One to the gunners on St. Jago's tow'r; bid 'em, for shame,
Level their cannon lower. On my soul,
They're all corrupted with the gold of Barbary,
To carry over, and not hurt the Moor.

Enter second Captain.

2 *Capt.* My lord, here's fresh intelligence arriv'd.
Our army, led by valiant Torrismond,
90 Is now in hot engagement with the Moors;
'Tis said, within their trenches.

Bert. I think all fortune is reserv'd for him!—
He might have sent us word, tho';
And then we could have favor'd his attempt
With sallies from the town.—

Alph. It could not be:
We were so close block'd up, that none could peep
Upon the walls and live. But yet 'tis time:—

Bert. No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it:
On pain of death, let no man dare to sally.

100 *Ped.* [*Aside.*] O envy, envy, how it works within him!
How now? what means this show?

Alph. 'Tis a procession.
The queen is going to the great cathedral,
To pray for our success against the Moors.

Ped. Very good: she usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison,

and at the same time is praying for a blessing. O religion and roguery, how they go together!

A Procession of Priests and Choristers in white, with tapers, follow'd by the Queen and ladies, goes over the Stage: the Choristers singing.

*Look down, ye blest above, look down,
Behold our weeping matrons' tears,
Behold our tender virgins' fears,
And with success our armies crown.*

110

*Look down, ye blest above, look down:
O, save us, save us, and our state restore!
For pity, pity, pity, we implore:
For pity, pity, pity, we implore.*

[The Procession goes off; and shout within. Then Enter LORENZO, who kneels to ALPHONSO.]

Bert. [To ALPH.] A joyful cry; and see your son Lorenzo. Good news, kind heav'n!

Alph. [To LOB.] O welcome, welcome! is the general safe? How near our army? When shall we be succor'd? Or, are we succor'd? Are the Moors remov'd?

120 *Answer these questions first, and then a thousand more; Answer 'em all together.*

Lor. Yes, when I have a thousand tongues, I will. The general's well; his army too is safe, As victory can make 'em. 'The Moors' king Is safe enough, I warrant him, for one. At dawn of day our general cleft his pate, Spite of his woollen nightcap: a slight wound; Perhaps he may recover.

Alph. Thou reviv'st me.

130 *Ped. By my computation now, the victory was gain'd before the procession was made for it; and yet it will go hard but the priests will make a miracle on 't.*

Lor. Yes, faith; we came like bold intruding guests, And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome. Their scouts we kill'd, then found their body sleeping; And as they lay confus'd, we stumbled o'er 'em, And took what joint came next, arms, heads, or legs, Somewhat undecently. But when men want light, They make but bungling work.

Bert. I'll to the queen, And bear the news.

Ped. That's young Lorenzo's duty.

140 *Bert. I'll spare his trouble.—*

This Torrismond begins to grow too fast; [Aside.] He must be mine, or ruin'd.

Lor.

Pedro, a word:—*[Whisper.]*

[Exit BERTRAN.]

Alph. How swift he shot away! I find it stung him,
In spite of his dissembling.

[To LOR.] How many of the enemy are slain?

Lor. Troth, sir, we were in haste, and could not stay
To score the men we kill'd; but there they lie:
Best send our women out to take the tale;
There's circumcision in abundance for 'em.

[Turns to PEDRO again.]

150 Alph. How far did you pursue 'em?

Lor.

Some few miles.—

[To PED.] Good store of harlots, say you, and dog-cheap?

Pedro, they must be had, and speedily;

I've kept a tedious fast.

[Whisper again.]

Alph. When will he make his entry? He deserves
Such triumphs as were giv'n by ancient Rome:
Ha, boy, what say'st thou?

Lor. As you say, sir, that Rome was very ancient.—

[To PED.] I leave the choice to you; fair, black, tall, low,

Let her but have a nose,—and you may tell her,

160 I'm rich in jewels, rings, and bobbing pearls,

Pluck'd from Moors' ears. Alph. Lorenzo.

Lor.

Somewhat busy

About affairs relating to the public.—

[To PED.] A seasonable girl, just in the nick now.—

[Trumpets within.]

Ped. I hear the general's trumpets. Stand and mark
How he will be receiv'd; I fear, but coldly.

There hung a cloud, methought, on Bertran's brow.

Lor. Then look to see a storm on Torrismond's;
Looks fright not men. The general has seen Moors
With as bad faces; no dispraise to Bertran's.

Ped. 'Twas rumor'd in the camp, he loves the queen.

170 Lor. He drinks her health devoutly.

Alph.

That may breed

Bad blood 'twixt him and Bertran.

Ped.

Yes, in private.

But Bertran has been taught the arts of court,
To gild a face with smiles, and leer a man to ruin.
O, here they come.—

*Enter TORRISMOND and Officers on one side, BERTRAN attended on the
other; they embrace, BERTRAN bowing low.*

Just as I prophesied.—

Lor. Death and hell, he laughs at him!—in 's face too.

153. I've] Q1F. I have Q2Q3Q4.

160. I'm] QqF. I am SsM.

164. trumpets] QqF. trumpet SsM.

172. 'twixt] QqF. betwixt SsM.

176. in 's] QqF. in his SsM.

Ped. O, you mistake him; 'twas an humble grin,
The fawning joy of courtiers and of dogs.

Lor. [*Aside.*] Here are nothing but lies to be expected: I'll e'en go
180 lose myself in some blind alley, and try if any courteous damsel will
think me worth the finding. [*Exit.*]

Alph. Now he begins to open.

Bert. Your country rescued, and your queen reliev'd,—
A glorious conquest, noble Torrismond!
The people rend the skies with loud applause,
And heav'n can hear no other name but yours.
The thronging crowds press on you as you pass,
And with their eager joy make triumph slow.

Torr. My lord, I have no taste
190 Of popular applause; the noisy praise
Of giddy crowds, as changeable as winds;
Still vehement, and still without a cause;
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swoln success,—but, veering with its ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

Bert. So young a stoic!

Torr. You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one drop
Within these veins for pageants; but, let honor
Call for my blood, and sluice it into streams:
Turn Fortune loose again to my pursuit,
200 And let me hunt her thro' embattled foes,
In dusty plains, amidst the cannons' roar,
There will I be the first.

Bert. I'll try him farther.— [*Aside.*]
Suppose th' assembled states of Aragon
Decree a statue to you, thus inscrib'd:
"To Torrismond, who freed his native land."

Alph. [*To PED.*] Mark how he sounds and fathoms him, to find
The shallows of his soul!

Bert. The just applause
Of godlike senates is the stamp of virtue,
Which makes it pass unquestion'd thro' the world.
210 These honors you deserve; nor shall my suffrage
Be last to fix 'em on you. If refus'd,
You brand us all with black ingratitude:
For times to come shall say: "Our Spain, like Rome,
Neglects her champions after noble acts,
And lets their laurels wither on their heads."

Torr. A statue, for a battle blindly fought,
Where darkness and surprise made conquest cheap!
Where virtue borrow'd but the arms of chance,

193. *Servants*] QqF. *Servant* SsM.

206, 207. *Mark* soul] so arranged in QqF. SsM injure the
meter by putting to find at the beginning of line 207.

217. *made*] QqF. *make* SsM.

And struck a random blow! 'Twas fortune's work,
220 And fortune take the praise!

Bert. Yet happiness
Is the first fame. Virtue without success
Is a fair picture shown by an ill light;
But lucky men are favorites of heaven:
And whom should kings esteem above heaven's darlings?
The praises of a young and beauteous queen
Shall crown your glorious acts.

Ped. [To ALPH.] There sprung the mine.

Torr. The queen! that were a happiness too great!
Nam'd you the queen, my lord?

Bert. Yes: you have seen her, and you must confess,
230 A praise, a smile, a look from her is worth
The shouts of thousand amphitheaters.
She, she shall praise you, for I can oblige her:
To-morrow will deliver all her charms
Into my arms, and make her mine for ever.
Why stand you mute?

Torr. Alas! I cannot speak.

Bert. Not speak, my lord! How were your thoughts employ'd?

Torr. Nor can I think, or I am lost in thought.

Bert. Thought of the queen, perhaps?

Torr. Why, if it were,
Heav'n may be thought on, tho' too high to climb.

240 *Bert.* O, now I find where your ambition drives!
You ought not think of her.

Torr. So I say too,
I ought not; madmen ought not to be mad;
But who can help his frenzy?

Bert. Fond young man!
The wings of your ambition must be clipp'd.
Your shamefac'd virtue shunn'd the people's praise,
And senate's honors: but 'tis well we know
What price you hold yourself at. You have fought
With some success, and that has seal'd your pardon.

Torr. Pardon from thee! O, give me patience, heav'n!
250 Thrice-vanquish'd Bertran, if thou dar'st, look out
Upon yon slaughter'd host, that field of blood;
There seal my pardon, where thy fame was lost.

Ped. He's ruin'd, past redemption!

Alph. [To TORR.] Learn respect
To the first prince o' th' blood.

Bert. O, let him rave!
I'll not contend with madmen.

222. shown] Q1F. shown Q2Q3Q4.
241. not think] QqF. not to think SsM.
243. his] Q1F. their Q2Q3Q4.
254. o' th' blood] QqF. of the blood SsM.

Torr.

I have done:

I know, 'twas madness to declare this truth:

And yet, 'twere baseness to deny my love.

'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds;

Lighter then children's bubbles blown by winds:

260 My merit's but the rash results of chance;

My birth unequal; all the stars against me:

Pow'r, promise, choice, the living and the dead;

Mankind my foes; and only love to friend:

But such a love, kept at such awful distance,

As, what it loudly dares to tell, a rival

Shall fear to whisper there. Queens may be lov'd,

And so may gods; else why are altars rais'd?

Why shines the sun, but that he may be view'd?

But, O! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,

270 'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness.

[Exit.

Bert. 'Tis well; the goddess shall be told, she shall,
Of her new worshiper.

[Exit.

Ped.

So, here's fine work!

He has supplied his only foe with arms

For his destruction. Old Penelope's tale

Inverted; h' has unravel'd all by day

That he has done by night.—What, planet-struck!

Alph. I wish I were; to be past sense of this!*Ped.* Would I had but a lease of life so long,

As till my flesh and blood rebell'd this way,

280 Against our sovereign lady: mad for a queen?

With a globe in one hand, and a scepter in t' other?

A very pretty moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his madness to his rival!

His father absent on an embassy;

Himself a stranger almost; wholly friendless!

A torrent, rolling down a precipice,

Is easier to be stopp'd, then is his ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitless to complain; haste to the court;

Improve your interest there for pardon from the queen.

290 *Alph.* Weak remedies; but all must be attempted.

[Exit.

*Enter LORENZO.**Lor.* Well, I am the most unlucky rogue! I have been ranging over
half the town, but have sprung no game. Our women are worse infidels
then the Moors: I told 'em I was one of their knight-errants that

256. 't was] Q1F. 't were Q2Q3Q4.

260. results] QqF. result SsM.

265. tell, a rival] Qq (no punctuation after rival). tell, a rival, F.
tell a rival, SsM.

275. h' has] QqF. he has SsM.

[Enter LORENZO] SsM here mark SCENE II, without warrant from QqF.
The place represented remains unchanged.

289. there] Q1F. Omitted by Q2Q3Q4.

293. of their] Qq. of the FSSM.

deliver'd them from ravishment; and I think in my conscience that's their quarrel to me.

Ped. Is this a time for fooling? Your cousin is run honorably mad in love with her majesty; he is split upon a rock, and you, who are in chase of harlots, are sinking in the main ocean. I think, the devil's in the family.

[*Exit.*

300 *Lor.* [*Solus.*] My cousin ruin'd, says he! hum, not that I wish my kinsman's ruin; that were unchristian: but, if the general's ruin'd, I am heir; there's comfort for a Christian! Money I have; I thank the honest Moors for 't; but I want a mistress. I am willing to be lewd; but the tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter ELVIRA veil'd.

Elv. Stranger! Cavalier!—will you not hear me? you Moor-killer, you *matador*!—

Lor. Meaning me, madam?

Elv. Face about, man! you a soldier, and afraid of the enemy!

310 *Lor.* [*Aside.*] I must confess, I did not expect to have been charg'd first: I see souls will not be lost for want of diligence in this devil's reign. [*To her.*] Now, Madam Cynthia behind a cloud, your will and pleasure with me?

Elv. You have the appearance of a cavalier; and if you are as deserving as you seem, perhaps you may not repent of your adventure. If a lady like you well enough to hold discourse with you at first sight, you are gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an apology, and to lay the blame on stars, or destiny, or what you please, to excuse the frailty of a woman?

320 *Lor.* O, I love an easy woman! there's such ado, to crack a thick-shell'd mistress; we break our teeth, and find no kernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take pity on a stranger, and not to suffer him to fall into ill hands at his first arrival.

Elv. You may have a better opinion of me then I deserve; you have not seen me yet; and, therefore, I am confident you are heart-whole.

Lor. Not absolutely slain, I must confess; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous tongue in your head, I can tell you that; and if your eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me. Let me see you, for the safeguard of my honor; 'tis but decent the cannon should be drawn down upon me before I yield.

330 *Elv.* What a terrible similitude have you made, colonel, to shew that you are inclining to the wars? I could answer you with another in my profession: suppose you were in want of money, would you not be glad to take a sum upon content in a seal'd bag, without peeping?—but, however, I will not stand with you for a sample. [*Lifts up her veil.*

Lor. What eyes were there! how keen their glances! you do well to keep 'em veil'd; they are too sharp to be trusted out o' th' scabbard.

294. *that 's]* QqF. *that is* SsM.
 301. *general 's]* QqF. *general is* SsM.
 303. *for 't]* QqF. *for it* SsM.
 327. *there 's]* QqF. *there is* SsM.
 336. *o' th' scabbard]* QqF. *of the scabbard* SsM.

Mr. Perhaps you, you may think my conversation; but the way of justice is the only thing of freedom. I have said, and there is nothing so extravagant as a woman, who is not born a noble, and is not a noble, to return into the world.

Mr. To confirm truth to your nation, I will never in my life tell you your whole life; but now I have seen you, I am in the first mood of laughing and crying; and it is not your own, it is my own, I know, by your own meaning, you may say to me in your own words. I tell you truly, I do not like these gentlemen in my life. For days I may be thoughtful at that; for I will never forget what I am thinking; yet I shall change and still be thinking, and I shall still be of the thinking in my life.

Mr. O, no, there are men to believe the whole man, to think and to make spirits think and crying; and in your own words, and in your own words. Now I know your temper, you may think yourself, if you are not in your own mind.—You are in the world, if you make love to me.

Mr. I have a formal obligation with an honest woman, and as for me, there may be an evil meaning in the world, and I am thinking.

Mr. I can easily tell you of that time; I will I could tell you of as easily of the language.

Mr. Then you are married?

Mr. If a covetous and a jealous, and an old man be a husband.

Mr. Three as good qualities for my purpose as I could wish: you are to be praised!

Enter Mr. de la Roche, and addresses to Mr.

Mr. [Aside.] If I get not home before my husband, I shall be rich. [To him.] I shall not say to tell you where. [Exit.]—[Enter] I once more—

Mr. This is unreasonable dealing; to be made a man, and not know where every I want. Who have we here?

Enter Grooms

By that standing in his walk, it should be my wife's husband. Women, whom I knew at Barcelona. As I live, so be it.—[To Grooms.] What are Mamma here?

Gm. How young husband?

Mr. What devil has set his claws in the husband, and brought him back to Barcelona? He is meant a further journey with me.

Gm. I always remain before the evening; when the Moon is high, to bring you down, I shall quit you in the night; I shall be in the night the night as I can.

Mr. That's but a lady's dream at Barcelona.

Gm. Well, you have got a husband's dream; all this night is overjoy'd at it. There are dreams of dreams; and the night has not been hard, my father should have been too.

Mr. I shall say for that, then have such a dream for a night's sleep.

Mr. not know! O, yes, know not that

Mr. and that Gm. and if the Gm. are the Gm.

00 *What wouldst thoust have known of myself to save it; thou art for saving everything but thy soul.*

Gom. Well, well, you'll not believe me generous, till I carry you to the towers and work land a part with you at my own charge.

Lor. No; I'll say that soon laughing myself for what is common-place, and, instead of it, thou shalt be me a mere verbal courtesy. I have just lost even a most accomplished young lady.

Gom. Whereforest thoust not see that most accomplished young lady? *[Aside.]* My mind hangs out in prayer.

Lor. Here, now, just before this conversation. Pray listen to

Gom. *[Aside.]* Pray listen to does not make it one?

Lor. What dost thou wonder to myself? Hast thou anything to say against the industry of that house?

Gom. But I, Colonel, the walls are very honest stone, and the timber very honest wood, the angle I know; but for the woman, I cannot say. All I know are words. Describe her person, and, if she live in this quarter, I may give you things of her.

Lor. Black of a middle stature, dark color'd hair, the most bewitching hair with her eyes, the most roguish cast; her cheeks are tinged with the colour and her smiles would tempt an hermit.

Gom. *[Aside.]* I am dead, I am buried, I am damned—Do or—
—canst thoust see in other marks of her?

Lor. Thou hast all her marks; but that she has an husband, a jealous, suspicious old man. Speak! canst thoust tell me more of her?

Gom. Yes, the same, Colonel, that you have seen your last of her.

Lor. If thou lovest me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a coward's Jew.

Gom. Circumstances are no more than I circumscribe you, Colonel. Her name. Once more, you have seen your last of her.

10 *Lor.* *[Aside.]* I am glad to know me only by that name of Hernandez, by which I went at Barcelona; now he can tell us tales of me in my father—*[To Gom.]* Come, thou wert ever good-natur'd, when thou couldst get by? Love here, rogue; 'tis of the right damning color: thou art not paid against gold, sure!—Do not I know thee for a creature—

Gom. I know old market; those were the marks of your master's interest, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor. *[Aside.]* O, the devil! What a rogue in understanding was I, and to find him out sooner!

Gom. Do, do, love ability, good Colonel; 'tis a desert melancholy after an absolute talent.

Lor. Faint, not for that, dear Gomer; but—

Gom. But—in pumping, my dear Colonel.

Lor. Easy pumping! I was—thinking a little upon a point of gratitude. We two have been long acquaintance; I know thy merits.

100 *But thoust she has no husband?* GGF. *Self omit that and read a*

101 *in GGF. in GGF.*

102 *I was—pumping!* GGF. *Self omit the dash.*

and can make some interest. Go to; thou wert born to authority; I'll make thee Alcaide, Mayor of Saragossa.

Gom. Satisfy yourself; you shall not make me what you think, colonel.

Lor. Faith, but I will; thou hast the face of a magistrate already.

430 Gom. And you would provide me with a magistrate's head to my magistrate's face; I thank you, colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle story!—That woman I saw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly woman, for t' other was a lie,—is no more thy wife,—as I'll go home with thee and satisfy thee immediately, my dear friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that trouble; no, not so much as a single visit; not so much as an embassy by a civil old woman, nor a serenade of *twinkledum twinkledum* under my windows; nay, I will advise you, out of my tenderness to your person, that you walk not near
440 yon corner-house by night; for, to my certain knowledge, there are blunderbusses planted in every loophole, that go off constantly of their own accord, at the squeaking of a fiddle, and the thrumming of a guitar.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? Then I denounce open war against thee; I'll demolish thy citadel by force; or, at least, I'll bring my whole regiment upon thee; my thousand red locusts, that shall devour thee in free quarter.—Farewell, wrought nightcap. [Exit.

Gom. Farewell, Buff. Free quarter for a regiment of red-coat locusts? I hope to see 'em all in the Red Sea first!—But O, this
450 Jezebel of mine! I'll get a physician that shall prescribe her an ounce of camphire every morning, for her breakfast, to abate incontinency. She shall never peep abroad, no, not to church for confession; and, for never going, she shall be condemn'd for a heretic. She shall have stripes by Troy weight, and sustenance by drachms and scruples: nay, I'll have a fasting almanac printed on purpose for her use, in which

No Carnival nor Christmas shall appear,

But Lents and Ember weeks shall fill the year.

[Exit.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The Queen's Antechamber.*

ALPHONSO. PEDRO.

Alph. When saw you my Lorenzo?

Ped. I had a glimpse of him; but he shot by me
Like a young hound upon a burning scent;
He's gone a-harlot-hunting.

Alph. His foreign breeding might have taught him better.

Ped. 'Tis that has taught him this.
What learn our youth abroad, but to refine

The homely vices of their native land?
 Give me an honest homespun country clown
 10 Of our own growth; his dulness is but plain,
 But theirs embroider'd; they are sent out fools,
 But come back fops.

Alph. You know what reasons urg'd me;
 But, now I have accomplish'd my designs,
 I should be glad he knew 'em. His wild riots
 Disturb my soul; but they would sit more close,
 Did not the threaten'd downfall of our house,
 In Torrismond, o'erwhelm my private ills.

Enter BERTRAN, attended, and whispering with a Courtier, aside.

Bert. I would not have her think he dar'd to love her;
 If he presume to own it, she's so proud,
 20 He tempts his certain ruin.

Alph. [To PED.] Mark how disdainfully he throws his eyes on us.
 Our old imprison'd king wore no such looks.

Ped. O would the general shake off his dotage
 To the usurping queen,
 And reinthrone good venerable Sancho!
 I'll undertake, should Bertran sound his trumpets,
 And Torrismond but whistle thro' his fingers,
 He draws his army off.

Alph. I told him so;
 But had an answer louder than a storm.
 30 *Ped.* Now, plague and pox on his smock-loyalty!
 I hate to see a brave bold fellow sotted,
 Made sour and senseless, turn'd to whey by love;
 A driveling hero, fit for a romance.
 O, here he comes! what will their greeting be?

Enter TORRISMOND, attended: BERTRAN and he meet and jostle.

Bert. Make way, my lords, and let the pageant pass.

Tor. I make my way, where'er I see my foe;
 But you, my lord, are good at a retreat.
 I have no Moors behind me.

Bert. Death and hell!
 Dare to speak thus when you come out again!

40 *Tor.* Dare to provoke me thus, insulting man!

Enter TERESA.

Ter. My lords, you are too loud so near the queen;
 You, Torrismond, have much offended her.

23, 24. O would . . . queen]. Printed as one line in QqF; perhaps the division should be made after *general* instead of after *dotage*. QqF read *th' usurping*.

34. *greeting*] QqF. *greetings* SsM.

39. *Dare*, etc.] QqF print question marks after this line and the next.

'Tis her command you instantly appear,
To answer your demeanor to the prince.

[*Exit TERESA; BERTRAN with his company follow her.*]

Tor. O Pedro, O Alphonso, pity me!
A grove of pikes,
Whose polish'd steel from far severely shines,
Are not so dreadful as this beauteous queen.

Alph. Call up your courage timely to your aid,
50 And, like a lion, press'd upon the toils,
Leap on your hunters. Speak your actions boldly;
There is a time when modest virtue is
Allow'd to praise itself.

Ped. Heart! you were hot enough, too hot, but now;
Your fury then boil'd upward to a foam;
But since this message came, you sink and settle,
As if cold water had been pour'd upon you.

Tor. Alas! thou know'st not what it is to love!
When we behold an angel, not to fear
60 Is to be impudent.—No, I'm resolv'd;
Like a led victim, to my death I'll go,
And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

The SCENE draws, and shews the Queen sitting in state; BERTRAN standing next her; then TERESA, &c. She rises, and comes to the front.

Qu. Leonora. [To BERT.] I blame not you, my lord; my father's will,
Your own deserts, and all my people's voice,
Have plac'd you in the view of sovereign pow'r.
But I would learn the cause, why Torrismond,
Within my palace walls, within my hearing,
Almost within my sight, affronts a prince
Who shortly shall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more then you can pay;
And looks as he were lord of humankind.

Enter TORRISMOND, ALPHONSO, PEDRO. TORRISMOND bows low, then looks earnestly on the Queen, and keeps at distance.

10 *Ter.* Madam, the general.—

Qu. Let me view him well.
My father sent him early to the frontiers;
I have not often seen him; if I did,
He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding eyes.

60. I 'm] QqF. I am SsM, to the detriment of the meter.

[SCENE II] A new scene evidently begins at this point, though SsM do not indicate the fact. The early editions do not number the scenes.

But where's the fierceness, the disdainful pride,
The haughty port, the fiery arrogance?
By all these marks, this is not, sure, the man.

Bert. Yet this is he who fill'd your court with tumult,
Whose fierce demeanor, and whose insolence,
The patience of a god could not support.

20 *Qu.* Name his offense, my lord, and he shall have
Immediate punishment.

Bert. 'Tis of so high a nature, should I speak it,
That my presumption then would equal his.

Qu. Some one among you speak.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Now my tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! On your allegiance, Torrismond,
By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.

Tor. [*Kneeling.*] O seek not to convince me of a crime,
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon;
Or, if you needs will know it, think, O think,
30 That he who, thus commanded, dares to speak,
Unless commanded, would have died in silence.
But you adjur'd me, madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none, for I am all despair;
Friends I have none, for friendship follows favor;
Desert I've none, for what I did was duty:
O that it were!—that it were duty all!

Qu. Why do you pause? Proceed.

Tor. As one, condemn'd to leap a precipice,
Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
40 Stops short, and looks about for some kind shrub
To break his dreadful fall,—so I——
But whither am I going? If to death,
He looks so lovely sweet in beauty's pomp,
He draws me to his dart.—I dare no more.

Bert. He 's mad, beyond the cure of hellebore.
Whips, darkness, dungeons, for this insolence.

Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.

Qu. You 're both too bold. You, Torrismond, withdraw.
I'll teach you all what 's owing to your queen.—

50 For you, my lord,—

The priest to-morrow was to join our hands;
I'll try if I can live a day without you.
So, both of you depart, and live in peace.

Alph. Who knows which way she points?
Doubling and turning, like an hunted hare;—
Find out the meaning of her mind who can.

Ped. Who ever found a woman's? backward and forward, the whole
sex in every word. In my conscience, when she was getting, her mother
was thinking of a riddle. [*Exeunt all but the Queen and TERESA.*]

60 *Qu.* Haste, my Teresa, haste, and call him back.

Ter. Whom, madam?

Qu. Him.

Ter. Prince Bertran?

Qu. Torrismond;

There is no other he.

Ter. [*Aside.*] A rising sun,

Or I am much deceiv'd.

[*Exit TERESA.*]

Qu. A change so swift what heart did ever feel!

It rush'd upon me like a mighty stream,

And bore me, in a moment, far from shore.

I've lov'd away myself; in one short hour

Already am I gone an age of passion.

Was it his youth, his valor, or success?

70 These might, perhaps, be found in other men:

'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me,

That fearful love which trembled in his eyes

And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.

But, when he spoke, what tender words he said!

So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,

They melted as they fell.—

Enter TERESA with TORRISMOND.

Ter. He waits your pleasure.

Qu. 'Tis well; retire. [*Aside.*] O heavens, that I must speak
So distant from my heart!—

[*To TOR.*] How now! What boldness brings you back again?

80 *Tor.* I heard 'twas your command.

Qu. A fond mistake,

To credit so unlikely a command;

And you return, full of the same presumption,

T' affront me with your love!

Tor. If 'tis presumption for a wretch condemn'd

To throw himself beneath his judge's feet:

A boldness, more than this, I never knew;

Or, if I did, 'twas only to your foes.

Qu. You would insinuate your past services,

And those, I grant, were great; but you confess

90 A fault committed since that cancels all.

Tor. And who could dare to disavow his crime,

When that, for which he is accus'd and seiz'd,

He bears about him still! My eyes confess it;

My every action speaks my heart aloud:

But, O the madness of my high attempt

Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,

I love and I despair.

Qu. Have you not heard,

My father, with his dying voice, bequeath'd
 My crown and me to Bertran? And dare you,
 100 A private man, presume to love a queen?

Tor. That, that 's the wound! I see you set so high
 As no desert or services can reach.
 Good heav'ns, why gave you me a monarch's soul,
 And crusted it with base plebeian clay?
 Why gave you me desires of such extent,
 And such a span to grasp 'em? Sure, my lot
 By some o'erhasty angel was misplac'd
 In fate's eternal volume!—But I rave,
 And, like a giddy bird in dead of night,
 110 Fly around the fire that scorches me to death.

Qu. Yet, Torrismond, you 've not so ill deserv'd,
 But I may give you counsel for your cure.

Tor. I cannot, nay, I wish not to be cur'd.

Qu. [*Aside.*] Nor I, heav'n knows!

Tor. There is a pleasure, sure,
 In being mad, which none but madmen know!
 Let me indulge it; let me gaze for ever!
 And, since you are too great to be belov'd,
 Be greater, greater yet; and be ador'd.

Qu. These are the words which I must only hear
 120 From Bertran's mouth; they should displease from you:
 I say they should; but women are so vain,
 To like the love, tho' they despise the lover.
 Yet, that I may not send you from my sight
 In absolute despair—I pity you.

Tor. Am I then pitied! I have liv'd enough!
 Death, take me in this moment of my joy;
 But, when my soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
 Spare this one thought! let me remember pity,
 And, so deceiv'd, think all my life was blest.

Qu. What if I add a little to my alms?
 130 If that would help, I could cast in a tear
 To your misfortunes.—

Tor. A tear! You have o'erbid all my past sufferings,
 And all my future too!

Qu. Were I no queen—
 Or you of royal blood——

Tor. What have I lost by my forefather's fault!
 Why was not I the twentieth by descent
 From a long restive race of droning kings?
 Love! what a poor omnipotence hast thou,
 140 When gold and titles buy thee?

Qu. [*Sighs.*] O, my torture!——

Tor. Might I presume,—but O, I dare not hope
 That sigh was added to your alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to guess, and not forbid you
To make the best construction for your love:
Be secret and discreet; these fairy favors
Are lost, when not conceal'd.—Provoke not Bertran.—
Retire: I must no more but this,—Hope, Torrismond.

[Exit.

Tor. She bids me hope; O heav'ns, she pities me!
And pity still foreruns approaching love,
150 As lightning does the thunder! Tune your harps,
Ye angels, to that sound; and thou, my heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing joy.

Hence, all my griefs and every anxious care;
One word, and one kind glance, can cure despair.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Chamber. A Table and Wine set out.*

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. This may hit; 'tis more then barely possible; for friars have
free admittance into every house. This jacobin whom I have sent to
is her confessor; and who can suspect a man of such reverence for a
pimp? I'll try for once; I'll bribe him high; for commonly none love
money better then they who have made a vow of poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There 's a huge, fat, religious gentleman coming up, sir. He
says he 's but a friar, but he 's big enough to be a pope; his gills are
as rosy as a turkey cock; his great belly walks in state before him, like
an harbinger; and his gouty legs come limping after it: never was such
10 a tun of devotion seen.

Lor. Bring him in, and vanish.

[Exit Servant

Enter Father DOMINIC.

Lor. Welcome, father.

Dom. Peace be here: I thought I had been sent for to a dying
man; to have fitted him for another world.

Lor. No, faith, father, I was never for taking such long journeys.
Repose yourself, I beseech you, sir, if those spindle legs of yours will
carry you to the next chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, with fasting.

Lor. 'Tis a sign, by your wan complexion and your thin jowls,
20 father. Come—to our better acquaintance:—here 's a sovereign remedy
for old age and sorrow.

[Drinks.

Dom. The looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you reason.

[Drinks.

4. *pimp!*] After this word Q3Q4 insert: *The Church, they say, is an in-
dulgent mother.*

[for once] After these words Q3Q4 insert: *how indulgent she will be to a
carnal son of hers.*

Lor. Is it to your palate, father?

Dom. Second thoughts, they say, are best: I'll consider of it once again. [*Drinks.*] It has a most delicious flavor with it. Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health, son; I am not us'd to be so unmannerly. [*Drinks again.*]

Lor. No, I'll be sworn, by what I see of you, you are not:—To the bottom;—I warrant him a true churchman.—Now, father, to our
30 business: 'tis agreeable to your calling; I intend to do an act of charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of charity; 'tis a comfortable subject.

Lor. Being in the late battle, in great hazard of my life, I recommended my person to good Saint Dominic.

Dom. You could not have pitch'd upon a better; he 's a sure card; I never knew him fail his votaries.

Lor. Troth, I e'en made bold to strike up a bargain with him, that if I scap'd with life and plunder, I would present some brother of his order with part of the booty taken from the infidels, to be employ'd in charitable uses.

40 *Dom.* There you hit him; Saint Dominic loves charity exceedingly; that argument never fails with him.

Lor. The spoils were mighty; and I scorn to wrong him of a farthing. To make short my story; I enquir'd among the jacobins for an almoner, and the general fame has pointed out your reverence as the worthiest man:—here are fifty good pieces in this purse.

Dom. How, fifty pieces? 'tis too much, too much, in conscience.

Lor. Here, take 'em, father.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not; do not tempt me to break my vow of poverty.

50 *Lor.* If you are modest, I must force you; for I am strongest.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there 's no contending; but will you set your strength against a decrepit, poor, old man? [*Takes the Purse.*] As I said, 'tis too great a bounty; but Saint Dominic shall owe you another scape: I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you please, father, we will not trouble him till the next battle. But you may do me a greater kindness, by conveying my prayers to a female saint.

Dom. A female saint! good now, good now, how your devotions jump with mine! I always lov'd the female saints.

61 *Lor.* I mean, a female, mortal, married-woman saint. Look upon the superscription of this note; you know Don Gomez his wife.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Dom. Who? Donna Elvira? I think I have some reason; I am her ghostly father.

Lor. I have some business of importance with her, which I have communicated in this paper; but her husband is so horribly given to be jealous—

36. *e'en*] QqF. also SsM.

37. *scap'd*] Qq. 'scap'd F. escaped SsM.

61. *Gomez his*] QqF. Gomez 's SsM.

Dom. Ho, jealous? he 's the very quintessence of jealousy; he keeps no male creature in his house; and from abroad he lets no man come near her.

70 *Lor.* Excepting you, father.

Dom. Me, I grant you; I am her director and her guide in spiritual affairs; but he has his humors with me too; for t' other day he call'd me false apostle.

Lor. Did he so? that reflects upon you all; on my word, father, that touches your copyhold. If you would do a meritorious action, you might revenge the Church's quarrel.—My letter, father——

Dom. Well, so far as a letter, I will take upon me; for what can I refuse to a man so charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an answer back, that purse in your hand has a
80 twin brother, as like him as ever he can look; there are fifty pieces lie dormant in it, for more charities.

Dom. That must not be; not a farthing more, upon my priesthood. But what may be the purport and meaning of this letter? That, I confess, a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable man; and I'll take your word: my comfort is, I know not the contents; and so far I am blameless. But an answer you shall have; tho' not for the sake of your fifty pieces more: I have sworn not to take them; they shall not be altogether fifty.
90 —Your mistress—forgive me, that I should call her your mistress, I meant Elvira—lives but at next door: I'll visit her immediately; but not a word more of the nine-and-forty pieces.

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down stairs.—Fifty pounds for the postage of a letter! to send by the Church is certainly the dearest road in Christendom.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Chamber.

GOMEZ, ELVIRA.

Gom. Henceforth I banish flesh and wine: I'll have none stirring within these walls these twelve months.

Elv. I care not; the sooner I am starv'd, the sooner I am rid of wedlock. I shall learn the knack to fast a-days; you have us'd me to fasting nights already.

Gom. How the gipsy answers me! O, 'tis a most notorious hilding!

Elv. [*Crying.*] But was ever poor innocent creature so hardly dealt with, for a little harmless chat?

Gom. O the impudence of this wicked sex! Lascivious dialogues are
10 innocent with you?

Elv. Was it such a crime to enquire how the battle pass'd?

Gom. But that was not the business, gentlewoman: you were not

91. *Elvira—lives*] SsM. *Elvira, lives* Q1Q2F. *Elvira, she lives* Q3Q4.
4. *a-days*] Q2Q3Q4. *a days* Q1F, *o' days* SsM

asking news of a battle pass'd; you were engaging for a skirmish that was to come.

Elv. An honest woman would be glad to hear that her honor was safe, and her enemies were slain.

Gom. [*In her tone.*] And to ask, if he were wounded in your defense; and, in case he were, to offer yourself to be his chirurgion;—then, you did not describe your husband to him for a covetous, jealous, 20 rich old hunks.

Elv. No, I need not; he describes himself sufficiently; but, in what dream did I do this?

Gom. You walk'd in your sleep, with your eyes broad open, at noon of day; and dreamt you were talking to the foresaid purpose with one Colonel Hernando——

Elv. Who, dear husband, who?

Gom. What the devil have I said? You would have farther information, would you?

Elv. No; but my dear little old man, tell me now, that I may avoid 30 him for your sake.

Gom. Get you up into your chamber, cockatrice; and there immure yourself; be confin'd, I say, during our royal pleasure. But, first, down on your marrowbones, upon your allegiance, and make an acknowledgment of your offenses; for I will have ample satisfaction.

[*Pulls her down.*]

Elv. I have done you no injury, and therefore I'll make you no submission: but I'll complain to my ghostly father.

Gom. Aye, there 's your remedy; when you receive condign punishment, you run with open mouth to your confessor; that parcel of holy guts and garbidge: he must chuckle you and moan you; but I'll rid my 40 hands of his ghostly authority one day,—[*Enter DOMINIC*—and make him know he 's the son of a——[*Sees him.*] So;—no sooner conjure, but the devil 's in the circle.—

Dom. Son of a what, Don Gomez?

Gom. Why, a son of a church; I hope there 's no harm in that, father?

Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time shall serve; and to-morrow I enjoin you to fast, for penance.

Gom. [*Aside.*] There's no harm in that; she shall fast too: fasting saves money.

50 *Dom.* [*To ELV.*] What was the reason that I found you upon your knees, in that unseemly posture?

Gom. [*Aside.*] O horrible! to find a woman upon her knees, he says, is an unseemly posture; there 's a priest for you!

Elv. [*To Dom.*] I wish, father, you would give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have somewhat upon my spirits that presses me exceedingly.

Dom. [*Aside.*] This goes well:—Gomez, stand you at distance,—

farther yet,—stand out of earshot;—I have somewhat to say to your wife in private.

60 *Gom.* [*Aside.*] Was ever man thus priest-ridden? Would the steeple of his church were in his belly: I am sure there 's room for it.

Elv. I am ashamed to acknowledge my infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent father, and therefore I will venture to—and yet I dare not!—

Dom. Nay, if you are bashful;—if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your surgeon——

Elv. You know my husband is a man in years; but he 's my husband, and therefore I shall be silent; but his humors are more intolerable than his age; he 's grown so froward, so covetous, and so jealous, 70 that he has turn'd my heart quite from him; and, if I durst confess it, has forc'd me to cast my affections on another man.

Dom. Good:—hold, hold; I meant abominable. [*Aside.*]—Pray heaven this be my colonel!

Elv. I have seen this man, father, and have encourag'd his addresses; he 's a young gentleman, a soldier, of a most winning carriage: and what his courtship may produce at last, I know not; but I am afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he, for certain;—she has sav'd the credit of my function, by speaking first; now must I take gravity upon me.

80 *Gom.* [*Aside.*] This whispering bodes me no good, for certain; but he has me so plaguily under the lash that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, daughter, do you remember your matrimonial vow?

Elv. Yes, to my sorrow, father, I do remember it; a miserable woman it has made me: but you know, father, a marriage vow is but a thing of course, which all women take when they would get a husband.

Dom. A vow is a very solemn thing; and 'tis good to keep it—but, notwithstanding, it may be broken upon some occasions.—Have you striven with all your might against this frailty?

Elv. Yes, I have striven; but I found it was against the stream. 90 Love, you know, father, is a great vow-maker; but he 's a greater vow-breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your duty to strive always; but, notwithstanding, when we have done our utmost, it extenuates the sin.

Gom. I can hold no longer.—Now, gentlewoman, you are confessing your enormities; I know it, by that hypocritical downcast look. Enjoin her to sit bare upon a bed of nettles, father; you can do no less, in conscience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to make use of my authority? Your wife 's a well-dispos'd and a 100 virtuous lady; I say it, *in verbo sacerdotis*.

Elv. I know not what to do, father; I find myself in a most desperate condition; and so is the colonel, for love of me.

Dom. The colonel, say you! I wish it be not the same young gen-

69. *he 's*] Q1Q2Q3F. *he is* Q4.

99. *and a virtuous*] QqF. *and virtuous* SsM.

tleman I know. 'Tis a gallant young man, I must confess, worthy of any lady's love in Christendom; in a lawful way, I mean: of such a charming behavior, so bewitching to a woman's eye, and, furthermore, so charitably given; by all good tokens, this must be my Colonel Hernando.

Elv. Aye, and my colonel too, father: I am overjoy'd!—and are
110 you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down; and, I am afraid, it is for love of you; for he press'd a letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you. I confess I receiv'd it, lest he should send it by some other; but with full resolution never to put it into your hands.

Elv. O dear father, let me have it, or I shall die!

Gom. Whispering still! A pox of your close committee! I'll listen, I'm resolv'd. *[Stea's nearer.]*

Dom. Nay, if you are obstinately bent to see it,—use your discre-
120 tion; but, for my part, I wash my hands on 't.—What make you list'ning there? Get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked eavesdropper.

Elv. I'll kneel down, father, as if I were taking absolution, if you'll but please to stand before me.

Dom. At your peril be it, then. I have told you the ill consequences; *et liberavi animam meam*.—Your reputation is in danger, to say nothing of your soul. Notwithstanding, when the spiritual means have been applied, and fail, in that case the carnal may be us'd.—You are a tender child, you are, and must not be put into despair; your heart is as soft and melting as your hand.

[He strokes her face, takes her by the hand, and gives the letter.]

Gom. Hold, hold, father, you go beyond your commission; palming
130 is always held foul play amongst gamesters.

Dom. Thus good intentions are misconstrued by wicked men; you will never be warn'd till you are excommunicate.

Gom. *[Aside.]* Ah, devil on him; there 's his hold! If there were no more in excommunication then the Church's censure, a wise man would lick his conscience whole with a wet finger; but, if I am excommunicate, I am outlaw'd, and then there 's no calling in my money.

Elv. *[Rising.]* I have read the note, father, and will send him an answer immediately; for I know his lodgings by his letter.

Dom. I understand it not, for my part; but I wish your intentions
140 be honest. Remember that adultery, tho' it be a silent sin, yet it is a crying sin also. Nevertheless, if you believe absolutely he will die, unless you pity him, to save a man's life is a point of charity; and actions of charity do alleviate, as I may say, and take off from the mortality of the

117. *whispering still*] Qq print these words as a stage direction; F corrects the error.

118. *I'm*] Q1Q2F. *I am* Q3Q4.

120. *on 't*] QqF. *of it* SsM.

make] QqF. *makes* SsM, spoiling the sense.

127. *fall*] Q2 SsM. *falls* Q1Q3Q4F.

137. *and then there's no*] QqF. *and there is no* SsM.

sin. Farewell, daughter.—Gomez, cherish your virtuous wife; and thereupon I give you my benediction. [Going.]

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the door,—that I may be sure you steal nothing by the way. Friars wear not their long sleeves for nothing.—O, 'tis a Judas Iscariot. [Exit after the Friar.]

150 Elv. This friar is a comfortable man! He will understand nothing of the business, and yet does it all.

Pray, wives and virgins, at your time of need,
For a true guide, of my good father's breed. [Exit.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

LORENZO in Friar's Habit, meeting DOMINIC.

Lor. Father Dominic, Father Dominic; why in such haste, man?

Dom. It should seem, a brother of our order.

Lor. No, faith, I am only your brother in iniquity; my holiness, like yours, is mere outside.

Dom. What! my noble colonel in metamorphosis! On what occasion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love, almighty love; that which turn'd Jupiter into a town bull, has transform'd me into a friar. I have had a letter from Elvira, in answer to that I sent by you.

10 Dom. You see I have deliver'd my message faithfully; I am a friar of honor, where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I understand your hint; the other fifty pieces are ready to be condemn'd to charity.

Dom. But this habit, son! this habit!

Lor. 'Tis a habit that in all ages has been friendly to fornication: you have begun the design in this clothing, and I'll try to accomplish it. The husband is absent, that evil counselor is remov'd, and the sovereign is graciously dispos'd to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to, go to; I find good counsel is but thrown away upon you.

20 Fare you well, fare you well, son! Ah!—

Lor. How! will you turn recreant at the last cast? You must along to countenance my undertaking: we are at the door, man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on 't, and I will not go.

Lor. You may stay, father, but no fifty pounds without it; that was only promis'd in the bond: "But the condition of this obligation is such, that if the above-nam'd father, Father Dominic, do not well and faithfully perform"—

Dom. Now I better think on 't, I will bear you company; for the reverence of my presence may be a curb to your exorbitancies.

30 Lor. Lead up your myrmidon, and enter.

[Exeunt.]

[LORENZO in Friar's Habit] QqF. [Enter LORENZO in a Friar's Habit] SsM.

29. presence] QqF. person SsM.

SCENE II.—ELVIRA'S Chamber.

Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. He 'll come, that 's certain; young appetites are sharp, and seldom need twice bidding to such a banquet!—Well, if I prove frail, as I hope I shall not till I have compass'd my design, never woman had such a husband to provoke her, such a lover to allure her, or such a confessor to absolve her. Of what am I afraid, then? Not my conscience, that 's safe enough; my ghostly father has given it a dose of church opium, to lull it. Well, for soothing sin, I'll say that for him, he 's a chaplain for any court in Christendom.

Enter LORENZO and DOMINIC.

O, Father Dominic, what news?—How, a companion with you! What
10 game have you in hand, that you hunt in couples?

Lor. [*Lifting up his hood.*] I'll shew you that immediately.

Elv. O, my love!

Lor. My life!

Elv. My soul!

[*They embrace.*]

Dom. * I am taken on the sudden with a grievous swimming in my head, and such a mist before my eyes, that I can neither hear nor see.

Elv. Stay, and I'll fetch you some comfortable water.

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open air will do me good. I'll take a turn in your garden; but remember that I trust you both, and do not
20 wrong my good opinion of you. [*Exit DOMINIC.*]

Elv. This is certainly the dust of gold which you have thrown in the good man's eyes, that on the sudden he cannot see; for my mind misgives me, this sickness of his is but apocryphal.

Lor. 'Tis no qualm of conscience, I'll be sworn. You see, madam, 'tis interest governs all the world. He preaches against sin; why? because he gets by 't. He holds his tongue; why? because so much more is bidden for his silence.

Elv. And so much for the friar.

Lor. O, those eyes of yours reproach me justly, that I neglect the
30 subject which brought me hither.

Elv. Do you consider the hazard I have run to see you here? If you do, methinks it should inform you that I love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of considering, let us consider why we are alone. Do you think the friar left us together to tell beads? Love is a kind of penurious god, very niggardly of his opportunities: he must

[SCENE II] QqF do not indicate a new scene, reading merely *Enter Elvira in her chamber.* The form in the text is taken from SsM.

26. by 't] QqF. by it SsM.

27. silence] After this Q3Q4 add: 'Tis but giving a man his price, and principles of Church are bought off as easily as they are in State: no man will be a rogue for nothing, but compensation must be made, so much gold for so much honesty; and then a churchman will break the rules of chess, for the black bishop will skip into the white, and the white into the black, without considering whether the remove be lawful.

35. of penurious] Q1Q2Q3F. of a penurious Q4.

be watch'd like a hard-hearted treasurer; for he bolts out on the sudden, and, if you take him not in the nick, he vanishes in a twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make such haste to have done loving me? You men are all like watches, wound up for striking twelve immediately; but 40 after you are satisfied, the very next that follows, is the solitary sound of single one.

Lor. How, madam! do you invite me to a feast, and then preach abstinence?

Elv. No, I invite you to a feast where the dishes are serv'd up in order; you are for making a hasty meal, and for chopping up your entertainment, like an hungry clown. Trust my management, good colonel, and call not for your dessert too soon: believe me, that which comes last, as it is the sweetest, so it cloyes the soonest.

Lor. I perceive, madam, by your holding me at this distance, that 50 there is somewhat you expect from me: what am I to undertake, or suffer, ere I can be happy?

Elv. I must first be satisfied, that you love me.

Lor. By all that 's holy! by these dear eyes!

Elv. Spare your oaths and protestations; I know you gallants of the time have a mint at your tongue's end to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me; but, by heavens, if you were in a condition——

Elv. Then you would not be so prodigal of your promises, but have the fear of matrimony before your eyes. In few words, if you love me, 60 as you profess, deliver me from this bondage, take me out of Egypt, and I'll wander with you as far as earth, and seas, and love, can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad frolic, tho' this is the maddest I ever undertook. Have with you, lady mine; I take you at your word; and, if you are for a merry jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it farthest. There are hedges in summer, and barns in winter, to be found; I with my knapsack, and you with your bottle at your back; we'll leave honor to madmen, and riches to knaves; and travel till we come to the ridge of the world, and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your hand, and strike a bargain.

[He takes her hand, and kisses it.]

70 *Lor.* In sign and token whereof, the parties interchangeably, and so forth.—When should I be weary of sealing upon this soft wax?

Elv. O heavens! I hear my husband's voice.

Enter GOMEZ.

Gom. Where are you, gentlewoman? there 's something in the wind, I'm sure, because your woman would have run up stairs before me; but I have secur'd her below, with a gag in her chaps.—Now, in the devil's name, what makes this friar here again? I do not like these frequent conjunctions of the flesh and spirit; they are boding.

41. of single one] Qq. of a single one F. of a single—one! SsM.

59. In few] QqF. In a few SsM.

66. we'll] QqF. we will SsM.

Elv. Go hence, good father; my husband, you see, is in an ill humor, and I would not have you witness of his folly.

[LORENZO going.]

80 *Gom.* [Running to the door.] By your reverence's favor, hold a little; I must examine you something better, before you go. Hiday! who have we here? Father Dominic is shrunk in the wetting two yards and a half about the belly. What are become of those two timber logs that he us'd to wear for legs, that stood strutting like the two black posts before a door? I am afraid some bad body has been setting him over a fire in a great cauldron, and boil'd him down half the quantity, for a receipt. This is no Father Dominic, no huge overgrown abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive sucking friar. As sure as a gun, now, Father Dominic has been spawning this young slender antichrist.

90 *Elv.* [Aside.] He will be found, there's no prevention.

Gom. Why does he not speak? What! Is the friar possess'd with a dumb devil? If he be, I shall make bold to conjure him.

Elv. He's but a novice in his order, and is injoin'd silence for a penance.

Gom. A novice, quotha! you would make a novice of me too, if you could. But what was his business here? Answer me that, gentlewoman, answer me that.

Elv. What should it be, but to give me some spiritual instructions?

100 *Gom.* Very good; and you are like to edify much from a dumb preacher. This will not pass; I must examine the contents of him a little closer. O thou confessor, confess who thou art, or thou art no friar of this world!—[He comes to LORENZO, who struggles with him; his habit flies open, and discovers a sword; GOMEZ starts back.]—As I live, this is a manifest member of the Church Militant.

Lor. [Aside.] I am discover'd; now, impudence be my refuge.—Yes, faith, 'tis I, honest Gomez; thou seest I use thee like a friend; this is a familiar visit.

Gom. What! Colonel Hernando turn'd a friar; who could have suspected you for so much godliness?

110 *Lor.* E'en as thou seest, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your visit, after so friendly an invitation as I made you. Marry, I hope you will excuse the blunderbusses for not being in readiness to salute you; but let me know your hour, and all shall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it, I hate such ripping up of old unkindness: I was upon the frolic this evening, and came to visit thee in masquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an hour with my wife, or so.

Lor. Right; thou speakest my very soul.

120 *Gom.* Why, am not I a friend, then, to help you out? You would have been fumbling half an hour for this excuse.—But, as I remember,

87. receipt] QqF. rectpe SsM.

109. for] Q1Q2F. of Q3Q4SsM.

120. a friend, then] Q1Q2F. then a friend Q3Q4.

you out]. QqF. thee out SsM, to the detriment of the sense.

you promis'd to storm my citadel, and bring your regiment of red locusts upon me for free quarter: I find, colonel, by your habit, there are black locusts in the world, as well as red.

Elv. [*Aside.*] When comes my share of the reckoning to be call'd for?

Lor. Give me thy hand; thou art the honestest, kind man! I was resolv'd I would not out of thy house till I had seen thee.

Gom. No, in my conscience, if I had stay'd abroad till midnight.
 130 But, colonel, you and I shall talk in another tone hereafter; I mean, in cold friendship, at a bar, before a judge, by the way of plaintiff and defendant. Your excuses want some grains to make 'em current: hum and ha will not do the business.—There 's a modest lady of your acquaintance, she has so much grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the power of Dame Nature working in her body to youthful appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unless it were by virtue of his habit.

Gom. Aye, aye, the virtues of that habit are known abundantly.

Elv. I could not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided.

140 *Gom.* To resist him.

Elv. I'm sure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time would have serv'd the turn. O thou epitome of thy virtuous sex! Madam Messalina the second, retire to thy apartment: I have an assignation there to make with thee.

Elv. I am all obedience.—

[*Exit ELVIRA.*]

Lor. I find, Gomez, you are not the man I thought you. We may meet before we come to the bar, we may; and our differences may be decided by other weapons than by lawyers' tongues. In the meantime, no ill treatment of your wife, as you hope to die a natural death, and
 150 go to hell in your bed. Bilbo is the word, remember that, and tremble.—

[*He 's going out.*]

Enter DOMINIC.

Dom. Where is this naughty couple? Where are you, in the name of goodness? My mind misgave me, and I durst trust you no longer with yourselves: here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next confession.

Lor. [*Aside.*] The devil is punctual, I see; he has paid me the shame he ow'd me; and now the friar is coming in for his part too.

Dom. [*Seeing GOM.*] Bless my eyes! What do I see?

Gom. Why, you see a cuckold of this honest gentleman's making; I
 160 thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confess, I am astonish'd!

Gom. What, at a cuckoldom of your own contrivance! Your head-piece, and his limbs, have done my business.—Nay, do not look so strangely; remember your own words: "Here will be fine work at your next confession." What naughty couple were they whom you durst not trust together any longer?—when the hypocritical rogue had trusted 'em

123. *quarter*] QqF. *quarters* SsM.

150. *in*] QqF. *on* SsM.

a full quarter of an hour; and, by the way, horns will sprout in less time than mushrooms.

170 *Dom.* Beware how you accuse one of my order upon light suspicions. The naughty couple that I meant, were your wife and you, whom I left together with great animosities on both sides. Now, that was the occasion, mark me, Gomez, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to trust your enrag'd spirits too long together. You might have broken out into revilings and matrimonial warfare, which are sins; and new sins make work for new confessions.

Lor. [*Aside.*] Well said, i' faith, friar; thou art come off thyself, but poor I am left in limbo.

180 *Gom.* Angle in some other ford, good father, you shall catch no gudgeons here. Look upon the prisoner at the bar, friar, and inform the court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the name of Colonel Hernando.

Dom. What colonel do you mean, Gomez? I see no man but a reverend brother of our order, whose profession I honor, but whose person I know not, as I hope for paradise.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more 's the pity; you do not know him, under this disguise, for the greatest cuckold-maker in all Spain.

190 *Dom.* O impudence! O rogue! O villain! Nay, if he be such a man, my righteous spirit rises at him! Does he put on holy garments for a cover-shame of lewdness?

Gom. Yes, and he 's in the right on 't, father: when a swingeing sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it so close as a friar's hood; for there the devil plays at bo-peep; puts out his horns to do a mischief, and then shrinks 'em back for safety, like a snail into her shell.

200 *Lor.* [*Aside.*] It's best marching off, while I can retreat with honor. There 's no trusting this friar's conscience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily than e'er he did the devil, and is in a fair way to prosecute me for putting on these holy robes. This is the old church-trick; the clergy is ever at the bottom of the plot, but they are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar, and leave the laity to be fairly hang'd for it. [*Exit.*]

Gom. Follow your leader, friar; your colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone so easily, if I durst have trusted you in the house behind me. Gather up your gouty legs, I say, and rid my house of that huge body of divinity.

Dom. I expect some judgment should fall upon you, for your want of reverence to your spiritual director: slander, covetousness, and jealousy will weigh thee down.

210 *Gom.* Put pride, hypocrisy, and gluttony into your scale, father, and you shall weigh against me: nay, and sins come to be divided once, the clergy puts in for nine parts, and scarce leaves the laity a tithe.

170. meant] Q1F. mean Q2Q3Q4.

191. swingeing] swindging Q1Q2Q3F. swingting Q4SsM, spoiling the sense.

210. and sins] QqF. an' sins SsM.

Dom. How darest thou reproach the tribe of Levi?

Gom. Marry, because you make us laymen of the tribe of Issachar. You make asses of us, to bear your burthens. When we are young, you put panniers upon us with your church discipline; and when we are grown up, you load us with a wife: after that, you procure for other men, and then you load our wives too. A fine phrase you have amongst you to draw us into marriage; you call it—settling of a man; just as
 220 settled: marriage is a settling blow indeed. They say everything in the world is good for something; as a toad, to suck up the venom of the earth; but I never knew what a friar was good for, till your pimping show'd me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou slanderer; thy offenses be upon thy head.

Gom. I believe there are some offenses there of your planting.
 [*Exit DOMINIC.*] Lord, Lord, that men should have sense enough to set snares in their warrens to catch polecats and foxes, and yet—

Want wit a priest-trap at their door to lay,
 230 For holy vermin that in houses prey.

[*Exit GOMEZ.*]

SCENE III.—*A Bedchamber.*

QUEEN, TERESA.

Ter. You are not what you were, since yesterday;
 Your food forsakes you, and your needful rest;
 You pine, you languish, love to be alone;
 Think much, speak little, and, in speaking, sigh:
 When you see Torrismond, you are unquiet,
 But, when you see him not, you are in pain.

Qu. O let 'em never love who never tried!
 They brought a paper to me to be sign'd;
 Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name;
 10 And writ, for Leonora, Torrismond.
 I went to bed, and to myself I thought
 That I would think on Torrismond no more;
 Then shut my eyes, but could not shut out him.
 I turn'd, and tried each corner of my bed,
 To find if sleep were there, but sleep was lost.
 Fev'rish, for want of rest, I rise, and walk'd,
 And, by the moonshine, to the windows went;
 There, thinking to exclude him from my thoughts,
 I cast my eyes upon the neighboring fields,
 20 And, ere I was aware, sigh'd to myself:
 "There fought my Torrismond."

212. *darest*] *Qq. dar'st* FSsM.

218. *settling of a*] *Q1Q2F. settling a* Q3Q4.

16. *rise* *QqF. rose* SsM.

Ter. What hinders you to take the man you love?
The people will be glad, the soldiers shout,
And Bertran, tho' repining, will be aw'd.

Qu. I fear to try new love,
As boys to venture on the unknown ice,
That crackles underneath 'em while they slide.
O, how shall I describe this growing ill!
Betwixt my doubt and love, methinks I stand
30 Alt'ring, like one that waits an ague fit;
And yet, would this were all!

Ter. What fear you more?

Qu. I am asham'd to say, 'tis but a fancy.
At break of day, when dreams, they say, are true,
A drowsy slumber, rather than a sleep,
Seiz'd on my senses, with long watching worn:
Methought I stood on a wide river's bank,
Which I must needs o'erpass, but knew not how;
When, on a sudden, Torrismond appear'd,
Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er,
40 Leaping and bounding on the billows' heads,
Till safely we had reach'd the farther shore.

Ter. This dream portends some ill which you shall scape.
Would you see fairer visions? Take this night
Your Torrismond within your arms to sleep;
And, to that end, invent some apt pretense
To break with Bertran: 'twould be better yet,
Could you provoke him to give you th' occasion,
And then to throw him off.

Enter BERTRAN at a distance.

Qu. My stars have sent him;
For, see, he comes. How gloomily he looks!
50 If he, as I suspect, have found my love,
His jealousy will furnish him with fury,
And me with means to part.

Bert. [*Aside.*] Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her false?
If she be false, 'tis what she most desires.
My genius whispers me: "Be cautious, Bertran!
Thou walk'st as on a narrow mountain's neck,
A dreadful height, with scanty room to tread."

Qu. What bus'ness have you at the court, my lord?

Bert. What bus'ness, madam?

Qu. Yes, my Lord, what bus'ness?
60 'Tis somewhat, sure, of weighty consequence,

23. soldiers shout] Q2Q3Q4. soldier shout Q1F, probably a mere misprint.

After shout Q3Q4 insert:

*The old king's party will despair to find
A prince whose courage can support the throne.*

That brings you here so often, and unsent for.

Bert. [*Aside.*] 'Tis what I fear'd; her words are cold enough
To freeze a man to death.—May I presume
To speak, and to complain?

Qu. They who complain to princes think 'em tame:
What bull dare bellow, or what sheep dares bleat
Within the lion's den?

Bert. Yet men are suffer'd to put heav'n in mind
Of promis'd blessings; for they then are debts.

70 *Qu.* My lord, heav'n knows its own time when to give;
But you, it seems, charge me with breach of faith!

Bert. I hope I need not, madam;
But as, when men in sickness ling'ring lie,
They count the tedious hours by months and years;
So, every day deferr'd, to dying lovers,
Is a whole age of pain!

Qu. What if I ne'er consent to make you mine?
My father's promise ties me not to time;
And bonds without a date, they say, are void.

80 *Bert.* Far be it from me to believe you bound;
Love is the freest motion of our minds:
O, could you see into my secret soul,
There you might read your own dominion doubled,
Both as a queen and mistress. If you leave me,
Know I can die, but dare not be displeas'd.

Qu. Sure you affect stupidity, my lord;
Or give me cause to think, that, when you lost
Three battles to the Moors, you coldly stood
As unconcern'd as now.

Bert. I did my best;
90 Fate was not in my power.

Qu. And with the like tame gravity you saw
A raw young warrior take your baffled work
And end it at a blow.

Bert. I humbly take my leave; but they, who blast
Your good opinion of me, may have cause
To know I am no coward.

[*He is going.*]

Qu. Bertran, stay.

[*Aside.*] This may produce some dismal consequence
To him whom dearer than my life I love.

[*To him.*] Have I not manag'd my contrivance well,
100 To try your love, and make you doubt of mine?

Bert. Then, was it but a trial?
Methinks I start as from some dreadful dream,
And often ask myself if yet I wake.

66. bull dare] QqF. bull dares SsM.
sheep dares] Q1Q2F. sheep dare Q3Q4.
83. you might] QqF. might you SsM.
98. whom] Q1Q2F. who Q3Q4.

[*Aside.*] This turns too quick to be without design;
I'll sound the bottom of 't, ere I believe.

Qu. I find your love, and would reward it too,
But anxious fears solicit my weak breast.
I fear my people's faith;
That hot-mouth'd beast that bears against the curb,
110 Hard to be broken even by lawful kings,
But harder by usurpers.
Judge then, my lord, with all these cares oppress'd,
If I can think of love.

Bert. Believe me, madam,
These jealousies, however large they spread,
Have but one root, the old imprison'd king;
Whose lenity first pleas'd the gaping crowd;
But when long tried, and found supinely good,
Like Æsop's Log, they leapt upon his back.
Your father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
120 He rein'd 'em strongly, and he spurr'd them hard:
And, but he durst not do it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient saint,
This anvil of affronts, but sent him hence
To hold a peaceful branch of palm above,
And hymn it in the choir.

Qu. You've hit upon the very string which, touch'd,
Echoes the sound, and jars within my soul;
There lies my grief.

Bert. So long as there 's a head,
Thither will all the mounting spirits fly;
130 Lop that but off, and then——

Qu. My virtue shrinks from such an horrid act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a virtue out of season.
Mercy is good, a very good dull virtue;
But kings mistake its timing, and are mild
When manly courage bids 'em be severe:
Better be cruel once than anxious ever.
Remove this threat'ning danger from your crown,
And then securely take the man you love.

Qu. [*Walking aside.*] Ha! let me think of that:—The man I love!
140 'Tis true, this murder is the only means
That can secure my throne to Torrismond:
Nay, more, this execution, done by Bertran,
Makes him the object of the people's hate.

Bert. [*Aside.*] The more she thinks, 'twill work the stronger in her.

Qu. [*Aside.*] How eloquent is mischief to persuade!
Few are so wicked, as to take delight

104. turns] QqF. turn 's SsM.

120. spurr'd them] Q1Q2F. spurr'd 'em Q3Q4.

125. the choir] the quire QqF. a choir SsM.

131. an] QqF. a SsM.

In crimes unprofitable, nor do I:
 If then I break divine and human laws,
 No bribe but love could gain so bad a cause.

150 *Bert.* You answer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep concernment,
 And I a woman, ignorant and weak:
 I leave it all to you; think, what you do,
 You do for him I love.

Bert. [*Aside.*] For him she loves?
 She nam'd not me; that may be Torrismond,
 Whom she has thrice in private seen this day;
 Then I am fairly caught in my own snare.
 I'll think again.—Madam, it shall be done,
 And mine be all the blame.

[*Exit.*

Qu. O that it were! I would not do this crime,
 160 And yet, like Heav'n, permit it to be done.
 The priesthood grossly cheat us with free will:
 ~ Will to do what, but what Heaven first decreed?
 Our actions then are neither good nor ill,
 Since from eternal causes they proceed;
 Our passions, fear and anger, love and hate,
 Mere senseless engines that are mov'd by fate;
 Like ships on stormy seas, without a guide,
 Toss'd by the winds, and driven by the tide.

Enter TORRISMOND.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and press too often
 170 Into your presence, madam? If I am——

Qu. No more, lest I should chide you for your stay:
 Where have you been? and how could you suppose
 That I could live these two long hours without you?

Tor. O words, to charm an angel from his orb!
 Welcome, as kindly showers to long-parch'd earth!
 But I have been in such a dismal place,
 Where joy ne'er enters, which the sun ne'er cheers,
 Bound in with darkness, overspread with damps;
 Where I have seen (if I could say I saw)
 180 The good old king, majestic in his bonds,
 And, 'midst his griefs, most venerably great:
 By a dim winking lamp, which feebly broke
 The gloomy vapors, he lay stretch'd along
 Upon the unwholesome earth, his eyes fix'd upward;
 And ever and anon a silent tear
 Stole down, and trickled from his hoary beard.

Qu. O heaven, what have I done! My gentle love,
 Here end thy sad discourse, and, for my sake,
 Cast off these fearful melancholy thoughts.

190 *Tor.* My heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,
 As early blossoms are with eastern blasts:
 He sent for me, and, while I rais'd his head,
 He threw his aged arms about my neck;
 And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:
 So, leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes,
 We mingled tears in a dumb scene of sorrow.

Qu. Forbear; you know not how you wound my soul.

Tor. Can you have grief, and not have pity too?
 He told me, when my father did return,
 200 He had a wondrous secret to disclose:
 He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me son;
 He prais'd my courage; pray'd for my success:
 He was so true a father of his country,
 To thank me for defending ev'n his foes,
 Because they were his subjects.

Qu. If they be,

Then what am I?

Tor. The sovereign of my soul, my earthly heaven.

Qu. And not your queen?

Tor. You are so beautiful,

So wondrous fair, you justify rebellion;
 210 As if that faultless face could make no sin,
 But heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Qu. The king must die, he must, my Torrismond,
 Tho' pity softly plead within my soul;
 Yet he must die, that I may make you great,
 And give a crown in dowry with my love.

Tor. Perish that crown—on any head but yours!
 O, recollect your thoughts!
 Shake not his hourglass, when his hasty sand
 Is ebbing to the last:

220 A little longer, yet a little longer,
 And nature drops him down, without your sin;
 Like mellow fruit, without a winter storm.

Qu. Let me but do this one injustice more.
 His doom is past; and, for your sake, he dies.

Tor. Would you, for me, have done so ill an act,
 And will not do a good one!
 Now, by your joys on earth, your hopes in heaven,
 O spare this great, this good, this aged king;
 And spare your soul the crime!

Qu. The crime's not mine;

230 'Twas first propos'd, and must be done, by Bertran,
 Fed with false hopes to gain my crown and me;
 I, to inance his ruin, gave no leave,
 But barely bade him think, and then resolve.

Tor. In not forbidding, you command the crime:
 Think, timely think, on the last dreadful day,

How will you tremble, there to stand expos'd,
 And foremost, in the rank of guilty ghosts,
 That must be doom'd for murder! think on murder:
 That troop is plac'd apart from common crimes;
 240 The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that band,
 As far more black and more forlorn than they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible! It shakes, it staggers me;
 I knew this truth, but I repell'd that thought.
 Sure there is none but fears a future state;
 And, when the most obdurate swear they do not,
 Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.

Enter TERESA.

Send speedily to Bertran; charge him strictly
 Not to proceed, but wait my farther pleasure.

Ter. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'tis perform'd. [Exit

250 *Tor.* Ten thousand plagues consume him! Furies drag him!
 Fiends tear him! Blasted be the arm that strook,
 'The tongue that order'd!—only she be spar'd,
 That hinder'd not the deed! O where was then
 The power that guards the sacred lives of kings?
 Why slept the lightning and the thunderbolts,
 Or bent their idle rage on fields and trees,
 When vengeance call'd 'em here?

Qu. Sleep that thought too;
 'Tis done, and, since 'tis done, 'tis past recall;
 And, since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

260 *Tor.* O, never, never shall it be forgotten!
 High heaven will not forget it; after-ages
 Shall with a fearful curse remember ours;
 And blood shall never leave the nation more!

Qu. His body shall be royally interr'd,
 And the last funeral pomps adorn his hearse;
 I will myself (as I have cause too just)
 Be the chief mourner at his obsequies;
 And yearly fix on the revolving day
 The solemn marks of mourning, to atone
 270 And expiate my offenses.

Tor. Nothing can,
 But bloody vengeance on that traitor's head,—
 Which, dear, departed spirit, here I vow.

Qu. Here end our sorrows, and begin our joys:
 Love calls, my Torrismond; tho' hate has rag'd,
 And rul'd the day, yet love will rule the night.
 The spiteful stars have shed their venom down,
 And now the peaceful planets take their turn.

251. *strook*] QqF. *struck* SsM.

259. *must*] Q1Q2F. *'t must* Q3Q4.

270. *offenses*] QqF. *offence* SsM, *injuring* the meter.

This deed of Bertran's has remov'd all fears,
And giv'n me just occasion to refuse him.
280 What hinders now but that the holy priest
In secret join our mutual vows? and then
This night, this happy night, is yours and mine.

Tor. Be still, my sorrows; and be loud, my joys.
Fly to the utmost circles of the sea,
Thou furious tempest, that hast toss'd my mind,
And leave no thought but Leonora there.—
What's this I feel, aboding in my soul,
As if this day were fatal? Be it so;
Fate shall but have the leavings of my love:
290 My joys are gloomy, but withal are great.
The lion, tho' he see the toils are set,
Yet, pinch'd with raging hunger, scours away,
Hunts in the face of danger all the day;
At night, with sullen pleasure, grumbles o'er his prey. }

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Before Gomez his Door.*

Enter LORENZO, DOMINIC, and two Soldiers at a distance.

Dom. I'll not wag an ace farther: the whole world shall not bribe me to it; for my conscience will digest these gross enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy conscience not digest 'em! There's ne'er a friar in Spain can show a conscience that comes near it for digestion. It digested pimping, when I sent thee with my letter; and it digested perjury, when thou swor'st thou didst not know me: I'm sure it has digested me fifty pound of as hard gold as is in all Barbary. Pr'ythee, why shouldst thou discourage fornication, when thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young girl?

10 *Dom.* Away, away; I do not love 'em;—faugh; no—[*Spits.*—I do not love a pretty girl—you are so waggish!— [Spits again.

Lor. Why, thy mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleasure in defamation, colonel; but I wonder what you find in running restless up and down, breaking your brains, emptying your purse, and wearing out your body with hunting after unlawful game.

Lor. Why, there's the satisfaction on 't.

Dom. This incontinency may proceed to adultery, and adultery to murder, and murder to hanging; and there's the satisfaction on 't.

287. *aboding*] QqF. *a bodting* SsM.
289. *but have*] Q1Q2F. *have but* Q3Q4.
291. *see*] QqF. *sees* SsM.
3. *There 's*] QqF. *There 's* SsM.
7. *pound*] Qq. *pounds* FSsM.

20 *Lor.* I'll not hang alone, friar: I'm resolv'd to peach thee before thy superiors for what thou hast done already.

Dom. I'm resolv'd to forswear it, if you do. Let me advise you better, colonel, then to accuse a churchman to a churchman: in the common cause we are all of a piece; we hang together.

Lor. [*Aside.*] If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my honesty, and bribe my conscience: you shall be summon'd by an host of paritors; you shall be sentenc'd in the spiritual court; you shall be
30 excommunicated; you shall be outlaw'd;—and—

[*Here LORENZO takes a purse, and plays with it, and at last lets the purse fall chinking on the ground, which the Friar eyes.*

[*In another tone.*] I say, a man might do this now, if he were maliciously dispos'd, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity: but, considering that you are my friend, a person of honor, and a worthy good charitable man, I would rather die a thousand deaths than disoblige you.

[*LORENZO takes up the purse, and pours it into the Friar's sleeve.*
Nay, good sir; nay, dear colonel; O Lord, sir, what are you doing now! I profess this must not be: without this I would have serv'd you to the uttermost; pray, command me. A jealous, foul-mouth'd rogue this Gomez is; I saw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too. O, he's a bitter man; but we'll join our forces; ah, shall we, colonel?
40 *we'll be reveng'd on him with a witness.*

Lor. But how shall I send her word to be ready at the door? for I must reveal it in confession to you that I mean to carry her away this evening, by the help of these two soldiers. I know Gomez suspects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not. I am arm'd with the authority of my clothing: yonder I see him keeping sentry at his door. Have you never seen a citizen, in a cold morning, clapping his sides, and walking forward and backward a mighty pace before his shop? But I'll gain the pass in spite of his suspicion; stand you aside, and do but mark
50 how I accost him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulse, we must throw off the fox's skin, and put on the lion's. Come, gentlemen, you'll stand by me?

Sol. Do not doubt us, colonel.

[*They retire all three to a corner of the stage; DOMINIC goes to the door where GOMEZ stands.*

Dom. Good even, Gomez; how does your wife?

Gom. Just as you would have her; thinking on nothing but her dear colonel, and conspiring cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare say, you wrong her; she is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your jealousy.

Gom. Yes, by certainty.

60 *Dom.* By your leave, Gomez; I have some spiritual advice to impart to her on that subject.

Gom. You may spare your instructions, if you please, father; she has no farther need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! Do you speak in riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me speak plainer,—she has profited so well already by your counsel that she can say her lesson without your teaching. Do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, Gomez, by your leave.

70 *Gom.* She's a little indispos'd at present, and it will not be convenient to disturb her.

[DOMINIC offers to go by him, but t' other stands before him.

Dom. Indispos'd, say you? O, it is upon those occasions that a confessor is most necessary; I think it was my good angel that sent me hither so opportunely.

Gom. Aye, whose good angels sent you hither, that you best know, father.

Dom. A word or two of devotion will do her no harm, I'm sure.

Gom. A little sleep will do her more good, I'm sure. You know, she disburthen'd her conscience but this morning to you.

80 *Dom.* But, if she be ill this afternoon, she may have new occasion to confess.

Gom. Indeed, as you order matters with the colonel, she may have occasion of confessing herself every hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has she been sick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a man to speak: why, ever since your last defeat.

Dom. This can be but some light indisposition; it will not last, and I may see her.

Gom. How, not last! I say, it will last, and it shall last; she shall
90 be sick these seven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I see occasion. What? I know the mind of her sickness a little better than you do.

Dom. I find, then, I must bring a doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an apothecary, with a chargeable long bill of
ana's: those of my family have the grace to die cheaper. In a word,
Sir Dominic, we understand one another's business here: I am resolv'd
to stand like the Swiss of my own family, to defend the entrance; you
may mumble over your *pater nosters*, if you please, and try if you can
make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls with bell, book, and
candle; but I am not of opinion that you are holy enough to commit
100 miracles.

Dom. Men of my order are not to be treated after this manner.

Gom. I would treat the Pope and all his cardinals in the same manner, if they offer'd to see my wife without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou dost not open; there's promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my wife, if you go to that: there's promulgation for promulgation, and bull for bull; and so I

71. [t' other] QqF. [the other] SsM.

87. *light*] QqF. *slight* SsM.

leave you to recreate yourself with the end of an old song: "And sorrow came to the old friar."
[Exit.

LORENZO comes to him.

110 Lor. I will not ask you your success; for I overheard part of it, and saw the conclusion. I find we are now put upon our last trump; the fox is earth'd, but I shall send my two terriers in after him.

Sold. I warrant you, colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what haste you can to bring out the lady. What say you, father? Burglary is but a venial sin among soldiers.

Dom. I shall absolve them, because he is an enemy of the Church.—There is a proverb, I confess, which says that dead men tell no tales; but let your soldiers apply it at their own perils.

Lor. What, take away a man's wife, and kill him too? The wicked-
120 ness of this old villain startles me, and gives me a twinge for my own sin, tho' it come far short of his. Hark you, soldiers, be sure you use as little violence to him as is possible.

Dom. Hold a little; I have thought better how to secure him, with less danger to us.

Lor. O miracle, the friar is grown conscientious!

Dom. The old king, you know, is just murther'd, and the persons that did it are unknown; let the soldiers seize him for one of the assassins, and let me alone to accuse him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for suspecting a friar of
130 the least good nature; what, would you accuse him wrongfully?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongful, *quoad hoc*, as to the fact itself; but 'tis rightful, *quoad hunc*, as to this heretical rogue, whom we must dispatch. He has rail'd against the Church, which is a fouler crime than the murder of a thousand kings. *Omne majus continet in se minus*: he that is an enemy to the Church, is an enemy unto heaven; and he that is an enemy to heaven would have kill'd the king if he had been in the circumstances of doing it; so it is not wrongful to accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a churchman, if he were personally offended, but he would bring in heaven by hook or crook into his quarrel. Soldiers,
140 do as you were first order'd. [Exeunt Soldiers.

Dom. What was 't you order'd 'em? Are you sure it's safe, and not scandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own design, but not altogether so mischievous. The people are infinitely discontented, as they have reason; and mutinies there are, or will be, against the queen: now I am content to put him thus far into the plot, that he should be secur'd as a traitor; but he shall only be prisoner at the soldiers' quarters; and when I am out of reach, he shall be releas'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free, he
150 will infallibly accuse me.

110. ask you your] Q1Q2F. ask your Q3Q4.

121. come] QqF. comes SsM.

139. or crook] Q1Q2F. or by crook Q3Q4.

Lor. Why then, father, you must have recourse to your infallible church remedies; lie impudently and swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whose oath will be first believ'd. Retire, I hear 'em coming.
[*They withdraw.*]

Enter the Soldiers, with GOMEZ struggling on their backs.

Gom. Help, good Christians! help, neighbors! my house is broken open by force, and I am ravish'd, and am like to be assassinated! What do you mean, villains? will you carry me away, like a pedler's pack, upon your backs? will you murder a man in plain daylight?

1 Soldier. No; but we'll secure you for a traitor, and for being in
160 a plot against the State.

Gom. Who, I in a plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durst be in a plot. Why, how can you in conscience suspect a rich citizen of so much wit as to make a plotter? There are none but poor rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in plots.

2 Soldier. Away with him, away with him.

Gom. O my gold! my wife! my wife! my gold! As I hope to be sav'd now, I know no more of the plot than they that made it.

[*They carry him off, and exeunt.*]

Lor. Thus far have we sail'd with a merry gale, and now we have the Cape of Good Hope in sight; the trade wind is our own, if we can
170 but double it. [*He looks out.—Aside.*] Ah, my father and Pedro stand at the corner of the street with company; there's no stirring till they are past!

Enter ELVIRA with a casket.

Elv. Am I come at last into your arms?

Lor. Fear nothing; the adventure's ended, and the knight may carry off the lady safely.

Elv. I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce believe I am at liberty; but stand panting, like a bird that has often beaten her wings in vain against her cage, and at last dares hardly venture out, tho' she sees it open.

Dom. Lose no time, but make haste while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not so free as you suppose; for there's an old gentleman of my acquaintance that blocks up the passage at the corner of the street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your arm, daughter? Somewhat, I hope, that will bear your charges in your pilgrimage.

Lor. The friar has an hawk's eye to gold and jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance without a fiddle, and provide better entertainment for us then hedges in summer, and barns in winter.
190 Here's the very heart, and soul, and life-blood of Gomez; pawns in

156. *am like*] QqF. SsM omit *am*.

187. *an*] QqF. a SsM.

190. *life-blood*] Q1Q2F. *life and blood* Q3Q4.

abundance, old gold of widows, and new gold of prodigals, and pearls and diamonds of court ladies, till the next bribe helps their husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the spoils of the wicked, and the Church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And, faith, we'll drink the Church's health out of them. But all this while I stand on thorns. Pr'ythee, dear, look out, and see if the coast be free for our escape; for I dare not peep, for fear of being known.

[*ELVIRA goes to look, and GOMEZ comes running in upon her: she shrieks out.*]

200 *Gom.* Thanks to my stars, I have recover'd my own territories.—
What do I see? I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. [*Aside.*] What a hopeful enterprise is here spoil'd!

Gom. O, colonel, are you there? and you, friar? nay, then I find how the world goes.

Lor. Cheer up, man, thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out just now, and came running in full speed, with the wings of an eagle, and the feet of a tiger, to thy rescue.

Gom. Aye, you are always at hand to do me a courtesy, with your eagle's feet, and your tiger's wings. And what were you here for, friar?

210 *Dom.* To interpose my spiritual authority in your behalf.

Gom. And why did you shriek out, gentlewoman?

Elv. 'Twas for joy at your return.

Gom. And that casket under your arm, for what end and purpose?

Elv. Only to preserve it from the thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of doors——

Elv. Only to meet you, sweet husband.

Gom. A fine evidence summ'd up among you; thank you heartily; you are all my friends. The colonel was walking by accidentally, and hearing my voice, came in to save me; the friar, who was hobbling the
220 same way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the colonel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithful wife runs out of doors to meet me, with all my jewels under her arm, and shrieks out for joy at my return. But if my father-in-law had not met your soldiers, colonel, and deliver'd me in the nick, I should neither have found a friend nor a friar here, and might have shriek'd out for joy myself, for the loss of my jewels and my wife.

Dom. Art thou an infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such churchmen as you would make any man an infidel. Get
230 you into your kennel, gentlewoman; I shall thank you within-doors for your safe custody of my jewels and your own.

[*He thrusts his wife off the stage.*]

As for you, Colonel Huffcap, we shall try before a civil magistrate, who's the greater plotter of us two, I against the State, or you against the petticoat.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you shall for something.

[*Beats him.*]

Gom. Murther, murther! I give up the ghost! I am destroy'd! Help, murther, murther!

Dom. Away, colonel; let us fly for our lives: the neighbors are coming out with forks and fire-shovels and spits and other domestic weapons; the militia of a whole alley is rais'd against us.

240 *Lor.* This is but the interest of my debt, master usurer; the principal shall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your soldiers had but dispatch'd him, his tongue had been laid asleep, colonel; but this comes of not following good counsel; ah——

[*Exeunt LORENZO and Friar severally.*]

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him, if I dare; but he's such a terrible fellow that my mind misgives me; I shall tremble when I have him before the judge. All my misfortunes come together. I have been robb'd, and cuckolded, and ravish'd, and beaten, in one quarter of an hour; my poor limbs smart, and my poor head aches: aye, do, do, smart
250 limb, ache head, and sprout horns; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you. You must needs be married, must ye? There's for that—[*Beats his own head*—] And to a fine young, modish lady, must ye? There's for that too; and, at threescore, you old, doting cuckold! Take that remembrance.—A fine time of day for a man to be bound prentice, when he is past using of his trade; to set up an equipage of noise, when he has most need of quiet; instead of her being under covert-baron, to be under covert-feme myself; to have my body disabled, and my head fortified; and lastly, to be crowded into a narrow box with a shrill treble,

That with one blast thro' the whole house does bound,

260 And first taught speaking trumpets how to sound.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Court.*

Enter RAYMOND, ALPHONSO, PEDRO.

Raym. Are these, are these, ye powers, the promis'd joys,
With which I flatter'd my long, tedious absence,
To find, at my return, my master murther'd?
O that I could but weep, to vent my passion!
But this dry sorrow burns up all my tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, brother; 'tis observ'd at court
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your return
Will fix all eyes on every act of yours,
To see how you resent King Sancho's death.

10 *Raym.* What generous man can live with that constraint
Upon his soul, to bear, much less to flatter,
A court like this! Can I soothe tyranny?
Seem pleas'd to see my royal master murther'd,
His crown usurp'd, a distaff in the throne,
A council made of such as dare not speak,
And could not, if they durst; whence honest men

235. *I am*] Q1F. *I'm* Q2Q3Q4.

258. *into*] Q1Q2F. *in* Q3Q4.

Banish themselves, for shame of being there:

A government that, knowing not true wisdom,
Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on tricks at home?

20 *Alph.* Virtue must be thrown off; 'tis a coarse garment,
Too heavy for the sunshine of a court.

Raym. Well then, I will dissemble, for an end
So great, so pious, as a just revenge:
You'll join with me?

Alph. No honest man but must.

Ped. What title has this queen, but lawless force?
And force must pull her down.

Alph. Truth is, I pity Leonora's case;
Fore'd, for her safety, to commit a crime,
Which most her soul abhors.

30 *Raym.* All she has done, or e'er can do, of good,
This one black deed has damn'd.

Ped. You'll hardly gain your son to our design.

Raym. Your reason for 't?

Ped. I want time to unriddle it:
Put on your t'other face, the queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, BERTRAN, and Attendants.

Raym. And that accursed Bertran
Stalks close behind her, like a witch's fiend,
Pressing to be employ'd; stand, and observe them.

Qu. [To BERT.] Buried in private, and so suddenly!
It crosses my design, which was t' allow

40 The rites of funeral fitting his degree,
With all the pomp of mourning.

Bert. It was not safe:
Objects of pity, when the cause is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy crowd:
Had Cæsar's body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his cause.

Qu. Then, was he lov'd?

Bert. O, never man so much, for saintlike goodness.

Ped. [Aside.] Had bad men fear'd him, but as good men lov'd him,
He had not yet been sainted.

Qu. I wonder how the people bear his death.

50 *Bert.* Some discontent there are; some idle murmurs.

Ped. How, idle murmurs! Let me plainly speak:
The doors are all shut up; the wealthier sort,
With arms across, and hats upon their eyes,
Walk to and fro before their silent shops;

21. court] Q3Q4 here add:

*Yet I have seen even there an honest man,
That is, as honest as a court can bear;
For courtiers are to be accounted good,
When they are not the last and worst of men.*

39. t' allow] QqF. to allow SsM.

50. discontent Q1. discontents Q2Q3Q4FSsM.

Whole droves of lenders crowd the bankers' doors
To call in money; those who have none mark
Where money goes; for, when they rise, 'tis plunder:
The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths;

60 Some tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it;
And he, who lies most loud, is most believ'd.

Qu. This may be dangerous.

Raym. [*Aside.*] Pray heaven it may!

Bert. If one of you must fall,
Self-preservation is the first of laws;
And if, when subjects are oppress'd by kings,
They justify rebellion by that law,
As well may monarchs turn the edge of right
To cut for them, when self-defense requires it.

Qu. You place such arbitrary power in kings,
70 That I much fear, if I should make you one,
You'll make yourself a tyrant; let these know
By what authority you did this act.

Bert. You much surprise me, to demand that question:
But, since truth must be told, 'twas by your own.

Qu. Produce it; or, by heaven, your head shall answer
The forfeit of your tongue.

Raym. [*Aside.*] Brave mischief towards.

Bert. You bade me.

Qu. When, and where?

Bert. No, I confess, you bade me not in words;
The dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs,
80 And pointed full upon the stroke of murder:
Yet this you said,
You were a woman, ignorant and weak,
So left it to my care.

Qu. What, if I said

I was a woman, ignorant and weak,
Were you to take th' advantage of my sex,
And play the devil to tempt me? You contriv'd,
You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your toils;
And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd,
Were you to make my doubts your own commission?

90 *Bert.* This 'tis to serve a prince too faithfully;
Who, free from laws himself, will have that done,
Which, not perform'd, brings us to sure disgrace;
And, if perform'd, to ruin.

Qu. This 'tis, to counsel things that are unjust;
First, to debauch a king to break his laws
(Which are his safety), and then seek protection
From him you have endanger'd; but just Heaven,
When sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting devil
More deep than those he tempted.

100 *Bert.* If princes not protect their ministers,
What man will dare to serve them?

Qu. None will dare

To serve them ill, when they are left to laws;
But, when a counselor, to save himself,
Would lay miscarriages upon his prince,
Exposing him to public rage and hate;
O, 'tis an act as infamously base,
As, should a common soldier skulk behind
And thrust his general in the front of war:
It shews he only serv'd himself before,

110 And had no sense of honor, country, king,
But center'd on himself, and us'd his master
As guardians do their wards, with shows of care,
But with intent to sell the public safety,
And pocket up his prince.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Well said, i' faith;
This speech is e'en too good for an usurper.

Bert. I see for whom I must be sacrific'd;
And, had I not been sotted with my zeal,
I might have found it sooner.

Qu. From my sight!

The prince who bears an insolence like this

120 Is such an image of the powers above
As is the statue of the thund'ring god,
Whose bolts the boys may play with.

Bert. Unreveng'd

I will not fall, nor single.

[*Exit cum suis.*]

Qu. [*To RAYMOND, who kisses her hand.*] Welcome welcome!

I saw you not before; one honest lord
Is hid with ease among a crowd of courtiers.
How can I be too grateful to the father
Of such a son as Torrismond?

Raym. His actions were but duty.

Qu. Yet, my lord,

All have not paid that debt like noble Torrismond;
130 You hear how Bertran brands me with a crime,
Of which, your son can witness, I am free.
I sent to stop the murther, but too late;
For crimes are swift, but penitence is slow:
The bloody Bertran, diligent in ill,
Flew to prevent the soft returns of pity.

Raym. O cursed haste, of making sure a sin!
Can you forgive the traitor?

Qu. Never, never:

'Tis written here in characters so deep,
That seven years hence (till then should I not meet him),
140 And in the temple then, I'll drag him thence,
Ev'n from the holy altar to the block.

Raym. [*Aside.*] She's fir'd, as I would wish her; aid me, Justice,
As all my ends are thine, to gain this point,
And ruin both at once.—[*To her.*] It wounds, indeed,
To bear affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have power to punish; yet one way
There is to ruin Bertran.

Qu. O, there's none;
Except an host from heaven can make such haste
To save my crown as he will do to seize it.
150 You saw, he came surrounded with his friends,
And knew, besides, our army was remov'd
To quarters too remote for sudden use.

Raym. Yet you may give commission
To some bold man, whose loyalty you trust,
And let him raise the train-bands of the city.

Qu. Gross feeders, lion talkers, lamblike fighters.

Raym. You do not know the virtues of your city,
What pushing force they have; some popular chief,
More noisy than the rest, but cries "Halloo,"
160 And, in a trice, the bellowing herd come out;
The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricadoed,
And "One and all" 's the word; true cocks of th' game,
That never ask for what, or whom, they fight;
But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a foe,
Cry "Liberty!" and that's a cause of quarrel.

Qu. There may be danger in that boist'rous rout:
Who knows, when fires are kindled for my foes,
But some new blast of wind may turn those flames
Against my palace walls?

Raym. But still their chief
170 Must be some one whose loyalty you trust.

Qu. And who more proper for that trust than you,
Whose interests, tho' unknown to you, are mine?
Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the rabble;
He shall appear to head 'em.

Raym. [*Aside to ALPH. and PED.*] First seize Bertran,
And then insinuate to them, that I bring
Their lawful prince to place upon the throne.

Alph. Our lawful prince!

Raym. Fear not; I can produce him.

Ped. [*To ALPH.*] Now we want
Your son Lorenzo: what a mighty faction
180 Would he make for us of the city wives,
With: "O dear husband, my sweet honey husband,

162. of th' game] QqF. o' the game SsM.

173. Alphonso] Q1F. In Q2Q3Q4 this word becomes a speech-heading.

178, 179. Now . . . faction] The text follows Q3Q4. The words are arranged as one line in Q1Q2FSsM, to the detriment of the meter.

Won't you be for the colonel? If you love me,
Be for the colonel; O he's the finest man!" [*Exeunt* ALPHONSO, PEDRO.]

Raym. [*Aside.*] So, now we have a plot behind the plot.
She thinks, she's in the depth of my design,
And that it 's all for her; but time shall show
She only lives to help me ruin others,
And last, to fall herself.

Qu. Now, to you, Raymond: can you guess no reason
190 Why I repose such confidence in you?

You needs must think
There's some more powerful cause than loyalty:
Will you not speak, to save a lady's blush?
Must I inform you, 'tis for Torrismond
That all this grace is shown?

Raym. [*Aside.*] By all the powers, worse, worse than what I fear'd!

Qu. And yet, what need I blush at such a choice?
I love a man whom I am proud to love,
And am well pleas'd my inclination gives
200 What gratitude would force. O pardon me;
I ne'er was covetous of wealth before,
Yet think so vast a treasure as your son
Too great for any private man's possession;
And him too rich a jewel, to be set
In vulgar metal, or for vulgar use.

Raym. Arm me with patience, heaven!

Qu. How, patience, Raymond?

What exercise of patience have you here?
What find you in my crown to be contemn'd;
Or in my person loath'd? Have I, a queen,
210 Pass'd by my fellow-rulers of the world,
Whose vying crowns lay glittering in my way,
As if the world were pav'd with diadems?
Have I refus'd their blood, to mix with yours,
And raise new kings from so obscure a race
Fate scarce knew where to find them, when I call'd?
Have I heap'd on my person, crown, and state,
To load the scale, and weigh'd myself with earth,
For you to spurn the balance?

Raym. Bate the last, and 'tis what I would say:
220 Can I, can any loyal subject, see
With patience, such a stoop from sovereignty,
An ocean pour'd upon a narrow brook?
My zeal for you must lay the father by,
And plead my country's cause against my son.
What tho' his heart be great, his actions gallant,

186. *it 's*] QqF. *'t is* SsM.

194. *Must*] QqF. *Need* SsM.

198. *whom*] Q1Q2F. *who* Q3Q4.

He wants a crown to poise against a crown,
Birth to match birth, and power to balance power.

Qu. All these I have, and these I can bestow;
But he brings worth and virtue to my bed;
230 And virtue is the wealth which tyrants want:
I stand in need of one whose glories may
Redeem my crimes, ally me to his fame,
Dispel the factions of my foes on earth,
Disarm the justice of the powers above.

Raym. The people never will endure this choice.

Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you?
Go, raise the ministers of my revenge,
Guide with your breath this whirling tempest round,
And see its fury fall where I design.

240 At last a time for just revenge is given;
Revenge, the darling attribute of heaven:
But man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons wrong;
Great in forgiving, and in suffering brave;
To be a saint, he makes himself a slave.

[*Exit Queen.*]

Raym. [*Solus.*] Marriage with Torrismond! it must not be,
By heaven, it must not be! or, if it be,
Law, justice, honor, bid farewell to earth,
For heaven leaves all to tyrants.

Enter TORRISMOND, who kneels to him.

250 *Tor.* O, ever welcome, sir!
But doubly now! You come in such a time,
As if propitious fortune took a care
To swell my tide of joys to their full height,
And leave me nothing farther to desire.

Raym. I hope, I come in time, if not to make,
At least to save your fortune and your honor.
Take heed you steer your vessel right, my son;
This calm of heaven, this mermaid's melody,
Into an unseen whirlpool draws you fast,
260 And, in a moment, sinks you.

Tor. Fortune cannot,
And fate can scarce; I've made the port already,
And laugh securely at the lazy storm
That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
Your pardon, sir; my duty calls me hence;
I go to find my queen, my earthly goddess,
To whom I owe my hopes, my life, my love.

Raym. You owe her more, perhaps, than you imagine;
Stay, I command you stay, and hear me first.
This hour's the very crisis of your fate;
270 Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,

And all the color of your life, depends
On this important now.

Tor. I see no danger;
The city, army, court, espouse my cause,
And, more than all, the queen, with public favor,
Indulges my pretensions to her love.

Raym. Nay, if possessing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your design.

Tor. If she can make me blest? She only can;
Empire, and wealth, and all she brings beside,
280 Are but the train and trappings of her love:
The sweetest, kindest, truest of her sex,
In whose possession years roll round on years,
And joys, in circles, meet new joys again;
Kisses, embraces, languishing, and death,
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various seasons of our love;—
And doubt you if such love can make me happy?

Raym. Yes; for I think you love your honor more.

Tor. And what can shock my honor in a queen?

290 *Raym.* A tyrant, an usurper?

Tor. Grant she be;
When from the conqueror we hold our lives,
We yield ourselves his subjects from that hour;
For mutual benefits make mutual ties.

Raym. Why, can you think I owe a thief my life,
Because he took it not by lawless force?
What if he did not all the ill he could?
Am I oblig'd by that t' assist his rapines,
And to maintain his murders?

Tor. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd.
300 Kings' titles commonly begin by force,
Which time wears off, and mellows into right;
So power, which in one age is tyranny,
Is ripen'd in the next to true succession:
She's in possession.

Raym. So diseases are:
Should not a ling'ring fever be remov'd,
Because it long has rag'd within my blood?
Do I rebel, when I would thrust it out?
What, shall I think the world was made for one,
And men are born for kings, as beasts for men,
310 Not for protection, but to be devour'd?
Mark those who dote on arbitrary power,
And you shall find 'em either hot-brain'd youth,
Or needy bankrupts, servile in their greatness,
And slaves to some, to lord it o'er the rest.

O baseness, to support a tyrant throne,
 And crush your freeborn brethren of the world!
 Nay, to become a part of usurpation;
 To espouse the tyrant's person and her crimes,
 And, on a tyrant, get a race of tyrants,
 320 To be your country's curse in after ages.

Tor. I see no crime in her whom I adore,
 Or, if I do, her beauty makes it none:
 Look on me as a man abandon'd o'er
 To an eternal lethargy of love;
 To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
 And but disturb the quiet of my death.

Raym. O virtue, virtue! what art thou become,
 That men should leave thee for that toy, a woman,
 Made from the dross and refuse of a man!
 330 Heaven took him sleeping when he made her too;
 Had man been waking, he had ne'er consented.
 Now, son, suppose
 Some brave conspiracy were ready form'd,
 To punish tyrants, and redeem the land,
 Could you so far belie your country's hope,
 As not to head the party?

Tor. How could my hand rebel against my heart?

Raym. How could your heart rebel against your reason?

Tor. No honor bids me fight against myself;
 340 The royal family is all extinct,
 And she who reigns bestows her crown on me:
 So must I be ungrateful to the living,
 To be but vainly pious to the dead,
 While you defraud your offspring of their fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their offspring, you or I?
 For know, there yet survives the lawful heir
 Of Sancho's blood, whom when I shall produce,
 I rest assur'd to see you pale with fear,
 And trembling 'at his name.

350 *Tor.* He must be more than man, who makes me tremble.
 I dare him to the field, with all the odds
 Of justice on his side, against my tyrant:
 Produce your lawful prince, and you shall see
 How brave a rebel love has made your son.

Raym. Read that; 'tis with the royal signet sign'd,
 And given me by the king, when time should serve,
 To be perus'd by you.

Tor. [*Reads.*] "I, the King.
 My youngest and alone surviving son,
 Reported dead, t' escape rebellious rage,
 360 Till happier times shall call his courage forth,

To break my fetters, or revenge my fate,
 I will that Raymond educate as his,
 And call him Torrismond——"
 If I am he, that son, that Torrismond,
 The world contains not so forlorn a wretch!
 Let never man believe he can be happy!
 For, when I thought my fortune most secure,
 One fatal moment tears me from my joys;
 And when two hearts were join'd by mutual love,
 370 The sword of justice cuts upon the knot,
 And severs 'em for ever.

Raym. True, it must.

Tor. O cruel man, to tell me that it must!
 If you have any pity in your breast,
 Redeem me from this labyrinth of fate,
 And plunge me in my first obscurity.
 The secret is alone between us two;
 And tho' you would not hide me from myself,
 O yet be kind, conceal me from the world,
 And be my father still!

380 *Raym.* Your lot's too glorious, and the proof's too plain.
 Now, in the name of honor, sir, I beg you,
 (Since I must use authority no more,)
 On these old knees, I beg you, ere I die,
 That I may see your father's death reveng'd.

Tor. Why, 'tis the only bus'ness of my life;
 My order's issued to recall the army,
 And Bertran's death resolv'd.

Raym. And not the queen's? O, she's the chief offender!
 Shall justice turn her edge within your hand?

390 No, if she scape, you are yourself the tyrant,
 And murderer of your father.

Tor. Cruel fates!
 To what have you reserv'd me?

Raym. Why that sigh?

Tor. Since you must know,—but break, O break, my heart,
 Before I tell my fatal story out!—

Th' usurper of my throne, my house's ruin!
 The murderer of my father, is my wife!

Raym. O horror, horror! After this alliance,
 Let tigers match with hinds, and wolves with sheep,
 And every creature couple with his foe.

400 How vainly man designs, when heaven opposes!
 I bred you up to arms, rais'd you to power,
 Permitted you to fight for this usurper,
 Indeed to save a crown, not hers, but yours,
 All to make sure the vengeance of this day,

387. death] QqF. death's SsM.

398. wolves] Q3Q4. wolfs Q1F. wooves Q2.

Which even this day has ruin'd. One more question
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever:
Do you yet love the cause of all your woes,
Or is she grown (as sure she ought to be)
More odious to your sight than toads and adders?

410 *Tor.* O there's the utmost malice of my fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more!—Farewell, my much-lamented king!
[*Aside.*] I dare not trust him with himself so far,
To own him to the people as their king,
Before their rage has finish'd my designs
On Bertran and the queen; but in despite,
Ev'n of himself, I'll save him.

[*Exit.*

Tor. 'Tis but a moment since I have been king,
And weary on 't already; I'm a lover,
420 And lov'd, possess: yet all these make me wretched,
And heav'n has giv'n me blessings for a curse.
With what a load of vengeance am I press'd,
Yet, never, never, can I hope for rest;
For when my heavy burthen I remove,
The weight falls down, and crushes her I love.

[*Exit.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*A Bedchamber.*

Enter TORRISMOND.

Tor. Love, justice, nature, pity, and revenge,
Have kindled up a wildfire in my breast,
And I am all a civil war within!

Enter Queen and TERESA, at a distance.

My Leonora there!
Mine! is she mine? my father's murtherer mine?
O that I could, with honor, love her more,
Or hate her less; with reason! See, she weeps!
Thinks me unkind, or false, and knows not why
I thus estrange my person from her bed!

10 Shall I not tell her?—No; 'twill break her heart;
She'll know too soon her own and my misfortunes.

[*Exit.*

Qu. He's gone, and I am lost; didst thou not see
His sullen eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd?
He look'd not like the Torrismond I lov'd.

Ter. Can you not guess from whence this change proceeds?

Qu. No: there's the grief, Teresa: O, Teresa!
Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,
But shame and modesty have tied my tongue!
Yet, I will tell, that thou may'st weep with me.—

20 How dear, how sweet his first embraces were!

With what a zeal he join'd his lips to mine!

And suck'd my breath at every word I spoke,

As if he drew his inspiration thence:

While both our souls came upward to our mouths,

As neighboring monarchs at their borders meet;

I thought—O, no; 'tis false! I could not think;

'Twas neither life nor death, but both in one.

Ter. Then, sure his transports were not less than yours.

Qu. More, more! for, by the high-hung tapers' light,

30 I could discern his cheeks were glowing red,

His very eyeballs trembled with his love,

And sparkled thro' their casements humid fires;

He sigh'd, and kiss'd; breath'd short, and would have spoke,

But was too fierce to throw away the time;

All he could say was "love" and "Leonora."

Ter. How, then, can you suspect him lost so soon?

Qu. Last night he flew not with a bridegroom's haste,

Which eagerly prevents the pointed hour:

I told the clocks, and watch'd the wasting light,

40 And listen'd to each softly-treading step,

In hope 'twas he; but still it was not he.

At last he came, but with such alter'd looks,

So wild, so ghastly, as if some ghost had met him:

All pale and speechless, he survey'd me round;

Then, with a groan, he threw himself abed,

But far from me, as far as he could move,

And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from me.

Ter. What, all the night?

Qu. Even all the livelong night,

At last, (for, blushing, I must tell thee all,)

50 I press'd his hand, and laid me by his side;

He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a serpent.

With that I burst into a flood of tears,

And ask'd him how I had offended him.

He answer'd nothing, but with sighs and groans;

So, restless, pass'd the night; and, at the dawn,

Leapt from the bed and vanish'd.

Ter. Sighs and groans,

Paleness and trembling, all are signs of love;

He only fears to make you share his sorrows.

Qu. I wish 'twere so; but love still doubts the worst;

60 My heavy heart, the prophetess of woes,

Forebodes some ill at hand: to soothe my sadness,

Sing me the song which poor Olympia made

When false Bireno left her.—

28. *not less*] Q1Q2F. *no less* Q3Q4.

32. *casements*] QqF. *casement's* Ss. *casements'* M.

38. *pointed*] QqF. *appointed* SsM.

A SONG

I.

*Farewell, ungrateful traitor!
Farewell, my perjur'd swain!
Let never injur'd creature
Believe a man again.
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing,
But 'tis too short a blessing,
And love too long a pain.*

II.

*'Tis easy to deceive us,
In pity of your pain;
But when we love, you leave us,
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descried it,
There is no bliss beside it;
But she, that once has tried it,
Will never love again.*

III.

*The passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But when the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain.
Your love by ours we measure,
Till we have lost our treasure;
But dying is a pleasure,
When living is a pain.*

Reënter TORRISMOND.

Tor. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak;
But wander, like some discontented ghost
90 That oft appears, but is forbid to talk.

[Going again.]

Qu. O Torrismond, if you resolve my death,
You need no more but to go hence again:
Will you not speak?

Tor. I cannot.

Qu. Speak! O speak!
Your anger would be kinder than your silence.

Tor. O!

Qu. Do not sigh, or tell me why you sigh.

Tor. Why do I live, ye powers?

Qu. Why do I live to hear you speak that word?
Some black-mouth'd villain has defam'd my virtue.

Tor. No, no! Pray let me go.

Qu. [*Kneeling.*] You shall not go!

100 By all the pleasures of our nuptial bed,
If ever I was lov'd, tho' now I'm not,
By these true tears, which, from my wounded heart,
Bleed at my eyes——

Tor. Rise!

Qu. I will never rise;

I cannot choose a better place to die.

Tor. O! I would speak, but cannot.

Qu. [*Rising.*] Guilt keeps you silent, then; you love me not:
What have I done, ye powers, what have I done?
To see my youth, my beauty, and my love,
No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd;
110 And, like a rose, just gather'd from the stalk,
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,
To wither on the ground.

Ter. For heaven's sake, madam, moderate your passion!

Qu. Why nam'st thou heav'n? there is no heaven for me.
Despair, death, hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd soul!
When I had rais'd his groveling fate from ground
To pow'r and love, to empire and to me;
When each embrace was dearer than the first;
Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off!
120 It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathsome! O! what woman can bear "loathsome"?
The turtle flies not from his billing mate,
He bills the closer; but ungrateful man,
Base, barbarous man, the more we raise our love,
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardor.
Racks, poison, daggers, rid me but of life;
And any death is welcome.

Tor. Be witness, all ye powers that know my heart,
I would have kept the fatal secret hid;

130 But she has conquer'd, to her ruin conquer'd:
Here, take this paper, read our destinies;
Yet do not; but, in kindness to yourself,
Be ignorantly safe.

Qu. No! give it me,
Even tho' it be the sentence of my death.

Tor. Then see how much unhappy love has made us.
O Leonora! O!

We two were born when sullen planets reign'd;
When each the other's influence oppos'd,
And drew the stars to factions at our birth.

140 O better, better had it been for us,
That we had never seen, or never lov'd!

125. *cool, and kill*] QqF. *kill, and cool* SsM.

139. *factions*] QqF. *faction* SsM.

Qu. There is no faith in heaven, if heaven says so;
You dare not give it.

Tor. As unwillingly,
As I would reach out opium to a friend
Who lay in torture, and desir'd to die.
But now you have it, spare my sight the pain
Of seeing what a world of tears it cost you.
Go silently enjoy your part of grief,
And share the sad inheritance with me.

[*Gives the paper.*]

150 *Qu.* I have a thirsty fever in my soul;
Give me but present ease, and let me die. [*Exeunt Queen and TERESA.*]

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Arm, arm, my lord! the city bands are up.
Drums beating, colors flying, shouts confus'd;
All clust'ring in a heap, like swarming hives,
And rising in a moment.

Tor. With design
To punish Bertran, and revenge the king;
'Twas order'd so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my lord.
'Tis true, they block the castle kept by Bertran,
But now they cry: "Down with the palace, fire it,
160 Pull out th' usurping queen!"

Tor. The queen, Lorenzo! durst they name the queen?

Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.

Tor. O sacrilege! say quickly, who commands
This vile, blaspheming rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you;
But both our fathers thrust 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.

Tor. Death and hell!
Somewhat must be resolv'd, and speedily.

How say'st thou, my Lorenzo? dar'st thou be
A friend, and once forget thou art a son,

170 To help me save the queen?

Lor. [*Aside.*] Let me consider:
Bear arms against my father? He begat me;
That's true; but for whose sake did he beget me?
For his own, sure enough: for me he knew not.
O! but says Conscience: "'Fly in Nature's face?'"—
But how, if Nature fly in my face first?
Then Nature's the aggressor; let her look to 't.—
He gave me life, and he may take it back:—
No, that's boys' play, say I. 'Tis policy

147. *it cost*] Q1Q2F. 'twill cost Q3Q4. *it costs* SsM.

155, 156. *With* . . . *king*] One line in QqF; text follows SsM.

177. *me*] Q1Q2F. *my* Q3Q4.

178. 'Tis policy] QqF SsM place these words at the beginning of the next line.

For son and father to take different sides:

180 For then, lands and tenements commit no treason.

[To TOR.] Sir, upon mature consideration, I have found my father to be little better than a rebel, and therefore, I'll do my best to secure him, for your sake; in hope, you may secure him hereafter for my sake.

Tor. Put on thy utmost speed to head the troops,
Which every moment I expect t' arrive;
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawful king:
I need not caution thee for Raymond's life,
Tho' I no more must call him father now.

Lor. [Aside.] How! not call him father?

190 I see preferment alters a man strangely;

This may serve me for a use of instruction, to cast off my father when I am great. Methought, too, he call'd himself the lawful king; intimating sweetly that he knows what's what with our sovereign lady.

Well, if I rout my father, as I hope
In heaven I shall, I am in a fair way
To be a prince of the blood.

Farewell, general; I'll bring up those that shall try what mettle there is in orange tawny. [Exit.

Tor. [At the door.] Haste, there; command the guards be all drawn up

200 Before the palace gate.—By heaven, I'll face

This tempest, and deserve the name of king!

O Leonora, beauteous in thy crimes,

Never were hell and heaven so match'd before!

Look upward, fair, but as thou look'st on me;

Then all the blest will beg that thou may'st live,

And even my father's ghost his death forgive. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Palace Yard. Drums and Trumpets within.*

Enter RAYMOND, ALPHONSO, PEDRO, and their Party.

Raym. Now, valiant citizens, the time is come
To show your courage, and your loyalty.
You have a prince of Sancho's royal blood,
The darling of the heavens, and joy of earth;
When he's produc'd, as soon he shall, among you,
Speak, what will you adventure to reseat him
Upon his father's throne?

Omn. Our lives and fortunes.

Raym. What then remains to perfect our success,
But o'er the tyrant's guards to force our way?

179. *For son*] QqF. *for a son* SsM, spoiling the meter.

181. *Sir, upon, etc.*] From here on SsM print the speeches of Lorenzo in this scene as prose. QqF print them as verse. They are really, as the text shows, prose mingled with a few lines of irregular verse.

191. *a use*] Q1Q2F. *an use* Q3Q4.

197. *I'll*] QqF. *I will* SsM.

10 *Omn.* Lead on, lead on. [*Drums and Trumpets on the other side.*
Enter TORRISMOND and his Party: as they are going to fight, he speaks.

Tor. [*To his.*] Hold, hold your arms.

Raym. [*To his.*]

Retire.

Alph. What means this pause?

Ped.

Peace; nature works within them.

[*TOR. and RAYM. go apart.*]

Tor. How comes it, good old man, that we two meet
 On these harsh terms? Thou very reverend rebel;

Thou venerable traitor, in whose face

And hoary hairs treason is sanctified,

And sin's black dye seems blanch'd by age to virtue!

Raym. What treason is it to redeem my king,
 And to reform the State?

Tor.

That's a stale cheat;

The primitive rebel, Lucifer, first us'd it,

20 And was the first reformer of the skies.

Raym. What, if I see my prince mistake a poison,
 Call it a cordial? Am I then a traitor,
 Because I hold his hand, or break the glass?

Tor. How dar'st thou serve thy king against his will?

Raym. Because 'tis then the only time to serve him.

Tor. I take the blame of all upon myself;
 Discharge thy weight on me.

Raym.

O, never, never!

Why, 'tis to leave a ship, toss'd in a tempest,
 Without the pilot's care.

Tor.

I'll punish thee;

30 By heaven, I will, as I would punish rebels,
 Thou stubborn loyal man!

Raym.

First let me see

Her punish'd, who misleads you from your fame;

Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,

And I shall die well pleas'd.

Tor.

Proclaim my title,

To save the effusion of my subjects' blood;

And thou shalt still

Be as my foster father, near my breast,

And next my Leonora.

Raym.

That word stabs me.

You shall be still plain Torrismond with me;

40 Th' abetter, partner (if you like that name),

The husband of a tyrant; but no king,

Till you deserve that title by your justice.

Tor. Then farewell, pity; I will be obey'd.

[*To the People.*] Hear, you mistaken men, whose loyalty

11. [*TOR. and RAYM. go apart*] QqF. [*ALPHONSO and PEDRO go apart*]
 SsM.

35, 36. *To save . . . still*] One line in QqF; text follows SsM.

Runs headlong into treason! See your prince!
 In me behold your murther'd Sancho's son;
 Dismiss your arms, and I forgive your crimes.

Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his words are loose
 As heaps of sand, and scattering, wide from sense.

50 You see he knows not me, his natural father;
 But, aiming to possess th' usurping queen,
 So high he's mounted in his airy hopes,
 That now the wind is got into his head,
 And turns his brains to frenzy.

Tor. Hear me yet:

I am——

Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not;
 But spare his person, for his father's sake.

Ped. Let me come; if he be mad, I have that shall cure him.
 There's no surgeon in all Aragon has so much dexterity as I have at
 breathing of the temple vein.

50 *Tor.* My right for me!

Raym. Our liberty for us!

Omn. Liberty, liberty!

As they are ready to fight, enter LORENZO and his Party.

Lor. On forfeit of your lives, lay down your arms.

Alph. How, rebel, art thou there?

Lor. Take your rebel back again, father mine: the beaten party are
 rebels to the conquerors. I have been at hardhead with your butting
 citizens; I have routed your herd; I have dispers'd them; and now they
 are retreated quietly, from their extraordinary vocation of fighting in
 the streets, to their ordinary vocation of cozening in their shops.

Tor. [To RAYM.] You see 'tis vain contending with the truth;
 70 Acknowledge what I am.

Raym. You are my king: would you would be your own!
 But, by a fatal fondness, you betray
 Your fame and glory to th' usurper's bed:
 Enjoy the fruits of blood and parricide,
 Take your own crown from Leonora's gift,
 And hug your father's murtherer in your arms.

Enter Queen and TERESA; Women.

Alph. No more; behold the queen.

Raym. Behold the basilisk of Torrismond,
 That kills him with her eyes. I will speak on;
 80 My life is of no further use to me:
 I would have chaffer'd it before for vengeance;
 Now let it go for failing.

Tor. [Aside.] My heart sinks in me while I hear him speak,

54, 55. *Hear . . . am*] One line in QqF SsM.

57. *Let me, etc.*] This speech is printed as verse in QqF.

64. *Take your, etc.*] This speech and the next by Lorenzo are printed as
 verse in QqF.

And every slacken'd fiber drops its hold,
Like nature letting down the springs of life;
So much the name of father awes me still.
Send off the crowd;

For you, now I have conquer'd, I can hear
With honor your demands.

90 *Lor.* [*To ALPH.*] Now, sir, who proves the traitor? My conscience
is true to me; it always whispers right when I have my regiment to
back it. [*Exeunt omnes præter TOR., RAYM., LEON.*]

Tor. O Leonora, what can love do more?
I have oppos'd your ill fate to the utmost;
Combatted heaven and earth to keep you mine;
And yet at last that tyrant Justice! O——

Qu. 'Tis past, 'tis past, and love is ours no more;
Yet I complain not of the powers above;
They made m' a miser's feast of happiness,
100 And could not furnish out another meal.

Now, by yon stars, by heaven, and earth, and men,
By all my foes at once; I swear, my Torrismond,
That to have had you mine for one short day,
Has cancel'd half my mighty sum of woes!
Say but you hate me not.

Tor. I cannot hate you.

Raym. Can you not? Say that once more,
That all the saints may witness it against you.

Qu. Cruel Raymond!
Can he not punish me, but he must hate?
110 O, 'tis not justice, but a brutal rage,
Which hates th' offender's person with his crimes!
I have enough to overwhelm one woman,
To lose a crown and lover in a day:
Let pity lend a tear when rigor strikes.

Raym. Then, then you should have thought of tears and pity,
When virtue, majesty, and hoary age,
Pleaded for Sancho's life.

Qu. My future days shall be one whole contrition:
A chapel will I build, with large endowment,
120 Where every day an hundred aged men
Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to heaven,
To pardon Sancho's death.

Tor. See, Raymond, see; she makes a large amends.
Sancho is dead; no punishment of her
Can raise his cold stiff limbs from the dark grave;

88, 89. *For . . . demands*] One line in QqF.

99. *m' a*] QqF. *me a* SsM.

101. *by heaven*] Q1Q2F. *and heaven* Q3Q4.

105. *Say but, etc.*] This and the two following lines are arranged as in
QqF. SsM make one line of *Can . . . saints*. No arrangement can
make regular meter of the passage.

115. *of tears*] Q1Q2F. *on tears* Q3Q4.

Nor can his blessed soul look down from heaven,
Or break th' eternal sabbath of his rest,
To see with joy her miseries on earth.

Raym. Heaven may forgive a crime to penitence,
130 For heaven can judge if penitence be true;
But man, who knows not hearts, should make examples,
Which, like a warning piece, must be shot off,
To fright the rest from crimes.

Qu. Had I but known that Sancho was his father,
I would have pour'd a deluge of my blood,
To save one drop of his.

Tor. Mark that, inexorable Raymond, mark!
'Twas fatal ignorance that caus'd his death.

Raym. What if she did not know he was your father?
140 She knew he was a man, the best of men;
Heaven's image double-stamp'd, as man and king.

Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can say;
But yet——

Raym. But yet you barbarously murther'd him.

Qu. He will not hear me out!

Tor. Was ever criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill-manner'd zeal.

Raym. Sing to him, siren;
For I shall stop my ears. Now mince the sin,
And mollify damnation with a phrase;
150 Say, you consented not to Sancho's death,
But barely not forbade it.

Qu. Hard-hearted man, I yield my guilty cause;
But all my guilt was caus'd by too much love.
Had I for jealousy of empire sought
Good Sancho's death, Sancho had died before.
'Twas always in my power to take his life;
But interest never could my conscience blind,
Till love had cast a mist before my eyes,
And made me think his death the only means
160 Which could secure my throne to Torrismond.

Tor. Never was fatal mischief meant so kind,
For all she gave has taken all away.
Malicious pow'rs! is this to be restor'd?
'Tis to be worse depos'd than Sancho was.'

Raym. Heav'n has restor'd you, you depose yourself.
O, when young kings begin with scorn of justice,
They make an omen to their after reign,
And blot their annals in the foremost page!

Tor. No more; lest you be made the first example,
170 To show how I can punish.

Raym. Once again:
Let her be made your father's sacrifice,
And after make me hers.

Tor. Condemn a wife!

That were to atone for parricide with murder!

Raym. Then let her be divorc'd: we'll be content
With that poor scanty justice; let her part.

Tor. Divorce! that's worse than death, 'tis death of love.

Qu. The soul and body part not with such pain,
As I from you; but yet 'tis just, my lord:
I am th' accurst of heaven, the hate of earth,
180 Your subjects' detestation, and your ruin;
And therefore fix this doom upon myself.

Qu. Yes, I can wish it, as the dearest proof,

Tor. Heav'n! Can you wish it? To be mine no more!
And last, that I can make you of my love.

To leave you blest, I would be more accurst
Than death can make me; for death ends our woes,
And the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene:
But I would live without you, to be wretched long;
And hoard up every moment of my life,
190 To lengthen out the payment of my tears,
Till ev'n fierce Raymond, at the last, shall say:
"Now let her die, for she has griev'd enough."

Tor. Hear this, hear this, thou tribune of the people!
Thou zealous, public bloodhound, hear, and melt!

Raym. [*Aside.*] I could cry now; my eyes grow womanish,
But yet my heart holds out.

Qu. Some solitary cloister will I choose,
And there with holy virgins live immur'd:
Coarse my attire, and short shall be my sleep,
200 Broke by the melancholy midnight bell.
Now, Raymond, now be satisfied at last:
Fasting and tears, and penitence and prayer,
Shall do dead Sancho justice every hour.

Raym. [*Aside.*] By your leave, manhood! [*Wipes his eyes.*]

Tor. He weeps! now he's vanquish'd.

Raym. No! 'Tis a salt rheum that scalds my eyes.

Qu. If he were vanquish'd, I am still unconquer'd.

I'll leave you in the height of all my love,
Ev'n when my heart is beating out its way,
And struggles to you most.
210 Farewell, a last farewell! My dear, dear lord,
Remember me! Speak, Raymond, will you let him?
Shall he remember Leonora's love,
And shed a parting tear to her misfortunes?

Raym. [*Almost crying.*] Yes, yes, he shall; pray go.

182. *Can . . . it? . . . more!*] Q1Q2Q3F. Q4 places exclamation points after both *it* and *more*; SsM place a comma after *it* and a question mark after *more*.

204. *he's*] QqF. *he is* SsM, making meter impossible.

208. *its*] Q1Q2Q3F. *his* Q4.

Tor. Now, by my soul, she shall not go: why, Raymond,
 Her every tear is worth a father's life.
 Come to my arms, come, my fair penitent!
 Let us not think what future ills may fall,
 But drink deep draughts of love, and lose 'em all.

[*Exit TORRISMOND with the Queen.*]

220 *Raym.* No matter yet, he has my hook within him.
 Now let him frisk and flounce, and run and roll,
 And think to break his hold. He toils in vain;
 This love, the bait he gorg'd so greedily,
 Will make him sick, and then I have him sure.

Enter ALPHONSO and PEDRO.

Alph. Brother, there's news from Bertran; he desires
 Admittance to the king, and cries aloud
 This day shall end our fears of civil war.
 For his safe conduct he entreats your presence,
 And begs you would be speedy.

Raym. Tho' I loathe
 230 The traitor's sight, I'll go. Attend us here.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter GOMEZ, ELVIRA, DOMINIC, with Officers, to make the Stage as full
 as possible.*

Ped. Why, how now, Gomez? what mak'st thou here with a whole
 brotherhood of city bailiffs? Why, thou lookest like Adam in Paradise,
 with his guard of beasts about him.

Gom. Aye, and a man had need of them, Don Pedro; for here are
 the two old seducers, a wife and priest—that's Eve and the serpent—at
 my elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of churchmen.

Gom. Indeed, you are a charitable belswagger! My wife cried out:
 "Fire, fire!" and you brought out your church buckets, and call'd for
 240 engines to play against it.

Alph. I am sorry you are come hither to accuse your wife; her
 education has been virtuous, her nature mild and easy.

Gom. Yes! she's easy with a vengeance; there's a certain colonel
 has found her so.

Alph. She came a spotless virgin to your bed.

Gom. And she's a spotless virgin still for me—she's never the worse
 for my wearing, I'll take my oath on 't. I have liv'd with her with all
 the innocence of a man of threescore, like a peaceable bedfellow as
 I am.—

250 *Elv.* Indeed, sir, I have no reason to complain of him for disturbing
 of my sleep.

232. lookest] Q1. look'st Q2Q3Q4F SsM.

235. that 's] Q1Q2Q3F. that is Q4.

241. are] QqF. have SsM.

Dom. A fine commendation you have given yourself; the Church did not marry you for that.

Ped. Come, come, your grievances, your grievances.

Dom. Why, noble sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace, friar! and let me speak first. I am the plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the pulpit, where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edify by minutes.

Gom. Where you make doctrines for the people, and uses and
260 applications for yourselves.

Ped. Gomez, give way to the old gentleman in black.

Gom. No; the t' other old gentleman in black shall take me if I do; I will speak first! Nay, I will, friar! For all your *verbum sacerdotis*, I'll speak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lie by the clock as you use to do. For, let me tell you, gentlemen, he shall lie and forswear himself with any friar in all Spain; that's a bold word now.—

Dom. Let him alone; let him alone; I shall fetch him back with a *circumbendibus*, I warrant him.

270 *Alnh.* Well, what have you to say against your wife, Gomez?

Gom. Why, I say, in the first place, that I and all men are married for our sins, and that our wives are a judgment; that a bachelor cobbler is a happier man than a prince in wedlock; that we are all visited with a household plague, and "Lord have mercy upon us" should be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles marriage, which is one of the seven blessed sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the seven deadly sins: but make your best on 't, I care not; 'tis but binding a man neck and heels, for all that.

280 But, as for my wife, that crocodile of Nilus, she has wickedly and traitorously conspir'd the cuckoldom of me, her anointed sovereign lord; and, with the help of the aforesaid friar, whom heaven confound, and with the limbs of one Colonel Hernando, cuckold-maker of this city, devilishly contriv'd to steal herself away, and under her arm feloniously to bear one casket of diamonds, pearls, and other jewels, to the value of 30,000 pistoles. Guilty, or not guilty? How say'st thou, culprit?

Dom. False and scandalous! Give me the book. I'll take my corporal oath point-blank against every particular of this charge.

Elv. And so will I.

290 *Dom.* As I was walking in the streets, telling my beads, and praying to myself, according to my usual custom, I heard a foul outcry before Gomez his portal; and his wife, my penitent, making doleful lamentations: thereupon, making what haste my limbs would suffer me, that are crippled with often kneeling, I saw him spurning and fisting her

263. *Nay . . . friar! For . . . sacerdotis,*] QqF place an exclamation point after *friar*, begin *for* with a small letter, and place a comma after *sacerdotis*; SsM place a comma after *friar* and a full stop after *sacerdotis*.

286. *pistoles*] SsM. *pistols* QqF. So on p. 382, l. 380.
say'st] Q2Q3Q4F. *Saiesst* Q1. *Sayest* SsM.

292. *Gomez his*] QqF. *Gomez's* SsM.

most unmercifully; whereupon, using Christian arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without respect to my sacerdotal orders, push'd me from him, and turn'd me about with a finger and a thumb, just as a man would set up a top. "Mercy!" quoth I. "Damme!" quoth he; and still continued laboring me, till a good-minded colonel came by,
 300 whom, as heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Aye, and "O lady! O lady" too! I redouble my oath, I had never seen him. Well, this noble colonel, like a true gentleman, was for taking the weaker part, you may be sure—whereupon this Gomez flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado on bastinado, and buffet upon buffet, which the poor meek colonel, being prostrate, suffer'd with a most Christian patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very thought of
 310 him; why, he's as fierce as Rodomont; he made assault and battery upon my person, beat me into all the colors of the rainbow; and every word this abominable priest has utter'd is as false as the Alcoran. But if you want a thorough-pac'd liar, that will swear thro' thick and thin, commend me to a friar.

Enter LORENZO, who comes behind the Company, and stands at his Father's back unseen, over against GOMEZ.

Lor. [*Aside.*] How now! What's here to do? My cause a-trying, as I live, and that before my own father. Now fourscore take him for an old bawdy magistrate that stands like the picture of Madam Justice, with a pair of scales in his hand, to weigh lechery by ounces!

Alph. Well—but all this while, who is this Colonel Hernando?

320 Gom. He's the first begotten of Beelzebub, with a face as terrible as Demogorgon. [*LORENZO peeps up over ALPHONSO'S head, and stares at GOMEZ.*] No! I lie, I lie. He's a very proper, handsome fellow! well proportion'd, and clean shap'd, with a face like a cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward, Gomez? Dost thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this colonel any former design upon your wife; for, if that be prov'd, you shall have justice.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Now I dare speak; let him look as dreadfully as he will. I say, sir, and I will prove it, that he had a lewd design upon her body, and attempted to corrupt her honesty. [*LORENZO lifts up his fist clenched at him.*] I confess my wife was as willing—as himself;
 330 and, I believe, 'twas she corrupted him; for I have known him formerly a very civil and modest person.

Elw. You see, sir, he contradicts himself at every word; he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly, man! and say what thou wilt stand by: did he strike thee?

299. *till*] QqF. *until* SsM.

306. *on*] QqF. *upon* SsM.

313. *thorough-pac'd*] Q1F. *through-pac'd* Q2Q3Q4.

321. [*peeps up over*] QqF. [*peeps over*] SsM.

Gom. I will speak boldly; he struck me on the face before my own threshold, that the very walls cried shame on him.

[*LORENZO holds up again.*]

'Tis true, I gave him provocation, for the man's as peaceable a gentleman as any is in all Spain.

Dom. Now the truth comes out in spite of him.

Ped. I believe the friar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my part, I see no wrong that has been offer'd him.

Gom. How? no wrong? why, he ravish'd me with the help of two soldiers, carried me away *vi et armis*, and would have put me into a plot against the government.

[*LORENZO holds up again.*]

I confess, I never could endure the government, because it was tyrannical; but my sides and shoulders are black and blue, as I can strip and shew the marks of 'em.

[*LORENZO again.*]

350 But that might happen, too, by a fall that I got yesterday upon the pebbles.

[*All laugh.*]

Dom. Fresh straw, and a dark chamber; a most manifest judgment! there never comes better of railing against the Church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me say? I think you'll make me mad: truth has been at my tongue's end this half-hour, and I have not power to bring it out, for fear of this bloody-minded colonel.

Alph. What colonel?

Gom. Why, my colonel: I mean, my wife's colonel, that appears there to me like my *malus genius*, and terrifies me.

360 *Alph.* [*Turning.*] Now you are mad indeed, Gomez; this is my son Lorenzo.

Gom. How? your son Lorenzo! it is impossible.

Alph. As true as your wife Elvira is my daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a sister?

Gom. No, you have taken some about me; I am sure, if you are her brother, my sides can shew the tokens of our alliance.

Alph. [*To Lor.*] You know I put your sister into a nunnery, with a strict command not to see you, for fear you should have wrought upon her to have taken the habit, which was never my intention; and, consequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elv. You see, brother, I had a natural affection to you.

Lor. What a delicious harlot have I lost! Now, pox upon me, for being so near akin to thee!

Elv. However, we are both beholding to Friar Dominic; the Church is an indulgent mother, she never fails to do her part.

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble heaven; those fat guts were never made for mounting.

338. on him] QqF. to him SsM.

347. never could] QqF. could never SsM.

355. not] Q1F. no Q2Q3Q4.

359. and] QqF. SsM omitt.

375. beholding] Q1F. beholden Q2Q3Q4.

377. Heaven!] QqF. Heavens! SsM.

380 *Lor.* I shall make bold to disburthen him of my hundred pistoles, to make him the lighter for his journey: indeed, 'tis partly out of conscience, that I may not be accessory to his breaking his vow of poverty.

Alph. I have no secular power to reward the pains you have taken with my daughter; but I shall do 't by proxy, friar: your bishop's my friend, and is too honest to let such as you infect a cloister.

Gom. Aye, do, father-in-law, let him be stripp'd of his habit, and dis-order'd.—I would fain see him walk in quirpo, like a cas'd rabbit, without his holy fur upon his back, that the world may once behold the inside of a friar.

390 *Dom.* Farewell, kind gentlemen; I give you all my blessing before I go.—May your sisters, wives, and daughters, be so naturally lewd, that they may have no occasion for a devil to tempt, or a friar to pimp for 'em.
[Exit, with a rabble pushing him.]

Enter TORRISMOND, LEONORA, BERTRAN, RAYMOND, TERESA, &c.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my royal father lives!

Let every one partake the general joy.

Some angel with a golden trumpet sound:

"King Sancho lives!" and let the echoing skies

From pole to pole resound: "King Sancho lives!"

O Bertran, O! no more my foe, but brother;

400 One act like this blots out a thousand crimes.

Bert. Bad men, when 'tis their interest, may do good.

I must confess, I counsel'd Sancho's murder;

And urg'd the queen by specious arguments:

But still, suspecting that her love was chang'd,

I spread abroad the rumor of his death,

To sound the very soul of her designs.

Th' event, you know, was answering to my fears;

She threw the *odium* of the fact on me,

And publicly avow'd her love to you.

410 *Raym.* Heaven guided all, to save the innocent.

Bert. I plead no merit, but a bare forgiveness.

Tor. Not only that, but favor. Sancho's life,

Whether by virtue or design preserv'd,

Claims all within my power.

Qu. My prayers are heard;

And I have nothing farther to desire,

But Sancho's leave to authorize our marriage.

Tor. O! fear not him! pity and he are one;

So merciful a king did never live;

Loth to revenge, and easy to forgive.

420 But let the bold conspirator beware,

For heaven makes princes its peculiar care.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

384. *do 't]* QqF. *do it* SsM.

387. *quirpo]* Q1F. *querpo* Q2Q3Q4. *cuerpo* SsM.

EPILOGUE

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S

THERE's none, I'm sure, who is a friend to love,
But will our Friar's character approve:
The ablest spark among you sometimes needs
Such pious help for charitable deeds.
Our Church, alas! (as Rome objects) does want
These ghostly comforts for the falling saint:
This gains them their whore-converts, and may be
One reason of the growth of Popery.
So Mahomet's religion came in fashion,
10 By the large leave it gave to fornication.
Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for 't well;
There is no Dives in the Roman hell:
Gold opens the strait gate, and lets him in;
But want of money is a mortal sin.
For all besides you may discount to heaven,
And drop a bead to keep the tallies even.
How are men cozen'd still with shows of good!
The bawd's best mask is the grave friar's hood.
Tho' vice no more a clergyman displeases
20 Than doctors can be thought to hate diseases;
'Tis by your living ill that they live well,
By your debauches their fat paunches swell.
'Tis a mock war between the priest and devil;
When they think fit, they can be very civil.
As some, who did French counsels most advance,
To blind the world, have rail'd in print at France,
Thus do the clergy at your vices bawl,
That with more ease they may engross them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain;
30 A churchman's godliness is always gain:
Hence to their prince they will superior be;
And civil treason grows church loyalty.
They boast the gift of heaven is in their power;
Well may they give the god they can devour!
Still to the sick and dead their claims they lay;
For 'tis on carrion that the vermin prey.
Nor have they less dominion on our life;

They trot the husband, and they pace the wife.
Rouse up, you cuckolds of the northern climes,
40 And learn from Sweden to prevent such crimes.
Unman the Friar, and leave the holy drone
To hum in his forsaken hive alone; }
He'll work no honey when his sting is gone. }
Your wives and daughters soon will leave the cells,
When they have lost the sound of Aaron's bells.

THE REHEARSAL

On the early editions of *The Rehearsal*,
see *Introduction*, page **xxxii**.

PROLOGUE

WE might well call this short mock-play of ours
A posy made of weeds instead of flowers;
Yet such have been presented to your noses,
And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em roses.
Would some of 'em were here, to see, this night,
What stuff it is in which they took delight.
Here, brisk, insipid blades, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull sense; but oft'ner, none at all:
There, strutting heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
10 Shall brave the gods, in King Cambyses' vein.
For (changing rules, of late, as if men writ
In spite of reason, nature, art, and wit)
Our poets make us laugh at tragedy,
And with their comedies they make us cry.
Now, critics, do your worst, that here are met;
For, like a rook, I have hedg'd in my bet.
If you approve, I shall assume the state
Of those high-flyers whom I imitate:
And justly too; for I will shew you more
20 Than ever they vouchsaf'd to shew before:
I will both represent the feats they do,
And give you all their reasons for 'em too.
Some honor to me will from this arise.
But if, by my endeavors, you grow wise,
And what was once so prais'd you now despise;
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with poetic rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your stage.

THE ACTORS' NAMES

[MEN]

BAYES.
JOHNSON.
SMITH.
Two Kings of Brentford.
Prince Pretty-man.
Prince Volscius.
Gentleman-Usher.
Physician.
Drawcansir.
General.
Lieutenant General.
Cordelio.
Tom Thimble.
Fisherman.
Sun.
Thunder.
Players.
Soldiers.
Two Herald.
Four Cardinals.
Mayor.
Judges.
Sergeants at Arms.

WOMEN

Amaryllis.
Chloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
Lightning.
Moon.
Earth. .

Attendants of Men and Women.

SCENE—*Brentford.*

THE REHEARSAL

ACT I. SCENE I.

JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

Johns. Honest Frank! I'm glad to see thee with all my heart: how long hast thou been in town?

Smi. Faith, not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the strange new things we have heard in the country.

Johns. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things we are tir'd out with here.

Smi. Dull and fantastical! That's an excellent composition. Pray, what are our men of business doing?

10 *Johns.* I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou know'st my humor lies another way. I love to please myself as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: and therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn fops, who, being incapable of reason, and insensible of wit and pleasure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of business.

Smi. Indeed, I have ever observ'd that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

Johns. Aye, and of birds, and beasts too: your gravest bird is an owl, and your gravest beast is an ass.

20 *Smi.* Well; but how dost thou pass thy time?

Johns. Why, as I use to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a she-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a play: where there are such things, Frank, such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the stage, and resolve to apply myself to the solid nonsense of your pretenders to business; as the more ingenious pastime.

Smi. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new plays, and our country wits commend 'em.

30 *Johns.* Aye, so do some of our city wits too; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smi. New kind? What kind is that?

Johns. Why, your blade, your frank persons, your drolls; fellows that scorn to imitate nature, but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smi. Elevate, and surprise? Pr'ythee make me understand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter; I don't understand

that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as well as I can, what it is. Let me see;
 40 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, riming, dying, dancing, singing, crying; and everything but thinking and sense.

Mr. BAYES passes o'er the stage.

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, sir.
Johns. Godso, this is an author; I'll fetch him to you.

Smi. Nay, pr'ythee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him.*] Here he is. I have caught him. Pray, sir, for my sake, will you do a favor to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favors, but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honorable title
 50 you are pleas'd to impose, sir, upon this—Sweet sir, your servant.

Smi. Your humble servant, sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favor, now?

Bayes. Aye, sir. What is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play.

Bayes. How, sir, the meaning? Do you mean the plot?

Johns. Aye, aye; anything.

Bayes. Faith, sir, the intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing: 'Tis all new wit; and,
 60 tho' I say it, a better than my last: and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew, aye, and pit, box, and gallery, i'gad, with any play in Europe. This morning is its last rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you and your friend will do it but the honor to see it in its virgin attire; tho', perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be asham'd to discover its nakedness unto you.—I think it is o' this side.

[Puts his hand in his pocket.]

Johns. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do so too.

70 *Smi.* Aye, sir, I have no business so considerable as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of *Drama Commonplaces*, the mother of many other plays.

Johns. *Drama Commonplaces!* Pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, sir, some certain helps that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smi. How, sir, help for wit?

Bayes. Aye, sir, that's my position. And I do here aver, that no man yet the sun e'er shone upon has parts sufficient to furnish out a
 80 stage, except it be with the help of these my rules.

Johns. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula*

duplex: changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternative* as you please.

Smi. How's that, sir, by a rule, I pray?

Bayes. Why, thus, sir; nothing more easy when understood: I take a book in my hand, either at home, or elsewhere, for that's all one; if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time;) 90 if it be verse, put it into prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be call'd transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smi. Well, sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis so alter'd that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, and by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Johns. Well, we hear you: go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a coffee-house, or some other place 100 where witty men resort: I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that, too, my own.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, are not you sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

Smi. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, sir, that's my third rule that I have here in my pocket.

110 *Smi.* What rule can that be?

Bayes. Why, sir, when I have anything to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn o'er this book, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Aye, sirs, when you come to write yourselves, o' my word 120 you'll find it so. But, gentlemen, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the playhouse, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

Smi. We'll follow you, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II]

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I do not understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one as I can't guess for my life what

humor I'm to be in: whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 [Play.] Phoo! The author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing; and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you,
10 sir, the grand design upon the stage is to keep the auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot and the sense tires 'em before the end of the first act: now, here, every line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for scenes, clothes, and dancing, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: and these are the things, you know, that are essential to a play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter BAYES, JOHNSON, and SMITH.

Bayes. Come, come in, gentlemen. Y'are very welcome, Mr.—a
—Ha' you your part ready?

20 1 *Play.* Yes, sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true humor of it?

1 *Play.* Aye, sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And Amarillis, how does she do? Does not her armor become her?

3 *Play.* O, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you, now, a pretty conceit. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this play?

Smi. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I'll make 'em call her Armarillis, because of her
30 armor: ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very-well, indeed.

Bayes. Aye, it's a pretty little rogue; she is my mistress. I knew her face would set off armor extremely; and, to tell you true, I writ that part only for her. Well, gentlemen, I dare be bold to say, without vanity, I'll shew you something, here, that 's very ridiculous, i'gad.

[Exeunt Players.]

Johns. Sir, that we do not doubt of.

Bayes. Pray, sir, let's sit down. Look you, sir, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the thing
40 in nature that make up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose two kings to be of the same place: as, for example, at Brentford; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people, having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that, are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these kings differing sometimes in particular; tho', in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make myself well understood.)

Johns. I did not observe you, sir: pray say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious
50 in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing,) the people being embarrass'd by their equal ties to both,

and the sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a—you understand me—upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that—In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it.

[Exit, to call the Players.]

Smi. I find the author will be very much oblig'd to the players, if they can make any sense of this.

Enter BAYES.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing.
60 I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either: (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, i'gad, for any other play as well as this.

Smi. Very well. That's indeed artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue? For, you must know, there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to—a—in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep
70 a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, a-gad, in nature, be hinder'd from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furr'd cap, and his sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, that if, out of good nature, they will not like my play, why i'gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping—a—

Smi. But, suppose they do not.

Bayes. Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please; I have nothing to do with your suppose, sir, nor am not at all mortified at it;
80 not at all, sir; i'gad, not one jot. Suppose, quoth a!—

[Walks away.]

Johns. Phoo! Pr'ythee, Bayes, don't mind what he says: he's a fellow newly out of the country; he knows nothing of what's the relish, here, of the town.

Bayes. If I writ, sir, to please the country, I should have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for some persons of quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what flame and power in writing is: and they do me the right, sir, to approve of what I do.

Johns. Aye, aye, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm sure the design's good: that cannot be denied. And
90 then, for language, i'gad, I defy 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Besides, sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes: and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be ready in the pit, who, I'm sure, will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow; and then pray, sir, what becomes of your suppose? Ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes. I think so, sir: and therefore would choose this for the

prologue. For, if I could engage 'em to clap, before they see the play, you know 'twould be so much the better; because then they were engag'd: 100 for, let a man write never so well, there are, nowadays, a sort of persons they call critics, that, i'gad, have no more wit in 'em than so many hobby-horses; but they'll laugh you, sir, and find fault, and censure things that, a-gad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame by calumniating of persons that, i'gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that, as—a——In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

Johns. Aye, aye, you have said enough of 'em in conscience: I'm sure more than they'll ever be able to answer.

110 *Bayes.* Why, I'll tell you, sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd before I would e'er more set pen to paper; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

Johns. Aye, marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and, if I were in your place, now, I would do it.

Bayes. No, sir; there are certain ties upon me, that I cannot be disingag'd from; otherwise, I would. But pray, sir, how do you like my hangman?

Smi. By my troth, sir, I should like him very well.

120 *Bayes.* Aye, but how do you like it? (for I see you can judge.) Would you have it for the prologue, or the epilogue?

Johns. Faith, sir, it's so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

Johns. What other, sir?

Bayes. Why, sir, my other is Thunder and Lightning.

Johns. That's greater: I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; tho' there have been many witty prologues written of late, yet I think you'll say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure nobody has hit upon it yet. For here, sir, I 130 make my prologue to be dialogue: and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the auditors by civility, by good nature, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in terrorem*, I choose for the persons Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the conceit?

Johns. Phoo, pox! Then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare affront an author that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate, dainty similes in the whole world, i'gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smi. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion to love:

140 So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
 Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the sky:
 Boar beckons sow to trot in chestnut groves,
 And there consummate their unfinish'd loves.
 Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
 And snort, and gruntle to each other's moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johns. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to Thunder and Lightning, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. I'gad, and so it does, now I think on't. Mr. Johnson, I thank you; and I'll put it in *perfecto*. Come out, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Bayes. Mr. Cartwright, pr'ythee speak a little louder, and with a hoarser voice. "I am the bold Thunder?" Pshaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: "I am the bold Thunder."

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Light. The brisk Lightning, I.

Bayes. Nay, you must be quick and nimble.
"The brisk Lightning, I." That's my meaning.

160 *Thun.* I am the bravest Hector of the sky.

Light. And I, fair Helen, that made Hector die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the town.

Thun. Let the critics take heed how they grumble,
For then begin I for to rumble.

Light. Let the ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their peter to soot.

Thun. Let the critics look to't.

170 *Light.* Let the ladies look to't.

Thun. For Thunder will do't.

Light. For Lightning will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.
Gallants, I'll singe your feather.

Thun. I'll thunder you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't: look to't, we'll do't.
[Twice or thrice repeated.]

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Bayes. That's all. 'Tis but a flash of a prologue; a droll.

180 *Smi.* 'Tis short, indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes. Aye, when the simile is in, it will do to a miracle, i'gad.
Come, come; begin the play.

Enter FIRST PLAYER.

1 Play. Sir, Mr. Ivory is not come yet; but he'll be here presently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of tobacco.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

BAYES, JOHNSON, and SMITH.

Bayes. Now, sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before— [Spits.

Smi. A very notable design for a play, indeed.

Bayes. Instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, I begin this with a whisper.

Smi. That's very new.

Bayes. Come, take your seats. Begin, sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the gentleman-usher of this sumptuous place.

10 *Ush.* And, by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble kings, under the notion of physician.

Phys. You hit my function right.

Ush. And you mine.

Phys. Then let's imbrace.

Ush. Come then.

Phys. Come.

Johns. Pray, sir, who are those two so very civil persons.

Bayes. Why, sir, the gentleman-usher and physician of the two Kings of Brentford.

20 *Johns.* But how comes it to pass, then, that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! That's for the better carrying on of the intrigue.

Johns. Very well.

Phys. Sir, to conclude,—

Smi. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, sir; you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smi. Where? In the tiring-room?

Bayes. Why aye, sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

30 *Phys.* Sir, to conclude, the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot, and all these threat'ning storms which, like impregnant clouds, do hover o'er our heads (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason), melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray mark that allegory. Is not that good?

Johns. Yes; that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Phys. But yet some rumors great are stirring; and if Lorenzo should prove false (as none but the great gods can tell), you then perhaps would find, that—

[Whispers.

40 *Bayes.* Now they whisper.

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the noble——

[*Whispers.*

Ush. Who, he in gray?

Phys. Yes; and at the head of——

[*Whispers.*

Bayes. Pray mark.

Ush. Then, sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear
These are the reasons that induc'd 'em to 't:
First, he——

[*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now t'other whispers.

50 *Ush.* Secondly, they——

[*Whispers.*

Bayes. He's at it still.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they——

[*Whispers.*

Bayes. There they both whisper.

[*Exeunt whispering.*

Now, gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

Johns. In troth, I think it is, sir. But why two kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why? Because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your Jonson, and Beaumont, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature:
60 I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smi. But what think you of Sir John Suckling, sir?

Bayes. By gad, I am a better poet than he.

Smi. Well, sir; but pray why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, sir (besides that it is new, as I told you before), because they are suppos'd to be politicians; and matters of state ought not to be divulg'd.

Smi. But then, sir, why——

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompens'd.

[*Goes to the door.*

70 *Johns.* How dost thou like this, Frank? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smi. Why, I did never, before this, see anything in nature, and all that (as Mr. Bayes says), so foolish, but I could give some guess at what mov'd the fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

Johns. Why, 'tis all alike: Mr. Wintershall has inform'd me of this play before. And I'll tell thee, Frank, thou shalt not see one scene here, that either properly ought to come in, or is like anything thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the world. And then, when
80 he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

Smi. It does surprise me, I am sure, very much.

Johns. Aye, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a play or two that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this now kind of foppery.

SCENE II

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. These are the two Kings of Brentford; take notice of their style: 'twas never yet upon the stage; but, if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole play, written all just so.

1 *King.* Did you observe their whisper, brother king?

2 *King.* I did; and heard besides a grave bird sing
That they intend, sweetheart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This, now, is familiar, because they are both persons of the same quality.

Smi. 'Sdeath, this would make a man spew.

10 1 *King.* If that design appears,
I'll lug 'em by the ears
Until I make 'em crack.

2 *King.* And so will I, i'fack.

1 *King.* You must begin, *mon foi.*

2 *King.* Sweet sir, *pardonnez moi.*

Bayes. Mark that: I makes 'em both speak French, to shew their breeding.

Johns. O, 'tis extraordinary fine.

20 2 *King.* Then, spite of fate, we'll thus combined stand;
And, like true brothers, walk still hand in hand.

[Exeunt Reges.]

Johns. This is a very majestic scene indeed.

Bayes. Aye, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your rogue critics, i'gad: I would fain see the proudest of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; i'gad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, writ the play I told you of, in this very style: and shall I tell you a very good jest? i'gad, the players would not act it. Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. That's impossible.

Bayes. I'gad, they would not, sir. Ha, ha, ha. They refus'd it,
30 i'gad, the silly rogues. Ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Fie, that was rude.

Bayes. Rude! i'gad, they are the rudest, uncivillest persons, and all that, in the whole world: i'gad, there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr. Johnson, I do verily believe, a whole cartload of things every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to 'gad, these insolent rascals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

Johns. Strange fellows indeed,

Smi. But pray, Mr. Bayes, how came these two kings to know of this whisper? For, as I remember, they were not present at it.

40 *Bayes.* No, but that's the actors' fault, and not mine; for the kings should (a pox take 'em) have popp'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smi. That, indeed, would ha' done it.

Bayes. Done it! Aye, i'gad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendom. I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, I vow to gad, I have been so highly disoblig'd by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I am resolv'd, hereafter, to bend all my thoughts for the service of the Nursery, and mump your proud players, i'gad.

SCENE III

Enter Prince PRETTY-MAN.

Pret. How strange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuse my love, or blame my fate?
My love, I cannot; that is too divine:
And against fate what mortal dares repine?

Enter CLORIS.

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing comet, is it not?

[*Lies down.*]

Bayes. Blazing comet! Mark that. I'gad, very fine.

Pret. But I am so surpris'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest.

[*Sleeps.*]

Bayes. Does not that, now, surprise you, to fall asleep just in the
10 nick? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and swop falls asleep, as you see. Now, here, she must make a *simile*.

Smi. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Because she's surpris'd. That's a general rule: you must ever make a *simile* when you are surpris'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

20 *Chloris.* As some tall pine, which we on Etna find
T'have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would consume his root and sap away;
He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears. [*Exit.*]

Bayes. I am afraid, gentlemen, this scene has made you sad; for I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself.

Smi. No, truly, sir, my spirits are almost exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince PRETTY-MAN starts up, and says—

Pret. It is resolv'd.

[*Exit.*

Smi. Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you a question, now, and you not be angry?

30 *Bayes.* O Lord, sir, you may ask me what you please. I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honor: you do not know me, if you say that, sir.

Smi. Then, pray, sir, what is it that this prince here has resolv'd in his sleep?

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that question is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, sir, that, to outdo all my fellow-writers, whereas they keep their *intrigo* secret till the very last scene before the dance; I now, sir, do you mark me—a——

40 *Smi.* Begin the play, and end it, without ever opening the plot at all?

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain troth on't: ha, ha, ha; I do, i'gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here, now, is a scene of business: pray observe it; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argued. To tell you true, 'tis a debate I overheard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCENE IV

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Ush. Come, sir; let's state the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right: lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a pipe of tobacco in my mouth, and then I whew it away, i' faith.

Bayes. I do just so, i'gad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? Which I divide thus: into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

10 *Johns.* Most admirably divided, I swear.

Ush. As to the when; you say just now: so that is answer'd. Then, for what; why, what answers itself: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *videlicet*, whether they heard or no?

Smi. This is a very wise scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Yes; you have it right; they are both politicians. I writ this scene for a pattern, to shew the world how men should talk of business.

Johns. You have done it exceeding well, indeed.

20 *Bayes.* Yes, I think this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and nobody else will take us.

Ush. Nobody else will take us.

Smi. Not for politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more ourselves in vain bemoan:
We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Ush. 'Tis right:

And, since occasion now seems debonair,
I'll seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

[*They draw their swords, and sit down in
the two great chairs upon the stage.*]

30 *Bayes.* There's now an odd surprise; the whole state's turn'd quite
topsy-turvy, without any puther or stir in the whole world, i'gad.

Johns. A very silent change of government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by
and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Usurpers march out flourishing their swords.*]

Enter SHIRLEY.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day!
I know not what to do, nor what to say. [Exit.]

Smi. But pray, sir, how came they to depose the kings so easily?

Bayes. Why, sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it
before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true,
40 that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

Smi. O, very well: now I'm fully satisfied.

Bayes. And then, to shew you, sir, it was not done so very easily
neither; in this next scene you shall see some fighting.

Smi. O, ho: so then you make the struggle to be after the business
is done?

Bayes. Aye.

Smi. O, I conceive you: that is very natural.

SCENE V

*Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their swords
drawn.*

1 *Soldier.* Stand. Who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A friend.

1 *Sol.* What friend?

2 *Sol.* A friend to the house.

1 *Sol.* Fall on. [They all kill one another. Music strikes.]

Bayes. Hold, hold.

[To the music. It ceaseth.

Now here's an odd surprise: all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have made, in *effaut flat*, and fall a dancing. Do you hear, dead men? Remember your note in *effaut flat*.

10 Play on.

[To the music.

Now, now, now.

[The music play his note, and the dead

O Lord, O Lord!

men rise; but cannot get in order.

Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? No figure, no ear, no time, nothing? You dance worse than the angels in *Harry the Eighth*, or the fat spirits in *The Tempest*, i'gad.

1 Sol. Why, sir, 'tis impossible to do anything in time, to this tune.

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! impossible? Why, gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sate up two whole nights in composing this air, and apting it for the business: for, if you observe,
20 there are two several designs in this tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and time; you shall see me do 't. Look you now. Here I am dead.

[Lies down flat on his face.

Now mark my note in *effaut flat*. Strike up, music.

Now. [As he rises up hastily, he tumbles and falls down again.

Ah, gadsookers, I have broke my nose.

Johns. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours, in *effaut flat*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd stage, with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a man cannot come to teach you to act, but he must
30 break his nose, and his face, and the divel and all. Pray, sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown paper?

Smi. No indeed, sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2 Sol. Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I'll follow you. Pray dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you four that you dance like horsemen.

[Exit BAYES.

They dance the dance, but can make nothing of it.

1 Sol. A devil! let's try this no more: play my dance that Mr. Bayes found fault with.

[Dance, and exeunt.

Smi. What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

40 Johns. Pr'ythee, let's go see.

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

BAYES with a paper on his nose, and the two gentlemen.

Bayes. Now, sir, this I do, because my fancy in this play is to end every act with a dance.

Smi. Faith, that fancy is very good, but I should hardly have broke my nose for it, tho'.

Johns. That fancy, I suppose, is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my fancies are so. I tread upon no man's heels; but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. As, now, this next

scene, some perhaps will say it is not very necessary to the plot: I grant it; what then? I meant it so. But then it's as full of drollery as ever
 10 it can hold: 'tis like an orange stuck with cloves, as for conceit. Come, where are you? This scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted: it is a scene of sheer wit, without any mixture in the world, i'gad.

[*Reads—*

“Enter Prince Pretty-man, and Tom Thimble, his tailor.”

This, sirs, might properly enough be call'd a prize of wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another snip snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'other's upon him slap, with a repartee; then he at him again, dash with a new conceit: and so eternally, eternally, i'gad, till they go quite off the stage.

[*Goes to call the Players.*

Smi. What a plague does this fop mean by his snip snap, hit for
 20 hit, and dash?

Johns. Mean? Why, he never meant anything in's life: what dost talk of meaning for?

Enter BAYES.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince PRETTY-MAN and TOM THIMBLE.

Pret. But pr'ythee, Tom Thimble, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine tailors make but one man; and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thyself trow we?

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want journeymen to help me, I warrant you.

30 *Bayes.* Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy journeymen, tho', Tom, won't work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes. Good still.

Thim. However, if my wife sits but cross-legg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you for your coronation suit.

Bayes. Very good, i'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon trust; it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: a tailor, you
 40 know, must never be out of fashion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I'm sure, sir, I made your clothes in the court fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the court.

Pret. Why, Tom, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry I see: thou pay'st me now, methinks.

Thim. Aye, sir, in your own coin: you give me nothing but words.

Bayes. Admirable, before gad.

Pret. Well, Tom, I hope shortly I shall have another coin for thee; 50 for now the wars come on, I shall grow to be a man of metal.

Bayes. O, you did not do that half enough.

Johns. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. Aye, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part.

Thim. That's the way to be stamp'd yourself, sir. I shall see you come home, like an angel for the king's evil, with a hole bor'd thro' you. *[Exeunt.]*

Bayes. That's very good, i'faith: ha, ha, ha. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, i'gad. How do you like it now, gentlemen? Is not 60 this pure wit?

Smi. 'Tis snip snap, sir, as you say; but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose, for the play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the play?

Smi. Yes, but the plot stands still.

Bayes. Plot stand still! Why, what a devil is the plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smi. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not: nor many things more that I am 70 master of. Now, sir, i'gad, this is the bane of all us writers: let us soar never so little above the common pitch, i'gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never understand us; they can never conceive you, sir, the excellency of these things.

Johns. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess; but you write on still?

Bayes. Write on? Aye, i'gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things to be good, what care I what they say? What, they are gone, and forgot the song!

Smi. They have done very well, methinks, here's no need of one.

80 *Bayes.* Alack, sir, you know nothing; you must ever interlard your plays with songs, ghosts, and idols, if you mean to—a——

Johns. Pit, box, and gallery, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. I'gad, sir, and you have nick'd it. Hark you, Mr. Johnson, you know I don't flatter, a-gad, you have a great deal of wit.

Johns. O Lord, sir, you do me too much honor.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. Johnson, i'facks this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the judgment you make of this play; for that's the measure I go by: my play is my

touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; "Is
90 he so?" say I. What do I do, but bring him presently to see this play.
If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble
servant, sir, I'll no more of him, upon my word, I thank you. I am
clara voyant, a-gad. Now here we go on to our business.

SCENE II

Enter the two Usurpers, hand in hand.

Ush. But what's become of Volscius the great?
His presence has not grac'd our court of late.

Phys. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,
Has from us that illustrious hero wrung.

Bayes. Is not that majestical?

Smi. Yes, but who a devil is that Volscius?

Bayes. Why, that's a prince I make in love with Parthenope.

Smi. I thank you, sir,

Enter CORDELIO.

Cor. My lieges, news from Volscius the prince.

10 *Ush.* His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

Smi. How, sir, do you mean that? Whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, sir, have a little patience: godsookers, you'll
spoil all my play. Why, sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent
question you ask.

Smi. Cry you mercy, sir.

Cor. His Highness, sirs, commanded me to tell you
That the fair person whom you both do know,
Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,
In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt
20 Upon her precious life; but, by the care
Of standers-by, prevented was.

Smi. 'Sheart, what stuff's here!

Cor. At last,
Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd:
His servants he into the country sent,
And he himself to Piccadillé went.
Where he's inform'd, by letters, that she's dead!

Ush. Dead! is that possible? Dead!

Phys. O ye gods!

[*Exeunt.*

30 *Bayes.* There's a smart expression of a passion; O ye gods! That's
one of my bold strokes, a-gad.

Smi. Yes; but who is the fair person that's dead?

Bayes. That you shall know anon.

Smi. Nay, if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that she's not dead neither.

Smi. Marry, that's good news: I am glad of that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now, here's the man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her. [A great shout within.]

Enter AMARILLIS with a book in her hand and Attendants.

40 *Ama.* What shout triumphant's that?

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Shy maid, upon the river brink,
Near Twick'nam town, the assassinate is ta'en.

Ama. Thanks to the powers above, for this deliverance.
I hope its slow beginning will portend
A forward exit to all future end.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out; to all future end? No, no; to all future end; you must lay the accent upon end, or else you lose the conceit.

Johns. Indeed the alteration of that accent does a great deal, Mr.
50 *Bayes.*

Bayes. O, all in all, sir: they are these little things that mar, or set you off a play.

Smi. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

Bayes. Aye, sir; I have been long enough at it to know something.

Enter Soldiers dragging in an old fisherman.

Ama. Villain, what monster did corrupt thy mind
T'attack the noblest soul of humankind?
Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince Pretty-man.

Ama. To kill whom?

60 *Fish.* Prince Pretty-man.

Ama. What, did Prince Pretty-man hire you to kill Prince Pretty-man?

Fish. No; Prince Volscius.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince Volscius.

Ama. What, did Prince Volscius hire you to kill Prince Volscius?

Fish. No; Prince Pretty-man.

Ama. So, drag him hence,

Till torture of the rack produce his sense.

[*Exeunt.*]

70 *Bayes.* Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects; for that's the design of this scene.

Smi. I see, sir, you have a several design for every scene.

Bayes. Aye; that's my way of writing: and so I can dispatch you, sir, a whole play, before another man, i'gad, can make an end of his

plot. So, now enter Prince Pretty-man in a rage. Where the devil is he? Why Pretty-man? why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie; all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter PRETTY-MAN.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, sir: now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to gad, Mr.—a—I would not give a button for
80 my play; now you have done this.

Pret. What, sir?

Bayes. What, sir? 'Slife, sir, you should have come out in choler, rous upon the stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

Johns. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

Smi. I am not of your opinion.

Bayes. Pish! come, let's hear your part, sir.

Pret. Bring in my father, why d'ye keep him from me?

80 *Altho' a fisherman, he is my father:
Was ever son yet brought to this distress,
To be, for being a son, made fatherless?
O, you just gods, rob me not of a father:
The being of a son take from me rather.*

[Exit.]

Smi. Well, Ned, what think you now?

Johns. A devil, this is worst of all. Pray, Mr. Bayes, what's the meaning of this scene?

Bayes. O, cry you mercy, sir: I purtest I had forgot to tell you. Why, sir, you must know that, long before the beginning of this play,
100 this prince was taken by a fisherman.

Smi. How, sir, taken prisoner?

Bayes. Taken prisoner! O Lord, what a question's there! Did ever any man ask such a question? Taken prisoner! Godsookers, he has put the plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to say?

Johns. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me see; taken: O, 'tis true. Why, sir, as I was going to say, his Highness here, the prince, was taken in a cradle by a fisherman, and brought up as his child.

110 *Smi.* Indeed?

Bayes. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And so, sir, this murder being committed by the river side, the fisherman, upon suspicion, was seiz'd; and thereupon the prince grew angry.

Smi. So, so; now 'tis very plain.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, is not that some disparagement to a prince, to pass for a fisherman's son? Have a care of that, I pray.

Bayes. No, no, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again, presently, you shall see.

Enter PRETTY-MAN and THIMBLE.

Pret. By all the gods, I'll set the world on fire
Rather than let 'em ravish hence my sire.
120 *Thim.* Brave Pretty-man, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy sire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo' you now, there he's off again.

Johns. Admirably done i'faith.

Bayes. Aye, now the plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What oracle this darkness can evince?
Sometimes a fisher's son, sometimes a prince.
It is a secret, great as is the world;
In which I, like the soul, am toss'd and hurl'd.
130 *The blackest ink of fate, sure, was my lot;*
And, when she writ my name, she made a blot. (*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a blust'ring verse for you now.

Smi. Yes, sir; but pray, why is he so mightily trôubled to find he
is not a fisherman's son?

Bayes. Phoo! That is not because he has a mind to be his son, but
for fear he should be thought to be nobody's son at all.

Smi. Aye, that would trouble a man, indeed.

Bayes. So, let me see: "Enter Prince Volscius, going out of town."

Smi. I thought he had been gone to Piccadillé.

140 *Bayes.* Yes, he gave out so; but that was only to cover his design.

Johns. What design?

Bayes. Why, to head the army that lies conceal'd for him in
Knightsbridge.

Johns. I see here is a great deal of plot, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of
more business anon.

*Enter Prince VOLSCIUS, CLORIS, AMARILLIS, and HARRY with a riding-
cloak and boots.*

Ama. Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the town,
And to retire to country solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this summer that we should at least
150 Have held the honor of your company.

Bayes. Held the honor of your company! Prettily express'd! Held
the honor of your company! Godsookers, these fellows will never take
notice of anything.

Johns. I assure you, sir, I admire it extremely; I don't know what
he does.

Bayes. Aye, aye, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter.
Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain,
That you will here with poor us still remain.

160

Before your horses come, pronounce our fate,
For then, alas, I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Vols. Harry, my boots; for I'll go rage among
My blades encamp'd, and quit this urban throng.

Smi. But pray, Mr. Bayes, is not this a little difficult, that you were
saying e'en now, to keep an army thus conceal'd in Knightsbridge?

Bayes. In Knightsbridge? Stay.

Johns. No, not if the innkeepers be his friends.

Bayes. His friends! Aye, sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else,
170 indeed, I grant it could not be.

Smi. Yes, faith, so it might be very easily.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things easy, i'gad, I'll give you
leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of town;
but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him presently.

Smi. By my troth, sir, you have so amaz'd me, I know not what to
think.

Enter PARTHENOPE.

Vols. Bless me! How frail are all my best resolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!
Too soon I thought myself secure from love.
Fair madam, give me leave to ask her name
180 Who does so gently rob me of my fame?
For I should meet the army out of town,
And, if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My mother, sir, sells ale by the town walls,
And me her dear Parthenope she calls.

Vols. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud?
Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

Bayes. The morning pictur'd in a cloud! A, gadsookers, what a
conceit is there!

190

Par. Give you good ev'n, sir.

[*Exit.*

Vols. O inauspicious stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

Ama. *Cloris.* How! Prince Volscius in love? Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt laughing.*

Smi. Sure, Mr. Bayes, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh
at so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of
town, and then, as he is pulling on his boots, falls in love. Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. O, I did not observe: that, indeed, is a very good jest.

Bayes. Here, now, you shall see a combat betwixt love and honor.
200 An ancient author has made a whole play on 't; but I have dispatch'd
it all in this scene.

VOLSCIUS sits down.

Vols. How has my passion made me Cupid's scoff!
 This hasty boot is on, the other off,
 And sullen lies, with amorous design
 To quit loud fame, and make that beauty mine.
 My legs, the emblem of my various thought,
 Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.
 Sometimes, with stubborn honor, like this boot,
 My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do 't:
 210 Sometimes, again, that very mind, by love
 Disarmed, like this other leg does prove.

Johns. What pains Mr. Bayes takes to act this speech himself!

Smi. Aye, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Vols. Shall I to honor or to love give way?
 "Go on," cries Honor; tender Love says, "Nay:"
 Honor, aloud, commands: "Pluck both boots on;"
 But softer Love does whisper: "Put on none."
 What shall I do? What conduct shall I find
 220 To lead me thro' this twilight of my mind?
 For as bright day with black approach of night
 Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
 So does my honor and my love together
 Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[Exit with one boot on and the other off.]

Johns. By my troth, sir, this is as difficult a combat as ever I saw,
 and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

Bayes. Aye, is't not, i'gad, ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop,
 upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the
 world, i'gad. But, sirs, you cannot make any judgment of this play,
 because we are come but to the end of the second act. Come, the dance.

[Dance.]

230 *Well, gentlemen, you'll see this dance, if I am not mistaken, take very
 well upon the stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.*

Smi. I don't know 'twill take, sir; but I am sure you sweat hard
 for 't.

Bayes. Aye, sir, it costs me more pains, and trouble. to do these
 things, than almost the things are worth.

Smi. By my troth, I think so, sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themselves, for I could write you, sir,
 forty of 'em in a day; but, i'gad, these players are such dull persons,
 that, if a man be not by upon every point, and at every turn, i'gad,
 240 they'll mistake you, sir, and spoil all.

Enter a Player.

What, is the funeral ready?

Play. Yes, sir.

Bayes. And is the lance fill'd with wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then; I'll do it myself.

Smi. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A match. But, Mr. Johnson, i'gad, I am not like other persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get money for 'em: now, i'gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should
250 be, in every circumstance, to every particular, i'gad, I am not able to endure it, I am not myself, I'm out of my wits, and all that; I'm the strangest person in the whole world. For what care I for my money? i'gad, I write for fame and reputation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

BAYES, and the two gentlemen:

Bayes. Gentlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this play, the last act beginning with a witty scene of mirth, I make this to begin with a funeral.

Smi. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, sir; I have a precedent for it too. A person of honor, and a scholar, brought in his funeral just so; and he was one, let me tell you, that knew as well what belong'd to a funeral, as any man in England, i'gad.

Johns. Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

10 *Bayes.* I'gad, but I have another device, a frolic, which I think yet better than all this; not for the plot or characters (for, in my heroic plays, I make no difference as to those matters), but for another contrivance.

Smi. What is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have design'd a conquest, that cannot possibly, i'gad, be acted in less than a whole week: and I'll speak a bold word, it shall drum, trumpet, shout, and battle, i'gad, with any the most warlike tragedy we have, either ancient or modern.

Johns. Aye, marry, sir; there you say something.

20 *Smi.* And pray, sir, how have you order'd this same frolic of yours?

Bayes. Faith, sir, by the rule of romance. For example: they divide their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many tomes as they please: now, I would very fain know, what should hinder me from doing the same with my things, if I please.

Johns. Nay, if you should not be master of your own works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my sense. And therefore, sir, whereas every one makes five acts to one play, what do me I, but make five plays to one plot: by which means the auditors have every day a new thing.

30 *Johns.* Most admirably good, i'faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

Bayes. Aye, sir, I know that; there's the main point. And then, upon Saturday, to make a close of all (for I ever begin upon a

Monday), I make you, sir, a sixth play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

Johns. That consideration, Mr. Bayes, indeed, I think, will be very necessary.

Smi. And when comes in your share, pray, sir?

Bayes. The third week.

40 *Johns.* I vow, you'll get a world of money.

Bayes. Why, faith, a man must live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon some new device, i'gad, you'll never do it, for this age (take it o' my word) is somewhat hard to please. There is one pretty odd passage, in the last of these plays, which may be executed two several ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, gentlemen.

Johns. Well, what is't?

Bayes. Why, sir, I make a male person to be in love with a female.

Smi. Do you mean that, Mr. Bayes, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear. He having
50 passionately lov'd her thro' my five whole plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his mother had appear'd to him like a ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills herself. Now my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

Johns. By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

Bayes. The hardest in the world, i'gad; and has puzzled this pate very much. What say you, Mr. Smith?

Smi. Why, truly, Mr. Bayes, if it might stand with your justice, I
60 should now spare 'em both.

Bayes. I'gad, and I think——ha——why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing herself. Aye, it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the funeral.

Enter a funeral, with the two Usurpers and attendants.

Lay it down there: no, here, sir. So, now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the funeral pile, and let our grief
Receive, from its embraces, some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And, in life's stead, to leave us naught but death?
The world discovers now its emptiness,
70 And, by her loss, demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not that good language now? Is not that elevate? It's my *non ultra*, i'gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

Smi. With her? with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is Lardella's funeral.

Smi. Lardella! Aye, who is she?

Bayes. Why, sir, the sister of Drawcansir; a lady that was drown'd at sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.

K. Ush. Lardella, O Lardella, from above,
Behold the tragic issue of our love.
Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the main.

Bayes. Look you now, you see I told you true.

Smi. Aye, sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

Bayes. Aye, i'gad, but you will not have patience; honest Mr.
—a—you will not have patience.

Johns. Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcansir?

Bayes. Why, sir, a fierce hero, that frights his mistress, snubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to good manners, justice, or numbers.

Johns. A very pretty character.

Smi. But, Mr. Bayes, I thought your heroes had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating of whole armies, above all your moral virtues put together, i'gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the paper?

[*To the Players.*

K. Phys. O, cry you mercy.

[*Goes to take the paper.*

Bayes. Pish! Nay, you are such a fumbler. Come, I'll read it myself.

[*Takes a paper from off the coffin.*

100 *Stay, it's an ill hand, I must use my spectacles. This, now, is a copy of verses, which I make Lardella compose, just as she is dying, with design to have it pinn'd on her coffin, and so read by one of the usurpers, who is her cousin.*

Smi. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And what do you think I fancy her to make love like, here, in the paper?

Smi. Like a woman: what should she make love like?

Bayes. O' my word, you are out tho', sir; i'gad you are.

Smi. What then? Like a man?

110 *Bayes.* No, sir; like a humblebee.

Smi. I confess, that I should not have fancied.

Bayes. It may be so, sir. But it is, tho', in order to the opinion of some of your ancient philosophers, who held the transmigration of the soul.

Smi. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the title. *To my dear couz, King Phys.*

Smi. That's a little too familiar with a king, tho', sir, by your favor, for a humblebee.

Bayes. Mr. Smith, for other things, I grant your knowledge may
120 be above me; but, as for poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better: it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, sir.

Smi. Your servant, sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it:

[*Reads.*

“Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come a humblebee to your chaste love.
With silent wings I'll follow you, dear couz;

Or else, before you, in the sunbeams buzz.
 And when to melancholy groves you come,
 An airy ghost, you'll know me by my hum;
 For sound, being air, a ghost does well become."

150

Smi. [After a pause.] Admirable!

Bayes. "At night, into your bosom I will creep,
 And buzz but softly if you chance to sleep:
 Yet, in your dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
 And then, both hum and buzz before your eye."

Johns. By my troth, that's a very great promise.

Smi. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

Bayes. "Your bed of love from dangers I will free;
 But most, from love of any future bee.

140

And when, with pity, your heartstrings shall crack,
 With empty arms I'll bear you on my back."

Smi. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Aye, i'gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha? Is it not *tuant*?
 Here's the end:

"Then, at your birth of immortality,
 Like any winged archer, hence I'll fly,
 And teach you your first flutt'ring in the sky."

Johns. O rare! It is the most natural, refin'd fancy this, that ever
 I heard, I'll swear.

Bayes. Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good enough way of
 making love; for, being divested of her terrestrial part, and all that, she
 is only capable of these little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent,
 and yet passionate. Come, draw your swords.

K. Phys. Come, sword, come sheathe thyself within this breast,
 That only in Lardella's tomb can rest.

K. Ush. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,
 Which cannot from Lardella's love depart.

Enter PALLAS.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
 At Pallas's commands:
 For the supposed dead, O kings,
 Forbear to act such deadly things.
 Lardella lives: I did but try
 If princes for their loves could die.
 Such celestial constancy
 Shall by the gods rewarded be:
 And from these funeral obsequies
 A nuptial banquet shall arise.

160

[The coffin opens, and a banquet is discover'd.]

Bayes. Now it's out. This is the very funeral of the fair person
 which Volscius sent word was dead, and Pallas, you see, has turn'd it
 170 into a banquet.

Johns. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you; for the chief art in poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

K. Ush. Resplendent Pallas, we in thee do find
The fiercest beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And since to thee Lardella's life we owe,
We'll supple statues in thy temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive Lardella's found,
Let, in full bowls, her health go round.

[The two Usurpers take each of them a bowl in their hands.]

K. Ush. But where's the wine?

Pal. That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering lance,
Does flow the purest wine of France:

[Fills the bowls out of her lance.]

And, to appease your hunger, I

Have, in my helmet, brought a pie:

Lastly, to bear a part with these,

Behold a buckler made of cheese.

[Vanish PALLAS.]

Enter DRAWCANSIR.

K. Phys. What man is this that dares disturb our feast?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Johns. That is as much as to say, that tho' he would rather die
than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the conceit on 't.

Johns. 'Tis a marvelous good one, I swear.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know
How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go.

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred person, i'gad? So modest,
so gent!

Smi. O, very like.

Draw. You shall not know how long I here will stay;
But you shall know I'll take my bowls away.

[Snatches the bowls out of the kings' hands, and drinks 'em off.]

Smi. But, Mr. Bayes, is that too modest and gent?

Bayes. No, i'gad, sir, but it's great.

K. Ush. Tho', brother, this grum stranger be a clown,
He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down.

Draw. Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,
I'll stare away his very pow'r to drink.

[The two kings sneak off the stage, with their attendants.]

210 I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare;
And all this I can do, because I dare. [Exit.

Smi. I suppose, Mr. Bayes, this is the fierce hero you spoke of.

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: you shall see him, in the last act, win above a dozen battles, one after another, i'gad, as fast as they can possibly be represented.

Johns. That will be a sight worth seeing, indeed.

Smi. But pray, Mr. Bayes, why do you make the kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! That is to raise the character of Drawcansir.

Johns. O' my word, that was well thought on.

220 *Bayes.* Now, sir, I'll shew you a scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the scene of scenes. 'Tis an heroic scene.

Smi. And pray, sir, what is your design in this scene?

Bayes. Why, sir, my design is Roman clothes, gilded truncheons, forc'd conceit, smooth verse, and a rant: in fine, if this scene does not take, i'gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.—a—nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the stage.

Smi. Why fill the stage?

Bayes. O, sir, because your heroic verse never sounds well, but
230 when the stage is full.

SCENE II

Enter Prince PRETTY-MAN and Prince VOLSCIUS.

Nay, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, sir, the drift of this scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out because they are not in love with the same woman.

Smi. Not in love? You mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, sir; I say not in love: there's a new conceit for you. Now, speak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince Volscius, has found out the way
For our so long'd-for meeting here this day,
10 Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Vols. I gladly would that story of thee learn;
But thou to love dost, Pretty-man, incline:
Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine.

Bayes. *Antithesis!* thine and mine.

Pret. Since love itself's the same, why should it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reasoning; i'gad, I love reasoning in verse.

Vols. Love takes, chameleon-like, a various dye
From every plant on which itself does lie.

20 *Bayes. Simile!*

Pret. Let not thy love the course of nature fright:
Nature does most in harmony delight.

Vols. How weak a deity would nature prove,
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?

Bayes. There's a great verse!

Vols. If incense thou wilt offer at the shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her rosy lips eternal sweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames else look pale.

30 *Bayes.* I'gad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull incense may thy love suffice;
But mine must be ador'd with sacrifice.
All hearts turn ashes which her eyes control:
The body they consume as well as soul.

Vols. My love has yet a power more divine;
Victims her altars burn not, but refine:
Amidst the flames they ne'er give up the ghost,
But, with her looks, revive still as they roast.
In spite of pain and death, they're kept alive:
40 Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well as I can do.

Vols. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, i'gad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a whale;
In whose vast bulk, tho' store of oil doth lie,
We find more shape, more beauty in a fly.

Smi. That's uncivil, i'gad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far a fetch'd fancy, tho', i'gad, as ever you saw.

Vols. Soft, Pretty-man, let not thy vain pretense
50 Of perfect love defame love's excellence.
Parthenope is sure as far above
All other loves, as above all is love.

Bayes. Ah! I'gad, that strikes me.

Pret. To blame my Chloris, gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Vols. Were all gods join'd, they could not hope to mend
My better choice; for fair Parthenope,
Gods would, themselves, un-god themselves to see.

Bayes. Now the rant's a coming.

60 *Pret.* Durst any of the gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that god subscribe himself a devil.

Bayes. Ah, godsookers, that's well writ!

Vols. Could'st thou that god from heav'n to earth translate,
He could not fear to want a heav'nly state.
Parthenopé, on earth, can heav'n create.

Pret. Chloris does heav'n itself so far excel,
She can transcend the joys of heav'n in hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have lost my
peruke. Well, gentlemen, this is that I never yet saw anyone could
70 write, but myself. Here's true spirit and flame all thro', i'gad. So,
so; pray clear the stage. [*He puts 'em off the stage.*]

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, pray why is this scene all in verse?

Bayes. O, sir, the subject is too great for prose.

Smi. Well said, i' faith; I'll give thee a pot of ale for that answer:
'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.

"I'll make that god subscribe himself a devil."

That single line, i' gad, is worth all that my brother poets ever writ.
So, now let down the curtain. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

BAYES, and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the
greatest scene that ever England saw: I mean not for words, for those
I do not value; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine, I'll
justify it to be as grand to the eye every whit, i' gad, as that great scene
in *Harry the Eighth*, and grander too, i' gad; for, instead of two bishops,
I have brought in two other cardinals.

*The curtain is drawn up, and the two usurping kings appear in
state, with the four cardinals, Prince PRETTY-MAN, Prince
VOLSCIUS, AMARILLIS, CHLORIS, PARTHENOPE, &c.; before
them, heralds and sergeants at arms with maces.*

Smi. Mr. Bayes, pray what is the reason that two of the cardinals
are in hats, and the other in caps?

Bayes. Why, sir, because——By gad, I won't tell you.

10 *Smi.* I ask your pardon, sir.

K. Ush. Now, sir, to the business of the day.

Vols. Dread, sovereign lords, my zeal to you must not invade my
duty to your son; let me intreat that great Prince Pretty-man first do
speak: whose high preëminence, in all things that do bear the name of
good, may justly claim that privilege.

Pret. Royal father, upon my knees I beg
That the illustrious Volscius first be heard.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold: you may perceive, now, that he is
his son.

20 *Johns.* Yes, sir; and we are very much beholden to you for that
discovery.

Vols. That preference is only due to Amarillis, sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible sovereigns——

[*Soft music.*

K. Ush. But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

K. Phys. Sure, 'tis the music of the moving spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far

A godlike cloud, and a triumphant car,
In which our two right kings sit one by one,

30 With virgin vests, and laurel garlands on.

K. Ush. Then, brother Phys, 'tis time that we were gone. }

[*The two Usurpers steal out of the throne, and go away.*

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easy
a turn as the other?

Smi. Yes, faith, you did so; tho', I confess, I could not believe you;
but you have brought it about, I see.

[*The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the clouds, singing,
in white garments; and three fiddlers sitting before them, in
green.*

Bayes. Now, because the two right kings descend from above, I
make 'em sing to the tune and style of our modern spirits.

1 *King.* Hasté, brother king, we are sent from above.

2 *King.* Let us move, let us move:

40 Move to remove the fate

Of Brentford's long-united state.

1 *King.* Tara, tara, tara, full east and by south,

2 *King.* We sail with thunder in our mouth,

In scorching noonday, whilst the traveler stays,

Busy, busy, busy, busy, we bustle along;

Mounted upon warm Phœbus his rays,

Thro' the heavenly throng,

Haste to those

Who will feast us, at night, with a pig's pettitoes.

50 1 *King.* And we'll fall with our pate
In an olio of hate.

2 *King.* But now supper's done, the servitors try,
Like soldiers, to storm a whole half-moon-pie.

1 *King.* They gather, they gather hot custard in spoons;
Alas, I must leave these half-moons,
And repair to my trusty dragoons.

2 *King*. O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;
The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in our way,
And on their high ropes we will play.

60 Like maggots in filberds, we'll snug in our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,
We'll firk in our shell,
And farewell.

1 *King*. But the ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green frogs croak out a coranto of France.

Bayes. Is not that pretty, now? The fiddlers are all in green.

Smi. Aye, but they play no coranto.

Johns. No, but they play a tune, that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No coranto, quoth a! That's a good one, with all my heart.

70 Come, sing on.

2 *King*. Now mortals that hear
How we tilt and career,
With wonder will fear
The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King*. Stay you to fulfill what the gods have decreed.

2 *King*. Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 *King*. So firmly resolv'd is a true Brentford king
To save the distress'd, and help to 'em bring,
That ere a full pot of good ale you can swallow,
80 He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[*BAYES fillips his finger, and sings after 'em.*

Bayes. "He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla." This, sir,
you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a conjurer.

Johns. Aye, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus 'tis more
compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smi. Thing! What thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the throne, sir: what thing
would you have?

Smi. Well; but, methinks, the sense of this song is not very plain.

90 *Bayes*. Plain? Why, did you ever hear any people in clouds speak
plain? They must be all for flight of fancy, at its full range, without
the least check or control upon it. When once you tie up spirits and
people in clouds to speak plain, you spoil all.

Smi. Bless me, what a monster's this!

[*The two kings light out of the clouds, and step into the throne.*

1 *King*. Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance.

2 *King*. I do agree; but first, let's have a dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. Cartwright. "But first,
let's have a dance." Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just
so: for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought and pre-
100 meditation. "But first, let's have a dance." Pray remember that.

Smi. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this rogue; there's no induring of him.

Johns. No, pr'ythee make use of thy patience a little longer: let's see the end of him now. [Dance a grand dance.]

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient dance, of right belonging to the kings of Brentford; and since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Herald.

1 *King.* What saucy groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her.* The army's at the door, and in disguise;

110 Desires a word with both your majesties:

2 *Her.* Having from Knightsbridge hither march'd by stealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend awhile, and drink our health.

Smi. How, Mr. Bayes, the army in disguise?

Bayes. Aye, sir, for fear the usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

Smi. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

Bayes. Why then they had broke this design.

Smi. That's true, indeed. I did not think of that.

1 *King.* Here, take five guineas for those warlike men.

120 2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten. }

1 *Her.* We have not seen so much the Lord knows when. }

[Exeunt Herald.

1 *King.* Speak on, brave Amarillis.

Ama. Invincible sovereigns, blame not my modesty,

If at this grand conjuncture— [Drum beats behind the stage.]

1 *King.* What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

Enter a soldier with his sword drawn.

Sold. Haste hence, great sirs, your royal persons save,

For the event of war no mortal knows:

The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,

First fell to words, and then to handy-blows. [Exit.]

130 2 *King.* O dangerous estate of sovereign pow'r!

Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 *King.* Let us for shelter in our cabinet stay:

Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass away.

[Exeunt.]

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, did not you promise us, just now, to make Amarillis speak very well?

Bayes. Aye, and so she would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

Smi. How, sir? Whether you would or no?

Bayes. Aye, sir; the plot lay so that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

140 *Smi.* Marry, that was hard.

Johns. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

Bayes. Why, the battle, sir, that's just coming in at door. And I'll tell you now a strange thing: tho' I don't pretend to do more than other men, i' gad, I'll give you both a whole week to guess how I'll represent this battle.

Smi. I had rather be bound to fight your battle, sir, I assure you.

Bayes. Why, there's it now: fight a battle? There's the common error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why, pray, sir, do but tell me this one thing: can you think it a decent thing, in a battle
150 before ladies, to have men run their swords thro' one another, and all that?

Johns. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. On the other side; to have a long relation of squadrons here, and squadrons there: what is that but a dull prolixity?

Johns. Excellently reason'd, by my troth!

Bayes. Wherefore, sir, to avoid both those indecorums, I sum up my whole battle in the representation of two persons only, no more: and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it, really engag'd. Do you mark me?

160 *Smi.* Yes, sir; but I think I should hardly swear, tho', for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, sir, but you would, tho', when you see it: for I make 'em both come out in armor, *cap-a-pie*, with their swords drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at their wrists, (which, you know, represents fighting enough,) each of 'em holding a lute in his hand.

Smi. How, sir, instead of a buckler?

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! instead of a buckler? Pray, sir, do you ask no more questions. I make 'em sir, play the battle in *recitativo*. And here's the conceit. Just at the very same instant that one sings,
170 the other, sir, recovers you his sword, and puts himself in a warlike posture: so that you have at once your ear entertain'd with music and good language, and your eye satisfied with the garb and accouterments of war. Is not that well?

Johns. Aye, what would you have more? He were a devil that would not be satisfied with that.

Smi. I confess, sir, you stupify me.

Bayes. You shall see.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little fighting, for I love those plays where they cut and slash one another, upon the stage,
180 for a whole hour together.

Bayes. Why, then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you shall have my *recitativo* first.

Enter, at several doors, the General, and Lieutenant General. arm'd cap-a-pie, with each of them a lute in his hand, and his sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at his wrist.

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou liest.

Gen. Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm; what ho?
The lie no flesh can brook, I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance, from Acton, with the musketeers.

Gen. Draw down the Chelsea curiasiers.

Lieut. Gen. The band you boast of, Chelsea curiasiers,
Shall, in my Putney pikes, now meet their peers.

180

Gen. Chiswickians, aged, and renown'd in fight,
Join with the Hammersmith brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'll find my Mortlake boys will do them right,
Unless by Fulham numbers overlaid.

Gen. Let the left wing of Twick'nam foot advance
And line that eastern hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The horse I rais'd in Petty France
Shall try their chance,
And scour the meadows, overgrown with sedge.

Gen. Stand: give the word.

200

Lieut. Gen. Bright sword.

Gen. That may be thine,
But 'tis not mine.

Lieut. Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant troops perceive mine ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue; they fly
That first did give the lie.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bayes. This, now, is not improper, I think, because the spectators know all these towns, and may easily conceive them to be within the dominions of the two Kings of Brentford.

210

Johns. Most exceeding well design'd!

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop to this battle?

Smi. How?

Bayes. By an eclipse: which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancy that was yet never so much as thought of, but by myself, and one person more, that shall be nameless. Come, come in, Mr.—a—

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What midnight darkness does invade the day,
And snatch the victor from his conquer'd prey?
Is the sun weary of this bloody fight,
And winks upon us with his eye of light?
'Tis an eclipse. This was unkind, O moon,
To clap between me and the sun so soon.
Foolish eclipse! thou this in vain hast done;
My brighter honor had eclips'd the sun.
But now behold eclipses two in one.

220

[*Exit.*]

Johns. This is an admirable representation of a battle, as ever I saw.

Bayes. Aye, sir. But how would you fancy now to represent an eclipse?

230

Smi. Why, that's to be suppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Aye, you are ever at your suppose: ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well suppose the whole play. No, it must come in upon the stage, that's certain; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for 't that I am sure is new, and, I believe, to the purpose.

Johns. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a dialogue, between Phœbus and Aurora, in *The Slighted Maid*: which, by my troth, was very pretty; tho', I think, you'll confess this is a little
240 better.

Johns. No doubt on't, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. But, sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your eclipse of the moon is nothing else but an interposition of the earth between the sun and moon: as likewise your eclipse of the sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the moon betwixt the earth and sun?

Smi. I have heard so, indeed.

Bayes. Well, sir; what do me I, but make the earth, sun, and moon, come out upon the stage, and dance the hey hum? And, of necessity, by the very nature of this dance, the earth must be sometimes between the
250 sun and the moon, and the moon between the earth and sun; and there you have both your eclipses. That is new, i' gad, ha?

Johns. That must needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes. Yes, there is some fancy in't. And then, sir, that there may be something in it of a joke, I make the moon sell the earth a bargain. Come, come out, eclipse, to the tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter LUNA.

Luna. Orbis, O Orbis,
Come to me thou little rogue Orbis.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. What calls *Terra Firma*, pray?

Luna. Luna, that ne'er shines by day.

260 *Orb.* What means Luna in a veil?

Luna. Luna means to shew her tail.

Enter SOL.

Sol. Fie, sister, fie; thou mak'st me muse;
Dery, dery down,
To see thee Orb abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;
Since I did it out of love.

Hey down, dery down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?

270 *Luna.* To-morrow soon, ere it be noon,
On Mount Vesuvio.

Sol. Then I will shine.

[*Bis.*

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And we will drink nothing but Lipary wine.

Omnes. And we, &c.

Bayes. So, now, vanish eclipse, and enter t'other battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

A battle is fought between foot and great hobbyhorses. At last, DRAWCANSIR comes in, and kills 'em all on both sides. All this while the battle is fighting, BAYES is telling them when to shout, and shouts with 'em.

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill;
But I the blood of thousands daily spill.
Let petty kings the names of parties know:
Where'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest horsemen my swift rage controls,
And from their bodies drives their trembling souls.
If they had wings, and to the gods could fly,
I would pursue, and beat 'em thro' the sky;
And make proud Jove, with all his thunder, see
This single arm more dreadful is than he.

[*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, sirs. I have read of your Hector, your Achilles, and a hundred more; but I defy all your histories, and your romances too, i' gad, to shew me one such conqueror as this Drawcansir.

Johns. I swear, I think you may.

Smi. But, Mr. Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off, for I see none alive to help 'em?

Bayes. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs: how should they go off? Why, do you think the people do not know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; your friend here is very silly, Mr. Johnson, i' gad, he is. Come, sir, I'll show you go off. Rise, sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you. Hark you, Mr.

Ivory. Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [Exit.

Johns. Will you so? Then we'll be gone.

Smi. Aye, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One battle more would take mine quite away. [Exeunt.

Enter BAYES and Players.

Bayes. Where are the gentlemen?

1 Play. They are gone, sir.

Bayes. Gone! 'Sdeath, this last act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. [Exit.

3 Play. Stay, here's a foul piece of paper of his. Let's see what 'tis. [Reads.

"The Argument of the Fifth Act.

"Chloris, at length, being sensible of Prince Pretty-man's passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to church, Prince Pretty-

man meeting, by chance, with old Joan the chandler's widow, and remembering it was she that first brought him acquainted with Chloris, out of a high point of honor, breaks off his match with Chloris, and marries old Joan. Upon which, Chloris, in despair, drowns herself; and Prince Pretty-man, discontentedly, walks by the river side."

1 *Play*. Pox on't, this will never do; 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt*.]

Enter BAYES.

320 *Bayes*. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me sweat to run after 'em. A couple of senseless rascals, that had rather go to dinner than see this play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come Mr.—a—Where are you, sir? Come away quick, quick.

Enter Players again.

Play. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the players.

Play. Why, an't please your worship, sir, the players are gone to dinner too.

330 *Bayes*. How! Are the players gone to dinner? 'Tis impossible: the players gone to dinner! I' gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honor to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I' gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. I' gad, I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this play to the other house.

Play. Nay, good sir, don't take away the book; you'll disappoint the town, that comes to see it acted here, this afternoon.

340 *Bayes*. That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to myself, my book and I will go together, we will not part, indeed, sir. The town! Why, what care I for the town? I' gad, the town has us'd me as scurvily as the players have done; but I'll be reveng'd on them too: I will both lampoon and print 'em too, i'gad. Since they will not admit of my plays, they shall know what a satirist I am. And so farewell to this stage for ever, i'gad. [*Exit*.]

1 *Play*. What shall we do now?

2 *Play*. Come then, let's set up bills for another play. We shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

350 1 *Play*. I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's see Haynes and Shirley practice the last dance; for that may serve for another play.

2 *Play*. I'll call 'em: I think they are in the tiring-room.

The dance done.

1 *Play*. Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt omnes*.]

EPILOGUE.

The play is at an end, but where's the plot?
That circumstance our poet Bayes forgot;
And we can boast, tho' 'tis a plotting age,
No place is freer from it than the stage.
The ancients plotted, tho', and strove to please
With sense that might be understood with ease;
They every scene with so much wit did store
That who brought any in, went out with more:
But this new way of wit does so surprise,
10 Men lose their wits in wond'ring where it lies.
If it be true that monstrous births presage
The following mischiefs that afflicts the age,
And sad disasters to the State proclaim;
Plays, without head or tail, may do the same.
Wherefore, for ours, and for the kingdom's peace,
May this prodigious way of writing cease.
Let's have, at least, once in our lives, a time
When we may hear some reason, not all rime:
We have these ten years felt its influence;
20 Pray let this prove a year of prose and sense.

NOTES

Many of the following notes are taken from Sir Walter Scott, whose edition of Dryden, first published in 1808, has become an English classic. The text printed in Professor Saintsbury's revision of Scott's edition (London and Edinburgh, 1882-93) has been used as a basis, but it has often been corrected or abbreviated. When a note is taken from Scott with no change whatever, it is enclosed in quotation marks and his name is added. When Scott's note has been modified by the omission, alteration, or addition of even a single word, quotation marks are retained, but the name is enclosed in brackets [SCOTT]. The same notation is used for the comments taken from other critics, notably Professor Saintsbury (in the same edition) and Professor Ker (in *Essays of John Dryden*, Oxford, 1900). Occasional reference is made to Malone's edition of *The Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden*, London, 1800; and to the Globe edition of Dryden, edited by Christie.

The system of reference is as follows: the numbers ordinarily go in pairs, in which the first (in heavier type) stands for the page, the second for the line on that page. Thus **74**, 59 = page **74**, line 59; *v. n.* **74**, 59 = see note on **74**, 59; *v.* **74**, 59, *u.* = see **74**, 59, and note.

The following abbreviations, as well as those in universal use, are employed in the following notes and in the footnotes to the text.

Cgd. = *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672.

F. = Folio edition of Dryden's *Comedies, Tragedies, and Operas*, 1701.

K. = (except in notes on *The Rehearsal*) Professor Ker's edition of *Essays of John Dryden*.

M. = Mermaid edition of dramas by Dryden, edited by Professor Saintsbury, London and New York, 1904.

Ncs. = *New Court Songs and Poems*, by R. V. Gent, 1672.

N. E. D. = *New English Dictionary*.

Q. = Early quarto edition of play printed in this volume; see pp. **2**, **148**, **222**, **306**, **472**, **xxxii**.

Ss. = Scott-Saintsbury edition of Dryden.

Wd. = *Westminster Drollery, the Second Part*, 1672.

On [A.], [K.], and [N.], in notes on *The Rehearsal*, see p. **472**.

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA

For general information on *The Conquest of Granada*, see *Introduction*, pp. xxiv-xxvii. The title-pages of this and of the other plays in this volume are not literally reproduced from those in the early editions, but are adapted from them. Dryden's Virgilian motto refers to his undertaking a work "as far above the ordinary proportion of the stage, as that is beyond the common words and actions of human life." (v. 8, 9, 45-2.) His own translation of it is:—

A larger scene of action is display'd;
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

DEDICATION

3. *The Duke*. "James, Duke of York, afterwards James II." SCOTT.
22. *Personal valor*. "Although the valor of the unfortunate James II seems to have sunk with his good fortune, there is no reason to question his having merited the compliment in the text. The Duke of Buckingham, in his memoirs, has borne witness to the intrepidity with which he encountered the dangers of his desperate naval actions with the Dutch." [SCOTT.]
Acknowledging. Conscious of indebtedness.
4. *Your valor*. "When General Lockhart commanded the troops of the Protector in Flanders, the Duke of York was a volunteer in the Spanish army, and was present at the defeat which the latter received before Dunkirk, June 14, 1658." [SCOTT.]
30. *Success*. Outcome.
45. *And if, since that memorable day*. The day was that of the defeat of the Dutch off Lowestoft, June 3, 1665.
5. 10. *A surprise*. The reference is to the events of 1667, when a Dutch fleet entered the Thames, sailed up the Medway, and burned three English men-of-war.
11. *Furcæ Caudinæ*. The reference is to the famous defeat of the Romans by the Samnites in B. C. 321.
19. *A just historian*. Dryden had only recently (August, 1670) received the posts of Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal.

ESSAY OF HEROIC PLAYS

7. 32. *For heroic plays*, etc. Dryden's account of the topic is not complete; for further details see *Introduction*, pp. xiv-xix, and the references there given.
8. 11. *Just*. "i. e. regular." KER.
31. *Le donne*, etc.
Of loves and ladies, knights and arms, I sing,
Of courtesies, and many a darling feat. (*Rose's Translation*.)
35. *Love and valor ought to be the subject of it*.
"The practice and theory of Tasso show how the classical form of Epic had been generally modified by the influence of

the romances. Homer and Amadis are both authorities for the right conduct of Epic. The *Accademia della Crusca* went further and said there was no difference between Romance and Epic, except that the latter was tedious (*Difesa dell' Orlando Furioso*, 1584)." KER.

- 35, 36. Both these Sir William Davenant had begun to shadow, etc. Compare the following passage in Davenant's *Preface to Gondibert*:

"In the choice of these objects (which are as seamarks to direct the dangerous voyage of life) I thought fit to follow the rule of coasting maps, where the shelves and rocks are describ'd as well as the safe channel; the care being equal how to avoid as to proceed." (Davenant, *Works*, 1673, p. 6.)

This whole *Essay of Heroic Plays*, as we shall see, owes much to this *Preface to Gondibert* and to Hobbes's *Answer* to it (printed in the same volume).

40. As the ancients call'd it, one entire and great action. The phrase goes back to Aristotle's *Poetics*, chapter vi, but in Dryden's time had become a mere commonplace of criticism.
- 9, 8. That it ought, etc. The passage in italics is a summary of Davenant's ideas in his *Preface to Gondibert*, not a direct quotation from him.

- 12, 13. Thus he takes the image of an heroic poem from the drama.

"I cannot discern by any help from reading, or learned men (who have been to me the best and briefest indexes of books), that any nation hath in representment of great actions (either by heroics or dramatics) digested story into so pleasant and instructive a method as the English by their drama: and by that regular species (though narratively and not in dialogue) I have drawn the body of an heroic poem; in which I did not only observe the symmetry, proportioning five books to five acts, and cantos to scenes (the scenes having their number ever governed by occasion), but all the *shadowings, happy strokes, secret graces*, and even the *drapery*, which together make the second beauties, I have (I hope) exactly followed." (Davenant, *op. cit.*, p. 7.)

25. Non enim, etc. From Petronius, *Satyricon*, 118. After *ministra* Dryden has omitted *et fabulosum sententiarum tormentum*. "For actual events should not be recounted in verse,—something that historians do far better; but, through digressions, and the interpositions of the gods, the free spirit should be urged on, so that the prophesying of an inspired mind may appear in the poem, rather than the accuracy of a scrupulous discourse, controlled by witnesses."

"This is quoted by almost every critic of the *Epic Poem*; by Sir R. Fanshawe, in his translation of Camoens, by St. Evremond, Rapin, Bossu, &c., also by Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, c. 14." KER.

30. Lucan. "Lucan, who chose to write the greatest actions that ever were allowed to be true (which, for fear of contemporary witnesses, obliged him to a very close attendance upon fame), did not observe that such an enterprise rather beseemed an historian than a poet. . . .

"I have been thus hard to call him to account for the choice of his argument, not merely as it was story, but because the actions he recorded were so eminent, and so near his time,

that he could not assist Truth with such ornaments as poets, for useful pleasure, have allowed her, lest the feigned complexion might render the true suspected." (Davenant, *op. cit.*, p. 2.)

Lucan's poem, the *Pharsalia*, treats of the civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey.

32. *Sting of an epigram.* Dryden has already contemptuously referred to "the jerk or sting of an epigram" in his *Account of the Ensuing Poem* prefixed to *Annus Mirabilis* (1667). In his condemnation of them he was undoubtedly influenced by Davenant, who classes "conceits, things that sound like the knacks or toys of ordinary epigrammatists," among the peculiarities of a style falsely accounted wit by young men. (Davenant, *op. cit.*, p. 9.) Cf. 144, 22, n.

40. *The oracle of Appius*, etc. v. Lucan, *Pharsalia*, v. 64f; vi. 507f.

42. *For my part*, etc. Here Dryden replies to an argument of Davenant, of which only two sentences need be quoted:

"But Tasso, though he came late into the world, must have his share in that critical war which never ceases among the learned, and he seems most unfortunate, because his errors, which are derived from the ancients, when examined, grow in a great degree excusable in them, and by being his admit no pardon. Such are his council assembled in heaven, his witch's expeditions through the air, and enchanted woods inhabited with ghosts." (Davenant, *op. cit.*, p. 3.)

Dryden's object is, of course, to justify his adoption of the supernatural machinery rejected by Davenant.

- 10, 6. *And if any man*, etc. This is a direct reply to Hobbes:

"There are some that are not pleased with fiction, unless it be bold not only to exceed the work, but also the possibility of nature: they would have impenetrable armors, enchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and a thousand other such things, which are easily figured by them that dare. Against such I defend you [Davenant] (without assenting to those that condemn either Homer or Virgil) by dissenting only from those that think the beauty of a poem consisteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of historical, so the resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of poetical liberty. In old time amongst the heathen such strange fictions and metamorphoses were not so remote from the articles of their faith as they are now from ours, and therefore were not so unpleasant. Beyond the actual works of nature a poet may now go, but beyond the conceived possibility of nature never." (*Op. cit.*, p. 25.)

17. *Incorporeal substances.* "All other names are but insignificant sounds; and those of two sorts. One, when they are new, and yet their meaning not explained by definition. . . . Another, when men make a name of two names whose significations are contradictory and inconsistent; as this name, an *incorporeal body*, or (which is all one) an *incorporeal substance*, and a great number more." (Hobbes, *Leviathan*, part I, chap. 4.)

31. *Mr. Cowley's verses before Gondibert.* These begin as follows in the Davenant folio of 1673:

Methinks heroic poesy till now

Like some fantastic fairyland did show;
 Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
 And all but man, in man's chief work had place.
 Thou, like some worthy knight, with sacred arms
 Dost drive the monsters thence, and end the charms;
 Instead of these, dost men and manners plant,
 The things which that rich soil did chiefly want:
 Yet ev'n thy mortals do their gods excel,
 Taught by thy Muse to fight and love so well.

Dryden's admiration for Cowley declined much with advancing years, as the following passage will sufficiently illustrate:

"I look'd over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley: there I found . . . the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the *Davidels*, a heroic poem, which is of an opposite nature to those puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought." (*Discourse concerning Satire*, Ss. xiii, 116, 117.)

39. *And if that be the most noble*, etc. This passage is such a commonplace, despite its contradiction of Aristotle, who (*Poetics*, xxvi) gives the preference to tragedy, that citation of authorities is almost superfluous. But perhaps the following from Davenant, whom Dryden is here alternately following and combating, may be worth quotation:

"Having confessed that the desire of fame made me a writer, I must declare why in my riper age I chose to gain it more especially by an heroic poem, and the heroic being by most allowed to be the most beautiful of poems, I shall not need to decide the quarrels of poets about the degrees of excellence in poesy. . . .

"In my despair of reducing the minds of common men, I have not confessed any weakness of poesy in the general science, but rather inferred the particular strength of the heroic, which hath a force that over-matches the infancy of such minds as are not enabled by degrees of education; but there are lesser forces in other kinds of poesy, by which they may train and prepare their understandings." (*Op. cit.*, pp. 12, 18.)

44. *Segnius*, etc. Horace, *Ars Poet.* 180, 181. "Less keenly are our spirits stirred by what drops into the ears, than by what is placed before the trustworthy eyes" (*Lonsdale and Lee's translation*).

- 11, 1. *To those who object*, etc. Here Dryden contradicts an opinion advanced in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668), where Neander, representing Dryden himself, says: "I must acknowledge . . . that the French have reason to hide that part of the action which would occasion too much tumult on the stage, and to choose rather to have it made known by narration to the audience." (Ss. xv. 336.)

10. *The poet is, then*, etc. Compare, in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*: "Indeed, the indecency of tumults is all which can be objected against fighting: for why may not our imagination as well suffer itself to be deluded with the probability of it, as with any other thing in the play?" (Ss. xv. 336.)

12. *The Red Bull*. This was a theater of an inferior sort both before

the closing of the theaters and after the Restoration. Two passages from *Pepys' Diary* may illustrate its later reputation :

March 23, 1661. "To the Red Bull (where I had not been since plays come up again), up to the tireing-room, where strange the confusion and disorder that there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poore, and the actors but common fellows."

October 30, 1662. "I would not forget . . . Thos. Killigrew's way of getting to see plays when he was a boy. He would go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys: 'Who will go and be a devil and he shall see the play for nothing? then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays.'"

On April 25, 1664, Pepys saw a prize fight at the Red Bull.

29. *Calprenède*. v. *Introduction*, p. xv. Professor Ker aptly quotes Boileau :

Tout à l'humeur gasconne en un auteur gascon ;
Calprenède et Juba parlent du même ton.

(*L'Art Poétique*, iii 129, 130.)]

39. Οἶνοβαρὲς, etc. *Iliad*, i 225. "Thou heavy with wine, that hast the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a stag!"

40. Δημοβόρος, etc. *Ibid.* 231. "Prince that dost devour thy people!"

43. Ἔλκετο, etc. *Ibid.* 194. "He drew from the sheath the mighty sword."

- 12, 3. Ἀλλ', etc. *Ibid.* 287, 288. "But this man wishes to excel all others; he wishes to rule all, and to be prince over all."

6. *Honoratum*, etc. *Ars Poet.* 120-122. "If you once more introduce on the stage illustrious Achilles, he must appear as one restless, passionate, inexorable, keen of soul; he must say law was not made for the like of him, appealing to the sword alone" (*Lonsdale and Lee's translation*).

14. *Venga*, etc. *Gerusalemme Liberata*, v. 43.

Here let him come in all his pomp of state;
I place my proud foot on the ground, and wait
His unfear'd presence and his scorn'd decree;
Sharp arms shall be our only jurors, Fate
Sole arbitress, and foemen flock to see
The sportful drama played,—a deep, deep tragedy.

Wiffen's translation.

18. *The point of honor*. "Most of the Spanish plays turn on the Point of Honor, and the French and English imitated them. Compare *The Adventures of Five Hours*, act v:

Don Henrique. Why, were not you, Antonio, fighting with him?

Were you not doing all you could to kill him?

Don Antonio. Henrique, 'tis true; but, finding in my breast

An equal strife 'twixt honor and revenge,

I do, in just compliance with them both,

Preserve him from your sword, to fall by mine.

Don Carlos. Brave man, how nicely he does honor weigh!

Justice herself holds not the scales more even." [KER.]

See Dodsley's *Old English Plays*, ed. Hazlitt, xv. 309, and compare *The Rehearsal*, pp. 409, 410, 199-225.

25. *Cyrus and Oroondates*. See *Introduction*, pp. xiv, xv. Oroondates is the hero of Calprenède's *Cassandre*.
37. *Ben Jonson's Cethegus*, etc. Dryden is here writing from memory. In Jonson's *Catiline* it is Catiline himself who threatens to look Cicero dead (act IV, sc. ii); Cethegus offers to kill all the senate (act IV, sc. iii); the threat of destroying nature is divided between Catiline, Cethegus, and Curius (act III, sc. iii). Dryden's defense is a lame one; the rant of Catiline and Cethegus, unlike that of Almanzor, is meant to arouse contempt, not admiration.
- 13, 15. *With a word*. "‘Una voce, qua Quirites eos pro militibus appellarat.’ Suetonius, *Julius*, 70." KER.
22. *Duke of Guise*. "Cf. *Memoires de feu Monsieur le Duc de Guise*, Paris, 1668 (edited by the Sieur de Saintcyon, his secretary; the time of the history is from Nov. 1647 to Ap. 1648). The *Eloge* describes his courage: ‘Toute la Noblesse du Royaume de Naples l’a vu avec etonnement luy resister presque seul, et percer l’épée à la main tout ce qui s’opposoit aux efforts de son courage. . . . Il brava les vents et la mer, et luy quatrième dans une felouque méprisa toute une Flotte ennemie pour aller secourir ses amis.’ These Memoirs were translated into English (1669)." KER.
31. *Ast opere*, etc. Incorrectly from Horace, *Ars Poet.* 360: Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum. "However, it is allowable, if in a long work sleep steals over a writer" (*Lonsdale and Lee's translation*).

TEXT.

14. *Mrs. Ellen Gwyn*. This actress, famous as the mistress of Charles II, created the part of the virtuous Almahide.
1. *T'other house's*. The *Conquest of Granada* was acted by the King's Company, at the Theater Royal, in Drury Lane. The Duke's Company, the rival organization, played at the Dorset Garden Theater. In the latter company Nokes was a leading actor. Christiē states, without citing his authority: "The borrowing of the jest of broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt from Nokes and the other house . . . is said to refer to a caricature of French dress by Nokes at the Duke of York's Theater, during the visit of the Duchess of Orleans and her suite to England, in May, 1670."
19. *Two the best comedians of the age*. For this and the following references the editor has found no explanation.
33. *To like*. As to like. [SAINTSBURY.]
- 17, 1, 2. *Thus in*, etc. Leigh in *The Censure of the Rota* remarks, quite unjustly, that these two opening lines "agree as ill, as if one were a Moor, and the other a Spaniard."
10. *The flying skirmish of the darted cane*. "The 'juego de cañas' or djereed." SAINTSBURY.

Byron speaks of

Many an active deed

With saber keen, or blunt jerreed.

(*Bride of Abydos*, stanza viii, ll. 237, 238.)

and informs us in a note: "The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful."

- 18, 29. *Ginnets*. Jennet, small Spanish horse.

40. *Launch'd*. Pierced.
61. *Mirador*. "A parapeted balcony, or rather look-out, usual in Hispano-Mauresque houses." SAINTSBURY.
70. *Escapade*. In its original meaning of *fling* or *gambol* of a horse. The word comes from the Spanish, through the French, and Dryden may well have found it in his French source.
73. *What after pass'd*. Hemistichs, or broken lines, are common in Dryden's heroic plays, and are found also in *Absalom and Achitophel*. As Professor Collins remarks in a note on line 87 of that poem (in his edition of *The Satires of Dryden*, London, 1905), they are probably introduced in imitation of Virgil's practice. Dryden abandoned them as his taste became more mature; thus he used them in some selections from Virgil translated for *Sylvæ*, a volume of miscellany poems published in 1685, but laid them aside in his complete translation of Virgil published in 1697. In the *Dedication of the Æneis* published with the latter work, he writes: "I have shunn'd hemistichs, not being willing to imitate Virgil to a fault, like Alexander's courtiers, who affected to hold their necks awry, because he could not help it." (Ss. xiv. 223.)
74. *Ventanna*. Spanish *ventana*, a window.
- 19, 95. *Prevent*. Anticipate, get before.
100. *Atabals*. Kettledrums.
- 21, 167. *Ought*. Owed; an archaism.
- 22, 234. *Heav'n sake*. The final -s of the genitive is sometimes omitted before a word beginning with s, especially before *sake*. See Jespersen, *Growth and Structure of the English Language*, § 186. Cf. 249, 410.
- 23, 246. *Xeriff*. "The still reigning royal family of Morocco." SAINTSBURY.
275. *Precarious*. Suppliant, supplicating.
- 25, 361. *Zambra*. Velasquez' *Spanish Dictionary* defines this as: "A Moorish festival or feast, attended with dancing and music." Here it is evidently used for a dance alone.
- 26, 26, 27. *Fate . . . above*. Settle remarks: "Which last two lines if he can show me any sense or thought in, or anything but bombast and noise, he shall make me believe every word in his observations on *Morocco* sense." (*Reflections*, etc., 1687, p. 53.) Settle's censure is here quite as unjust as it is ill-natured.
29. *And lost the tale, and took 'em by the great*. Lost count and took them wholesale.
- 27, 78. *Our triumphs*. "Triumphs over us." SAINTSBURY.
- 31, 241. *While we to purpose can be foes*. So QqF SsM, but the sense would suggest an emendation to, *till we to purpose can be foes*.
- 35, 170. *Upon liking*. Compare:
 The royal soul . . .
 Came but a while on liking here.
 Threnodia Augustalis, 150, 153.
 On this Scott comments: "To engage on liking . . . is to take a temporary trial of a service, or business, with license to quit it at pleasure."
36. SONG. In a miscellany entitled *Westminster Drollery; or, A Choice Collection of the Newest Songs and Poems*, 1671, this song is twice printed, once under the title *A Song at the King's House*, and again under the title *A Vision*. The former text

supplies the following variants: (199) *Which none but Love, for;* (203) *Whilst;* (204) *Flowers, that;* (205) *bright Virgins;* (207) *temple . . . shady;* (211) *that languish;* (213) *can my bliss and you;* (214) *lovely shade;* (220) *For rather then;* (224) *And yet, Thus, thus, she cry'd;* (229) *I fancy I had done;* (231) *Whilst;* (232) *I must ease.* The latter text supplies the following variants: (199) *Which Jove for none;* (207) *white shoulders;* (208) *nor too;* (210) *ev'ry part;* (213) *will you;* (214) *by Jove this lonesome shade;* (221) *she spoke methought;* (231) *your scorn.*

- 41, 402, 403. "That minute, etc. The quotation marks before these lines in QqF are evidently meant to emphasize them, or to point them out as suitable for quotation.

- 44, 11. *The people*, etc. On this passage Settle remarks:

"A very pretty allusion, contrary to all sense or reason. Torrents, I take it, let 'em wind never so much, can never return to their former course, unless he can suppose that fountains can go upwards, which is impossible; nay more, in the foregoing page he tells us so too; a trick of a very unfaithful memory:

But can no more then fountains upwards flow.

Which of a torrent, which signifies a rapid stream, is much more impossible. Besides, if he goes to quibble, and say that 't is possible by art water may be made return, and the same water run twice in one and the same channel; then he quite confutes what he says: for 't is by being opposed that it runs into its former course; for all engines that make water so return, do it by compulsion and opposition. Or, if he means a headlong torrent for a tide, which would be ridiculous, yet they do not wind [Settle prints *ye do not write*] in volumes but come fore-right back (if their upright lies straight to their former course), and that by opposition of the sea-water, that drives 'em back again." (*Ibid.*, pp. 80, 81.)

The criticism is, as usual, captious and unjust. Dryden merely gives a description of a flooded river returning to its former bed.

- 45, 27. *Theirs restore*. The grammar is peculiar, the verb being attracted into the plural by the preceding possessive.

- 46, 56. *Age sets to fortune*. *Sets to* means *engages in play with*: Compare, in the prologue to Dryden's *Secret Love*:

Then, for his sake, ne'er stint your own delight;
Throw boldly, for he sets to all that write.

(*Ss.* ll. 423.)

So the purport of this somewhat obscure passage seems to be: "Age gambles (methodically) against fortune, while youth risks all on one bold throw."

- 47, 45. *Expect*. Wait for.

49. *SONG*. This song is also printed in *Westminster Drollery*, 1671, under the title, *A Song at the King's House*; cf. n. 36. That text repeats the last line in each stanza, and also furnishes the following variants: (129) *heart burns;* (132) *mine eyes;* (133) *sweet dream;* (135) *Then I sigh;* (136) *being rival;* (140) *and ever.*

- 50, 194. *Not in fault*. The *l* of *fault* was not pronounced in Dryden's time, so that the rhyme with *bought* is correct. The modern

- pronunciation is in conformity to an "etymological" spelling. Dr. Johnson writes in his *Dictionary* (1755): "The *l* is sometimes sounded and sometimes mute. In conversation it is generally suppressed." Cf. 106, 49, footnote.
- 51, 221. *Benzayda*. The name is pronounced in this play sometimes as three syllables, sometimes as four. See, for example, 52, 277 (where the spelling *Benzaiida* occurs in Q1) and 83, 67.
- 56, 416. *From out their palaces*. That is: *from outside their palaces*; the construction is peculiar.
419. *If not*, etc. Cf. *The Rehearsal*, 413, 414, 124-147.
431. *Equal*. Just, impartial.
- 58, 29. *Oblige*. In New England this word is still often pronounced so as to rime with *siege*. Cf. 63, 89, 90.
59. SCENE II. The early editions indicate no change of scene. Apparently, but not certainly, the place shifts to the house of Abenamar. Compare note on *Scene III*, p. 61.
- 60, 85. *Retrenchment*. A *retrenchment* is "a work constructed within another, to prolong the defense of the position when the enemy has gained possession of the outer work." (*Webster's International Dictionary*.)
61. SCENE III. Again the early editions indicate no change of scene; perhaps the place was meant to be the same throughout the act.
- 62, 48. *Desert*. The rime with *part* was correct according to the pronunciation of Dryden's time.
- 63, 107. *Where'er I go*, etc. This passage may have been suggested by Shakspere, *Coriolanus*, III. iii 117-124. Lines 109, 110 are ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*, 415, 201, 202.
- 64, 124. *Thou dar'st*, etc. Ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*, 415, 207, 208.
129. *As some fair tulip*, etc. This simile is parodied in *The Rehearsal*, 399, 15-22. Boabdelin observes Mr. Bayes's rule: "You must ever make a *simile* when you are surpris'd."
- Leigh remarks in *The Censure of the Rota*: "This tulip that could hear the wind sing its epicidium after it was dead, you may be sure grew nowhere but in a poet's garden."
- 65, 169. *Still*. Always.
192. *Hardly*. With difficulty.
- 66, 213. *Your sight*. The sight of you.
231. *On another's hand*. "i. e. for another's advantage." SAINTSBURY.
249. *Still*. Continually.
- 67, 289, 270. *It was your fault*, etc. Dryden seems to have been impressed by the absurdity of this couplet and to have canceled it in the second edition. It was restored in the third edition, whether by his wish or not it is hard to say.
- 70, 19. *When forty comes*, etc. Born in 1631, Dryden was thirty-nine at the time this play was produced. The passage is evidently meant to be humorous.
25. *This year's delay*. This apparently alludes to the lapse of a year since the production of *Tyrannic Love*, Dryden's last play, despite a contract that he had made to write three dramas a year for the King's Company, in which he was a shareholder. Cf. n. 394, 116.
26. *The women were away*. Nell Gwyn had given birth to Charles Beauclerk, her son by Charles II, on May 8, 1670, some time

before the production of *The Conquest of Granada*. Other actresses were apparently absent for similar reasons.

71. *Stimulos*, etc. "Emulous valor gave the stimulus." Dryden alludes, of course, to his own efforts to surpass the earlier part of his own play.
- 72, 13. *Vizard-mask*. The *vizard-mask*, *visor-mask*, or *vizard* was in public places a mark of a courtesan; hence the word became a cant term for one. Cf. 152, 4; 193, 132 f. In a proclamation by Queen Anne for the reformation of the stage, January 17, 1704, occurs the clause: "That no woman be allowed or presume to wear a vizard-mask in either of the theaters." (Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, New York, 1883, p. 255.)
- 74, 51. *Assures*. Probably a mere mistake in grammar, made to gain a rhyme. Verbal plurals in *-s* are found, however, in the English dialects. The idiom may be ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*, 417, 40.
53. *Tertia*. "A regiment of infantry." SAINTSBURY. The editor has been unable to verify this definition.
- 77, 21. *What new*, etc. Cf. *The Rehearsal*, 421, 125.
35. *Curst be their leaders*, etc. The following speeches reflect the views of the high-flying Tory party to which Dryden belonged, and show the satiric power which ten years later reached perfection in *Absalom and Achitophel*. The line "They keep the people's purses in their hands" is of course applicable only to English conditions."
- 78, 76. *Haste*, etc. Cf. *The Rehearsal*, 421, 126-129.
- 79, 128. *So two kind turtles*, etc. This simile is parodied in *The Rehearsal*, 394, 140-145. To justify it, Dryden quotes from "Virgil" in the margin of the second and third quartos: *Solique sedent in margine ripæ. Soli cantare periti, Arcades*. The second of these phrases is from *Eclogue* x. 32, 33; the first may be Dryden's own invention,—at all events it is not found in Virgil.
132. *Dropping*. Dripping.
- 80, 154. *Fearful*. Cf. 109, 31 (stage direction), n.
- 81, 212. *Rakes up*. "Not in the usual sense of 'stirring up,' but in that of 'rakes the ashes over,' 'banks up.'" [SAINTSBURY.]
- 84, 86. *Faults*. v. n. 50, 194.
- 86, 17. *Hyena*. "*Hiena*. A subtle Beast like a Wolf, having a mane and hair on his body, counterfeiting the voice of a man; in the night it will call shepherds out of their houses, and kill them; he is sometime Male and sometime Female." H[enry] C[ockeram], *The English Dictionary*, ed. 11, London, 1658, part 3.
18. *The weeping crocodile*, "*Crocodile* . . . Having eaten the body of a man it will weep over the head, but in fine eat head also; thence came the Proverb, She shed Crocodile tears, viz. feigned tears." *Ibid*.
- Cf. 244, 225, and, in Shakspeare:
 Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
 Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers.
- 2 Henry VI, III. 1. 224-227.
- 87, 49. *Lets*. Hindrances.
59. *Alferez*. Ensign.

- 90, 7. *Still*. Always.
- 91, 39. *They be*. As Leigh remarks in *The Censure of the Rota*, Dryden here uses an idiom that he condemns in Jonson. v. 141, 40.
- 92, 80. *Calenture*. A kind of tropical fever, accompanied by delirium. The word is of Spanish origin, through the French, and Dryden may well have found it in one of his sources. For parallel passages Saintsbury refers to Wordsworth's *Brothers* and Heine's *Seegespenst*.
105. *Spite of myself*, etc. This passage is parodied in *The Rehearsal*, 416, 209, 210. Dryden, in the second and third quartos, defends it by citing in the margin Virgil's phrase *possunt quia posse videntur* (*Æneid*, v. 231), "They are able, because they seem to be able."
- 93, 14. *The gross-daub'd landscape*. At this time the figure had the charm of novelty, since painted scenery of a sort approaching our own had first been used in Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*. v. *Introduction*, p. xvii; 8, 6.
25. *You!* etc. Before this line SsM insert the stage-direction, *sighing and going off*. Before the next line they similarly insert, *approaching him*.
- 94, 61. *Bright*, etc. "Crystal is a bright stone and clear, with watery colour. Men trowe that it is of snow or ice made hard in space of many years." STEELE, *Mediæval Lore from Bartholomew Anglicus*, London, 1905, p. 37.
- 96, 136. *Fault*. v. n. 50, 194.
144. *May Turnus' fate*, etc. v. *Æneid*, xii, 938f.
- 97, 192. *Libration*. The word refers to any motion like that of a balance before coming to rest. Probably no definite metaphor is intended here.
- 103, 114. *In revenge*. In compensation, to make up for it.
- 106, 49. *Fault*. v. n. 50, 194.
- 100, 31. (stage direction). *Fearful*. Timid, timorous, as in *All for Love*, 253, 89, and often in Shakspeare.
- 113, 67. *Attend*. Await.
- 114, 95. *I am the ghost*, etc. Cf. *The Rehearsal*, 412, 76, 77.
- 115, 145. *Since thy*, etc. Cf. 348, 161, n.
156. *Who dares*, etc. Cf. *The Rehearsal*, 415, 189.
- 117, 223. *To comply*. As to comply.
- 118, 279. *But image-like*, etc. "The reference seems to be to the excuse for image-worship,—that the images are not intended to be directly adored, but merely to fix and stimulate the devotion of the worshiper." [SAINTSBURY.]
- 120, 341. *Damn your delay*, etc. Admirably parodied by Fielding:
D—n your delay, you trifler, are you drunk, ha?
I will not hear one word but Huncamunca.
The Tragedy of Tragedies, II. x. 10, 11.
- 122, 37. *Dar'd like a lark*. To dare larks is "to catch them by producing terror through the use of mirrors, scarlet cloth, a hawk, etc., so that they lie still till a net is thrown over them." (*Webster's International Dictionary*.)
- 128, 51. *Frank gamesters*. Frank here has the sense of *generous, lavish*. Such a gamester must cease playing or become bankrupt. The *New English Dictionary* quotes from Etherege: "Lose it all like a frank gamester on the square." (*The Man of Mode*, V. 1.)

- 130, 126. 'Tis as the wren, etc. v. n. 254, 139.
 7. *I will advance*, etc. This passage most unfortunately escaped satire in *The Rehearsal*.
 133, 115. *Stabbing her*. Cf. 139, 32, n.
 135, 208. *But, when*, etc. Dryden seems to have modeled the conclusion of his play on that of Corneille's *Cid* (1636). In that drama the heroine, Chimène, at the instance of the King of Spain and of the Infanta, consents to accept the hand of her lover Rodrigue, who has been forced by honor to meet her father in a duel, and who has killed him. Rodrigue, however, must await her a year, which he is to spend in combat with the Moors.
 136, 6. *Cob's tankard*, etc. "The characters alluded to are Cob, the water-bearer, in *Every Man in his Humor*, and Captain Otter, in *Epicæne*; or, *The Silent Woman*, whose humor it was to christen his drinking cups by the names of Horse, Bull, and Bear." SCOTT.

DEFENSE OF THE EPILOGUE

- On this essay as a whole, see *Introduction*, p. xxxi.
 137, 23. *Ingeniis*, etc. Horace, *Epistles*, II. i. 88, 89.
 138, 1. *Lucillum lutulentum fuere*. Horace, *Satires*, I. x. 50.
 7. *Si foret*, etc. Horace, *Satires*, I. x. 68-70. In the second line *detraheret* is incorrectly quoted for *detereret*. "Yet he also, had fate put off his days to our age, would rub out many a line, and prune all that exceeded a perfect finish" (*Lonsdale and Lee's translation*).
 11. *Epistle to Augustus*. *Epistles*, II. i.
 34. *Quintilian*. "i. e. in the Dialogue *De Oratoribus*, which was sometimes ascribed to Quintilian, and regarded as the book of which he speaks in *Inst.* vi. (*proæmium*) and viii. 6. 76: 'Sed de hoc satis quia eundem locum plenius in eo libro quo causas corruptæ eloquentiæ reddebamus tractavimus.'" [KER.] This Dialogue is now ascribed, with some hesitation, to Tacitus.
 139, 10. *Some solecism*, etc. In Dryden's time historical English grammar was an unknown science. Nor had it made much progress in 1808, when Scott wrote the following quaint note:
 "In mitigation of the censure which must be passed on our author for this hasty and ill-considered judgment, let us remember the very inaccurate manner in which Shakspeare's plays were printed in the early editions."
 Yet Malone in 1800 had already given the true explanation: "These notorious flaws in sense, I conceive, will be found only by those who are not well acquainted with the phraseology of Shakspeare's time, as undoubtedly our author was not when he wrote this piece."
 14. *Neque ego*, etc. Horace, *Satires*, I. x. 48, 49, with a change of *illi* to *illis*. "Nor would I venture to pluck from his brows the crown that is fixed there with so much glory" (*Lonsdale and Lee's translation*).
 21. *I suppose*, etc. Scott's note has again a quaint flavor:
 "Mr. Malone has judiciously remarked that Dryden seems to have been ignorant of the order in which Shakspeare wrote his plays; and there will be charity in believing that he was

not intimately acquainted with those he so summarily and unjustly censures."

32. *He will see*, etc. v. *Philaster*, IV. iii, iv. Cf. 288, 531, 532. Yet Dryden seems to fall into the same "indecenty" in this very play; v. 133, 115.

35. *Diverts you*, etc. In Dryden's own tragi-comedies the two elements are kept fairly separate, not, as often in the Elizabethan dramatists, mingled in the same scene. On this whole question, cf. *Introduction*, pp. xxii, i-iii.

37. *You find his Demetrius*, etc. v. *The Humorous Lieutenant*, II. ii; IV. iv. Dryden himself commits even a worse absurdity when, in *The Indian Emperor*, he attributes chivalric gallantry to the natives of Mexico. Similarly, in *The Indian Queen*, by Dryden and Howard, the Indians of Mexico and Peru wage land campaigns against each other, despite all geographical obstacles. Scott's note on this subject is much to the point:

"In these criticisms, we see the effects of the refinement which our stage had now borrowed from the French. It is probable that, in the age of heroic plays, any degree of dullness, or extravagance, would have been tolerated in the dialogue, rather than an offense against the decorum of the scene."

40. *And for his Shepherd*, etc. v. *The Faithful Shepherdess*, III. i; IV. iv.

49. *Content with acorns*. "Acorns are part of the stock of the Golden Age. Compare Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 7, 8:

Liber et alma Ceres, vestro si munere tellus
Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit arista."

KER.

ἄλις δρυνός. "Cicero, *ad. Att.* ii. 19: 'Dices fortasse "dignitatis ἄλις, tamquam δρυνός: saluti, si me amas, consule.'" 'Enough of oak,' as the ancients said when they grew tired of acorns." KER.

- 140, 15. *Cædimus*, etc. Persius, iv. 42. Dryden's translation is:

Thus others we with defamations wound,

While they stab us; and so the jest goes round.

16. *Three or four first pages*. The mistake of *last* for *first*, originally made by Malone, has been copied in the modern editions; see footnote. As a matter of fact, the quotations which follow are nearly all from the early pages of *Catiline*. The first three and the fifth (*What all*, etc.) are from the monologue of the ghost of Sylla with which the tragedy opens.

28. *Gain'd*. Incorrectly quoted for Jonson's *got*.

29. *Doubt*. Suspect, as often in Dryden and his contemporaries.

33. *Synchysis*. "Cicero discusses the placing of words in *Orator*, c. 44f; σύγχυσις is not found in this context, but is used in his letters, e. g. σύγχυσιν litterularum, *Att.* vi. 9." KER.

35. *The waves*, etc. From a speech of Cethegus early in the first act of *Catiline*. *Waves* is incorrectly quoted for Jonson's *maws*, probably a printer's error due to Dryden's hasty handwriting.

37. *The preposition in the end of the sentence*, etc. "He [Dryden] accordingly, on a revision, corrected this inaccuracy in every sentence of his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* in which it occurred."

[MALONE.] The revision came between the first edition of the *Essay* (1668) and the second (1684). See Ss and K for notice of such variants.

- 141, 40. *Plague*. Incorrectly quoted for Jonson's *plagues*.
1. *Go on upon*, etc. This and the following quotation are from the second long speech of Catiline, near the opening of the tragedy. It seems useless to defend Jonson from Dryden's strictures, which may be answered by any one who has studied Shakspeare in a modern annotated edition. (*Go on upon*, for example, is easily seen, without the assistance of Scott's note, to mean *go on against*.) Dryden's remarks, however, make us understand the rapid changes that had taken place in English in the sixty years that intervened between *Catiline* and *The Conquest of Granada*. They are probably greater than those that have occurred between Dryden's time and our own. In the fixing of modern English usage Dryden's own part is by no means insignificant.
- Dryden himself apparently recognized the blunder he had made, for in the third edition (1678) of *The Conquest of Granada* he omits most of these strictures on Jonson. See footnote, p. 137.
11. *Pulls*. Incorrectly quoted for Jonson's *puts*.
13. *Ones*, in the plural number. Professor Ker points out (vol. I, p. 32) that Dryden changed *amongst the great ones* in the first edition of *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy* to *amongst great persons* in the second.
14. *Wanted*. Lacked.
15. *Cæsar*, etc. *Catiline*, IV. ii (speech of Cicero).
17. *Such men*, etc. *Ibid.* IV. i (near close).
19. *Tho' heav'n*, etc. *Ibid.* (same scene, earlier); Dryden omits a few words after *once*.
21. *Unfear'd*. In Elizabethan English *fear* is common as an active verb, in the sense of *frighten*.
23. *The ports are open*. *Ibid.* IV, ii (speech of Cicero). Malone remarks: "*Ports for gates* . . . is found in many of our ancient writers, and is yet the common language of Scotland."
28. *Mr. Waller*, etc. Dryden had praised Waller in similar fashion in the *Epistle Dedicatory* of *The Rival Ladies* (1664): "But the excellence and dignity of it [rime] were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it; he first made writing easily an art; first showed us to conclude the sense most commonly in distichs, which, in the verse of those before him, runs on for so many lines together, that the reader is out of breath to overtake it." (K. i. 7; Ss. ii. 137.) Waller's fame as a reformer of English poetry became a commonplace in the eighteenth century, only to be cruelly overthrown in the nineteenth.
30. *But being*, etc. *Ibid.* IV. ii (speech of Cicero). Jonson's text reads: *But being bred in 's*, etc.
36. *So Asia*, etc. These lines conclude the chorus after the first act of *Catiline*. Jonson's text reads, *art thou cru'ly* (l. 36) and *virtue* (l. 38).
40. *Be*, etc. Cf. 91, 39, n.
- 142, 23. *Quem penes*, etc. Horace, *Ars Poet.* 72. "The lord and arbiter and rightful legislator of language" (*Lonsdale and Lee's translation*).

24. *I cannot approve*, etc. Dryden himself has been accused of a fondness for Gallicisms. The subject is exhaustively treated in a thesis by Professor A. Beljame, *Quæ e Gallicis verbis in Anglicam linguam Johannes Dryden introduxerit* (Paris, 1881). Professor Beljame concludes that Dryden played no small part in the naturalizing of French words during the Restoration period.
34. *Aurum*, etc. "Gather gold from dung."
42. *Diueris*, etc. Horace, *Ars Poet.* 47, 48. "You will express yourself excellently well, if by a curious combination you make a familiar word seem original" (*Lonsdale and Lee's translation*).
- 143, 4. *Et vultus*, etc. Horace, *Odes*, I. xix. 8. "Her face, too dazzling-dangerous to behold" (*Ibid.*).
8. *Et Horatii*, etc. Petronius, *Sat.* 118. "Horace's felicity gained by diligence."
38. *Wit in a larger signification*. The following passages from the preface to *Annus Mirabilis* may explain Dryden's idea of "wit, in a larger signification," which, as Professor Ker points out, is practically equivalent to poetical genius. "*Wit writing . . . is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer . . . which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit Written is that which is well defin'd, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination.*" (K. i. 14; Ss. ix. 95, 96.)
- 144, 4. *Clenches*. Puns, plays on words. Dryden expresses similar detestation of them in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. (K. i. 31; Ss. xv. 286.)
10. *How monstrous*, etc. The lines are from the induction to *Every Man out of his Humor*. "To take in snuff" means "to take offense." There is a similar *clench* in Shakspeare:
- And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff.
- 1 *Henry IV*, I. iii. 37-41.
16. *I mar'le*, etc. *Ibid.*, spoken by Carlo Buffone. Dryden a few lines below seems to assign the quotation to Macilente. Jonson has *he'd* (l. 3) in place of *he would*.
19. *O, I cannot*, etc. Also spoken by Carlo Buffone: see *Every Man out of His Humour*, IV. iv.
22. *Sting of an epigram*. Here Dryden refers to the last couplet of Jonson's epigram. Cf. n. 9, 32.
33. *A famous Italian*, etc. Professor Ker, in an excellent note on this passage, fails to identify the "famous Italian," but shows that conceits had really made their way into pulpit oratory.
48. *He said himself*, etc. One could wish that this anecdote were authentic, but there seems to be no other evidence for it.
- 145, 6. *Fletcher's Don John*. v. *Introduction*, p. xxxiii.
28. *Blackfriars*. One of the most famous theaters of "the former age." At it several of Jonson's plays were first produced.
31. *In Apollo*. "The Apollo was Ben Jonson's favorite clubroom in the Devil Tavern. The custom of adopting his admirers and imitators, by bestowing upon them the title of *son*, is often alluded to in his works. In Dryden's time the fashion had

so far changed that the poetical progeny of old Ben seem to have incurred more ridicule than honor by this ambitious distinction. Oldwit, in Shadwell's play called *Bury Fair*, is described as 'a paltry old-fashioned wit and punner of the last age, that pretends to have been one of Ben Jonson's sons, and to have seen plays at the Blackfriars.'" SCOTT.

Oldwit himself says, in the first scene of the play mentioned: "I myself, simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age: I was created Ben Jonson's son in the Apollo. . . . I was a critic at Blackfriars; but at Cambridge, none so great as I with Jack Cleveland. But Tom Randolph and I were hand and glove."

Among other noted "sons" of Ben Jonson, besides Cleveland and Randolph, were Brome, Cartwright, Suckling, Herrick, and Howell.

146, 24. *Greatness or perfect honor.* Compare *Introduction*, pp. xxvii-xxix.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

Malone dates the first production of *Marriage à la Mode* in May, 1672. The opening lines of the prologue, he argues, "allude to the equipment of the fleet which afterwards engaged the Dutch off Southwold Bay, May 28th, 1672" (*Prose Works of John Dryden*, I. i. 106). The play is mentioned in the *Term Catalogue* for Trinity Term, 1673, which was licensed for the press on June 16.

The time of action of this tragi-comedy is two days or a trifle less; the place is confined to a single town in Sicily.

For general information on *Marriage à la Mode*, see *Introduction*, pp. xxxlii-xxxv.

Dryden's quotation from Horace on his title-page means: "Be I what I may, though far below Lucilius in station and genius, yet, that I have lived with the great, Envy can never deny, though fain she would, and while seeking to fix her tooth on something fragile, will meet with what is solid" (*Lonsdale and Lee's translation*). By it he hints at his intimacy with Rochester, of which he boasts in his dedication.

DEDICATION

149.

The Earl of Rochester. "The patron whom Dryden here addresses was the famous John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-80), the wittiest, perhaps, and most dissolute, among the witty and dissolute courtiers of Charles II. It is somewhat remarkable, and may be considered as a just judgment upon the poet, that he was, a few years afterwards, waylaid and severely beaten by bravos whom Lord Rochester employed to revenge the share which Dryden is supposed to have had in the *Essay upon Satire*. That occurrence is a striking illustration of the inutility, as well as meanness, of ill-applied praise; since even the eulogy of Dryden, however liberally bestowed and beautifully expressed, failed to save him from the most unmanly treatment at the hands of the worthless and heartless object on whom it was wasted. It is melancholy to see Dryden, as may be fairly inferred from his motto, piquing himself on being admitted into the society of such men as Rochester, and enjoying their precarious favor. It would seem, however, that this dedication was very favorably received by Rochester, since a letter of Dryden's to that nobleman is still extant (v. Ss. xviii. 91-96), in which he acknowledges a flattering return of compliment from his lordship in exchange for it." [SCOTT.]

The quarrel between Dryden and Rochester that resulted in the assault to which Scott here alludes was, briefly, as follows: At some time after the production of *Marriage à la Mode*, probably not before 1677, (since Dryden, in 1678, seems to be replying to a recent attack,) the fickle nobleman made slighting allusions to Dryden in his *Trial of the Poets for the Bays* and his *Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book*

of Horace; see *Introduction*, p. xxxv, n. 3, and nn. 231, 30; 234, 13. Dryden, in return, ridiculed Rochester in his preface to *All for Love* (1678), terming him, for example, a "riming judge of the twelpenny gallery" (233, 38). In the meantime, another nobleman, the Earl of Mulgrave, a patron of Dryden and an enemy of Rochester, had written (according to his own account, in 1675) an *Essay upon Satire*, in which he ridiculed Rochester unsparingly. This piece became public property in November, 1679, when it was circulated anonymously, since it was the custom of noble lampooners to hide the authorship of their productions. (Rochester himself followed this practice; v. 233, 37-43.) Public opinion attributed the piece to Dryden, who may possibly have given Mulgrave some help in his work. (Much later, in 1717, Mulgrave stated that Dryden was "not only innocent, but ignorant, of the whole matter;" these words may refer either to the poem as a whole, or to the attack on Rochester contained in it; see note in *Dryden's Poetical Works*, Boston, 1908, pp. 905, 906.) In revenge for the fancied insult, Rochester had Dryden set upon and beaten by hired ruffians, in Rose Street, Covent Garden, on the evening of December 18, 1679, as he was returning from Will's Coffee-House. Though a reward was offered for the discovery of the offenders, or their employer, no one was ever brought to justice for the crime; Rochester's guilt, however, is made practically certain by a passage in one of his letters: see Malone, I. i. 134. Such was the low state of English public morals that Dryden's misfortune created amusement rather than sympathy. Even Mulgrave, who had been the occasion of this cowardly assault, referred to it with no touch of indignation in his *Essay on Poetry*, first published in 1682:

The Laureate here [in satire] may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mac Flecknoe with immortal bays;
Tho' prais'd and punish'd for another's rimes,
His own deserve as great applause sometimes.

In his *Discourse Concerning Satire* (1692) Dryden shows his dislike to the memory of his former patron; v. Ss. xlii. 5.

17. *They have copied*, etc. Cf. *The Rehearsal*, 391, 96-106.

150, 17. *Are yet persecuted*, etc. "When this play was acted for the first time in 1672. But about 1675, Rochester contrived to give such offense as even 'the excellent temper of his royal master' was unable to digest. This was by writing a lampoon called *The Insipids*, in which the person and character of Charles are treated with most merciless and irreverent severity. It begins thus:

Chaste, pious, prudent, Charles the Second,
The miracle of thy Restoration
May like to that of quails be reckoned,
Rained on the Israelitish nation;
The wished-for blessing, from heaven sent,
Became their curse and punishment.

For this satiric effusion the author was banished from the Court." [SCOTT.]

The editor has been unable to verify the statements in this note. *The Insipids* is printed without comment in *Poems on Affairs of State*, ed. 5, London, 1703, vol. I, part I, pp. 149-

154. In the same volume, p. 171, occurs a still viler lampoon, headed *On King Charles, by the Earl of Rochester; For which he was banish'd the Court, and turn'd Mountebank*. This note may be the origin of Scott's statement.

19. *To own it. As to own it.*

TEXT

- 152.** PROLOGUE. This was spoken, as Cgd informs us, "by Mr. Heart;" that is, Hart, the chief actor in the King's Company. He took the part of Palamede in this drama; in *The Conquest of Granada* he played Almanzor.
4. *Vizard.* v. n. 72, 13.
5. *France, etc.* England was now in alliance with France against Holland.
18. *Grinning honor.* "*Falstaff.* I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath. Give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlook'd for, and there's an end." *1 Henry IV*, V. iii. 62-65. Cf. 233, 1.
24. *Half-crown.* The price of admission to the pit.
25. *The Mall.* Cf. 218, 20, n.
26. *So far will hardly come.* The Theater Royal was burnt on January 25, 1672. The King's Company thereupon moved to the old house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which had formerly been occupied by their rivals the Duke's Company, but had been abandoned by them in November, 1671, on the completion of a new theater at Dorset Garden. (See Percy Fitz-Gerald, *A New History of the English Stage*, i. 137; R. W. Lowe, *Thomas Betterton*, p. 117.)
- 153.** 30. *They.* The members of the Duke's Company.
31. *Cutting Morecraft.* "In the conclusion of Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Scornful Lady*, Morecraft, an usurer, turns a cutter, or, as we now say, a buck. Dryden seems to allude to Ravenscroft's play of *The Citizen turned Gentleman*, a transmigration somewhat resembling that of *cutting Morecraft*. This play was now acting by the Duke's Company in Dorset Gardens, which, from its situation, says Mr. Malone, was much frequented by citizens, as here insinuated." SCOTT.
- Scott here adopts a conjecture of Malone (I. i. 107), which does not seem convincing. The reference is more probably to some revival of *The Scornful Lady*, of which record has been lost. According to Langbaine, Ravenscroft's *Citizen turned Gentleman* was a combination of Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* with *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*.
- 155.** *Walks near the Court.* Apparently the action remains in some part of these walks throughout the play, except in act IV, scenes iii and iv. Except for the former of these scenes, no further indication of the place of action is given in the early editions.
3. *Why should, etc.* This song is also printed in *New Court Songs and Poems, by R. V., Gent.*, 1672. That text furnishes the following variants: (12) *further joys*; (14) *can give*; (17) *When all*; (18) *And neither*.
- 156.** 33. *To repeat with a good memory.* Cf. 150, 4-7.
- 158.** 168. *Broad-gold.* After the introduction of guineas in 1663, the twenty-shilling pieces of the preceding reigns, which were broader and

thinner than the new milled coinage, were called broad-pieces or broad-gold. They were much subject to mutilation by clipping.

- 159, 174. *Prevents*. Anticipates, comes before, as often in Dryden's time.
 178. *Manages*. It is hard to say whether the sense is *husband, economize, or simply handle, make use of*.

AMALTHEA. Professor J. W. Tupper, in an article on *The Relation of the Heroic Play to the Romances of Beaumont and Fletcher*, points out the resemblance in character between Amalthea and the "lovelorn maidens" of the earlier dramatists, such as Aspatia in *The Maid's Tragedy* and Euphrasia in *Philaster*. (*Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1905, vol. xx, pp. 610-612.)

206. *How keeps*, etc. The scene now begins to pass from prose into a sort of irregular verse. Some of the following speeches have a rhythmical turn, which, however, is not indicated in the early editions until line 223.

- 163, 342. *Hence with him!* etc. On this whole scene compare *The Rehearsal*, 406, 41-70.

345. *Eudoxia*. This name later (185, 359, 360, 363) appears as *Eudocia*.

356. *Leave to threaten*. Leave off threatening.

- 165, MELANTHA. The following passage from Colley Cibber's *Apology* (quoted by Scott) may give an idea of what the part of Melantha could become in the hands of a fine actress:

"What found most employment for her [Mrs. Mountfort's] whole various excellence at once, was the part of Melantha, in *Marriage à la Mode*. Melantha is as finished an impertinent as ever fluttered in a drawing-room, and seems to contain the most complete system of female foppery that could possibly be crowded into the tortured form of a fine lady. Her language, dress, motion, manners, soul, and body, are in a continual hurry to be something more than is necessary or commendable. And though I doubt it will be a vain labor, to offer you a just likeness of Mrs. Mountfort's [Cibber's spelling is *Monfort*] action, yet the fantastic impression is still so strong in my memory, that I cannot help saying something, though fantastically, about it. The first ridiculous airs that break from her are upon a gallant, never seen before, who delivers her a letter from her father, recommending him to her good graces, as an honorable lover. Here now one would think she might naturally shew a little of the sex's decent reserve, though never so slightly covered! No, sir; not a tittle of it; modesty is the virtue of a poor-souled country gentlewoman; she is too much a court lady to be under so vulgar a confusion; she reads the letter, therefore, with a careless, dropping lip, and an erected brow, humming it hastily over, as if she were impatient to outgo her father's commands, by making a complete conquest of him at once; and that the letter might not embarrass her attack, crack! she crumbles it at once into her palm, and pours upon him her whole artillery of airs, eyes, and motion; down goes her dainty, diving body to the ground, as if she were sinking under the conscious load of her own attractions; then launches into a flood of fine language and compliment, still playing her

chest forward in fifty falls and risings, like a swan upon waving water; and, to complete her impatience, she is so rapidly fond of her own wit, that she will not give her lover leave to praise it: silent assenting bows, and vain endeavors to speak, are all the share of the conversation he is admitted to, which, at last, he is relieved from by her engagement to half a score visits, which she *swims* from him to make, with a promise to return in a twinkling.

"If this sketch has color enough to give you any near conception of her, I then need only tell you, that throughout the whole character, her variety of humor was every way proportionable; as, indeed, in most parts that she thought worth her care, or that had the least matter for her fancy to work upon, I may justly say that no actress, from her own conception, could have heightened them with more lively strokes of nature."

Apology, ed. 4, London, 1756, l. 124-126.

Cibber's description of Mrs. Mountfort in another character is also of interest to students of Dryden:

"Nor was her humor limited to her sex; for, while her shape permitted, she was a more adroit pretty fellow than is usually seen upon the stage. Her easy air, action, mien, and gesture quite changed from the quiff to the cocked hat and cavalier in fashion. People were so fond of seeing her a man, that when the part of Bayes in *The Rehearsal* had for some time lain dormant, she was desired to take it up, which I have seen her act with all the true, coxcomby spirit and humor that the sufficiency of the character required." (*Ibid.*, p. 124.)

- 166, 42, 44. *Monde*. QqF read *mond*. It is hard to decide how far the spelling of Melantha's French words in the original editions should be corrected by modern standards. In some cases (as 169, 188; 200, 120) it seems to indicate her imperfect or affected pronunciation.
- 167, 82. *French gibberish*. "French gibberish, compounded of English, Latin, and French, kept its place in English law, especially in reports, till the beginning of the eighteenth century." [SAINTSBURY.]
- 168, 115. *Numerical*. In the sense of *identical*, as often at this time.
- 169, 188. *In suite*. The reading of QqF may be a misprint, but is more likely an indication of Melantha's imperfect pronunciation of French.
- 174, 402. *Faint and dimly*. "Very often, when two or more adverbs are placed together, the adverbial termination *ly* is only appended to the last." SCHMIDT, *Shakespeare-Lexicon*, 1875, p. 1419.
- 175, 413. *Still*. Always.
- 178, 51, 52. *Holiday*. As the *holy-day* of the early editions shows, the composition of this word was more obvious in Dryden's time than at present.
57. *The banes of matrimony*. Doubtless used with a punning intention, as Saintsbury suggests.
- 179, 130. *After the pangs*, etc. A song by Dryden himself, in *An Evening's Love*, a play acted in 1668, four years before *Marriage à la Mode*. v. Ss. iii. 290.
- 181, 213. *Mere*. Absolute.

- 186, 391.** *Sure you*, etc. This high-flying loyalty is probably not meant to be wholly ridiculous.
394. *I never*, etc. Cf. *The Rehearsal*, 407, 89-94.
- 187, 443.** *Methinks*, etc. Here we have Almanzor's spirit "transposed" into blank verse.
7. *To think*. As to think.
- 190, 120.** *Apparence*. Not a misprint, but a token of Melantha's Frenchified pronunciation.
124. *N' own*. The form may have arisen from an incorrect division of *mine own*; or the *n* may be a jocose, baby-talk prefix. In either case, compare *nuncle*, *Noll*, *Nelly*.
- 193, 129.** *Antique habits*. The words *antique* and *antic*, were confused in Dryden's time, and it is hard to say which meaning is intended in this place.
132. *Vizor-mask*. v. n. 72, 13.
137. *In masquerade there is nothing to be known*. "The domino being a complete disguise." SAINTSBURY.
- 194, 142.** *What make you here?* What are you doing here? Cf. 337, 120, n.
145. *Want*. In the sense of *lack*; cf. 273, 444, n; 288, 542.
176. *Resty*. In the sense of *sluggish*, not *restive* in our usual sense. Shakspeare has "resty sloth" (*Cymbeline*, III. vi. 34).
- 196.** *Song*. This song is printed also in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672; *New Court Songs and Poems*, 1672; and *Westminster Drollery, the Second Part*, 1672. Ncs reads *While* in l. 46. Cgd and Wd read *whilst* in l. 58, and *did* (for *died*) in ll. 64, 65.
- 199, 59, 61.** *Tell thee . . . tell you*. Palamede uses the familiar or contemptuous singular pronoun; Doralice the plural. Below, Palamede changes his tone and his pronoun; cf. 297, 299, n.
- 200, 90.** *Barr'd the dice*. Declared the throw void. *Nick*, just below, means to win against another player, in the game of hazard.
- 119, 120. *Vot valet . . . Votre esclave*. The spelling of the early editions may be meant to suggest the slovenly pronunciation of Doralice and the affected pronunciation of Melantha.
- 201, 134.** *Thou hast tickled him with a repertee*. Compare Mr. Bayes's enthusiasm for his own work in *The Rehearsal*, 403, 14-18. Ss. and M. correct *repertee* of the early editions to *repartee*.
136. *You are*, etc. A bit of satire on the critics of the heroic plays. Cf. 11, 1-15.
139. *You are*, etc. Dryden here makes Doralice a mouthpiece for his own critical opinions. This scene gives some notion of the general nature of literary argument in the Restoration period.
165. *Let them take*, etc. There is here some resemblance to a scene (act I, sc. iii) in Dryden's *The Rival Ladies* (v. Ss. ii. 162, 163).
179. *Good Old Cause*. This, in English political parlance, was the cause of the Puritan or Commonwealth party. Compare:
 The Good Old Cause reviv'd, a plot requires.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
Abdalom and Achitophel, 82-84.
- Cf. n. 250, 452.
- 205, 123.** *My reverend city friends*, etc. The city of London was the stronghold of the party opposed to King Charles II. The following lines contain a reference to the popular belief, sufficiently well

founded, that Charles II was plotting to subvert English liberties by the aid of Louis XIV.

- 206, 24.** *To have flown her so often to a mark.* *To fly to a mark* means to mark down, to observe the lighting place of game. Compare in Dryden's *King Arthur*:

O, still thou think'st to fly a fool to mark.

(Ss. viii. 168.)

Bobb'd. Cheated, fooled.

- 207, 59.** *Here are a list of her phrases.* Note the plural form of the verb, affected by the plural *phrases*.

- 208, 133.** *He mocks himself of me.* "Melantha, like some modern coxcombs, uses the idiom as well as the words of the French language." SCOTT.

138. *Ah qu'il fait beau*, etc. "This is a real French song of the period. It is to be found in Wekerlin's *Echos du Temps Passé*, II. 42. It should read: *Ce beau séjour nous invite à l'amour*. But Dryden no doubt took it, as well as *Vois ma Olimène*, from the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, V. vi. cinquième entrée. *Toute la terre* I have not yet traced." SAINTSBURY.

- 209, 146.** *Humors.* Falls in with, adapts himself to.

- 212, 287.** *Bilbo.* Sword, originally one from Bilbao in Spain.

288. *Dangerfield.* "A dramatic bully, whose sword and habit became proverbial. 'This gentleman, appearing with his mustaccios according to the Turkish manner, Cordubee hat, and strange out-of-the-way clothes, just as if one had been dressed up to act Captain Dangerfield in the play,' etc. *Life of Sir Dudley North*." SCOTT. The editor has been unable to verify this note.

308. *If you are wise*, etc. Hartmann remarks that this passage suggests similar expressions in Molière, as the philosophy of Lisette in *L'Ecole des Maris*, I. ii. (*Einfluss Molière's auf Dryden's Komisch-Dramatische Dichtungen*. Leipzig, 1885, p. 28.)

312. *Screw'd gun.* This seems to mean a gun with rifled bore, though the editor has been unable to find a similar use of the words.

- 213, 341.** *Fall on*, etc. The quotation is, of course, *Macbeth* V. viii. 33, 34, inexactly reproduced.

- 215, 406.** *O, gentlemen*, etc. This scene has been regarded as the model of the deposition of the two Kings of Brentford. Cf. *The Rehearsal*, 401, 21-34.

- 218** *Epilogue.* This epilogue is evidently spoken by Rhodophil. In Cgd it is said to be "by Mr. Moon," that is, Mohun, who took the part of Rhodophil. Mohun was, next to Hart (v. II. 152, PROLOGUE), the leading tragic actor of the King's Company. In *The Conquest of Granada* he played Abdelmelech.

29. *I' th' Mell.* The Mall (printed *Mell* in QqF, according to the pronunciation) is a broad promenade in St. James Park, London. Cf. 152, 25. The passage is probably a hit at some contemporary play.

32. *The city.* The wives of the city merchants were conventionally regarded as the lawful prey of men of society.

ALL FOR LOVE

For general information on *All for Love*, see *Introduction*, pp. xlili, xlii-xliii.

Dryden aims his Latin motto, "Easy is it to remark some glowing word (if I may use the expression), and to laugh at it when the fires of the mind are quenched," at the same fastidious critics whom he attacks in his *Preface*. Here he has omitted two unessential words of his original.

DEDICATION

223.

Thomas, Earl of Danby, etc. "The person to whom these high titles now belonged, was Sir Thomas Osborne, a baronet of good family, and decayed estate; part of which had been lost in the royal cause. He was of a bold, undaunted character, and stood high for the prerogative. Hence he was thought worthy of being sworn into the Privy Council during the administration of the famous Cabal; and when that was dissolved by the secession of Shaftesbury and the resignation of Clifford, he was judged a proper person to succeed the latter as Lord High Treasurer. He was created Earl of Danby, and was supposed to be deeply engaged in the attempt to new-model our Constitution on a more arbitrary plan; having been even heard to say, when sitting in judgment, that a new proclamation from the Crown was superior to an old Act of Parliament.

"In December, 1678, he was impeached by a vote of the House of Commons, and in consequence, notwithstanding the countenance of the king, was deprived of all his offices, and finally committed to the Tower, where he remained for more than four years. He was liberated in 1684, survived the Revolution, was created Duke of Leeds, and died in 1712. His character was of the most decided kind; he was fertile in expedients, and had always something new to substitute for those which failed; a faculty highly acceptable to Charles, who loved to be relieved, even were it but in idea, from the labor of business, and the pressure of difficulty." [SCOTT.]

Early in 1678, Danby had been party to an arrangement by which Charles II was to receive sums of money from Louis XIV as the price of preventing a war with France. These negotiations he disapproved, conducting them only by the express order of the king, whose written approval appeared on the letters brought up as evidence against him. The House of Commons, however, refused to admit that this plea excused the minister's conduct, thereby going far towards establishing the principle that no minister can exculpate himself by pleading obedience to the commands of his sovereign. Dryden apparently refers to this transaction in a passage of *The Spanish Friar*; v. 360, 100-114. His language there, insinuating that Danby was "infamously base" in pleading the royal sanction for his acts, is in disagreeable contrast to his present panegyric.

8. *Carmen*, etc. Claudian, xxiii. 6: "Everyone loves poetry, who does deeds worthy of poetry."
- 224, 17. *The debts of the exchequer*. Public credit had been shaken by the stop of payments in exchequer in 1672, on the recommendation of Clifford, in order to secure money for the war against Holland. Danby, on the other hand, was, in Hume's words, "a frugal minister, and by his application and industry . . . brought the revenue into tolerable order."
- 225, 5. *A commonwealth*, etc. In a note on his translation of Persius, Dryden writes: "Brutus freed the Roman people from the tyranny of the Tarquins, and chang'd the form of the government into a glorious commonwealth" (Ss. xiii, 255). Authors of the seventeenth century found no difficulty in combining enthusiasm for republican Rome with a practical loyalty to monarchical institutions.
31. *Felices*, etc. "O English, too happy, if they but knew their own blessings." The phrase is adapted from Virgil's, *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, Agricolas!* (Georgics, ii. 458, 459).
- 226, 2. *He who has often chang'd*, etc. This sentence may be aimed at Shaftesbury.
35. *The Earl of Lindsey*. "The Earl of Lindsey was general in chief for King Charles I at the breaking out of the Civil War. As an evil omen of the royal cause, he was mortally wounded and made prisoner at the battle of Edgehill, the very first which was fought betwixt the king and parliament. His son Montague Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, was a sufferer in the same cause. The Earl of Danby was married to the Lady Bridget, the second daughter of that nobleman." [SCOTT.]
- Danby was once a suitor for the hand of his distant cousin, Dorothy Osborne, who rejected him, and later married Sir William Temple. A passage from one of her letters to Temple is of interest in this connection:
- "I was told by one (who pretends to know him very well) that nothing tempted my cousin Osborne to marry his lady (so much) as that she was an earl's daughter; which methought was the prettiest fancy, and had the least of sense in it, of any I had heard on, considering that it was no addition to her person, that he had honour enough before for his fortune, and how little it is in this age,—if it be anything in a better,—which for my part I am not well satisfied in." *Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*, ed Parry, London, 1888, p. 127.
- 229, 8. *All reasonable men*, etc. This doctrine goes back to Aristotle. *Poetics*, xiii.
17. *Necessity, or fatal ignorance*. This doctrine is continually implied, though not expressly mentioned, by Rymer, whom Dryden probably had in mind when he wrote this passage, though there is no verbal correspondence between the two authors. Cf. *Tragedies of the Last Age*, 1692, p. 21. On Dryden's relations with Rymer, see *Introduction*, pp. xliii-xlvi.
33. *Machine*. A contrivance for the sake of effect in a play or other literary work.
- 230, 12. *'Tis true, some actions*, etc. Cf. Rymer, *op. cit.*, p. 65.
20. *Honest Montaigne*, etc. *Essais*, l. ii, c. 17, *De la Presumption*.
31. *Yet, in this nicety of manners*, etc. Cf. 12, 18-30.

44. *Their Hippolytus*, etc. The reference is to the *Phèdre* of Racine, which had appeared in 1677.
- 231, 13. *The Hippolytus of Euripides*. Euripides's *Hippolytus* is one of Rymer's stock illustrations of ancient tragedy.
14. *Chedreux critics*. "*Chedreux* was the name of the fashionable periwigs of the day, and appears to have been derived from their maker. A French *perruquier*, in one of Shadwell's comedies, says: 'You talke o' de Chedreux; he is no bodee to mee. Dere is no man can travaille vid mee . . . If dat foole Chedreux make de peruke like mee, I vil be hanga' (*Bury Fair*, I. II)." [SCOTT.]
- Professor Ker refers to a passage in *Etherege*:
Emilia. He [Sir Fopling] wears nothing but what are originals of the most famous hands in Paris.
Sir Fopling. You are in the right, madam.
Lady Townley. The suit?
Sir Fopling. Barroy.
-
- Dorimant*. The periwig?
Sir Fopling. Barroy.
- The Man of Mode*, III. II.
30. *But, if I come closer*, etc. In the passage that follows Dryden attacks his former patron, Lord Rochester, to whom he had dedicated *Marriage à la Mode*, but who had later ridiculed him in his *Trial of the Poets for the Bays* and his *Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace*. These poems may be found in Anderson's *British Poets*, vi. 410, 415. Cf. *Introduction*, p. xxxv, n. 3 and n. 149 (*Rochester*).
46. *Fly abroad*. Rochester's poems were circulated in manuscript.
- 232, 3. *Rarus enim*, etc. Juvenal, viii. 73, 74: "For a sense of propriety [or Dryden might prefer to say, 'common sense'] is rather infrequent in that station of life."
17. *Horace*, etc. v. *Satires*, I. i. 1-3.
42. *They had wit enough*, etc. Compare Bacon, *Apothegms*, no. 160: "There was a philosopher that disputed with Adrian the Emperor, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that had been by, afterwards said to him: 'Methinks you were not like yourself, last day, in argument with the emperor; I could have answered better myself.' 'Why,' said the philosopher, 'would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?'" *Works*, ed. Spedding, Boston, 1860, xiii. 361.
- 233, 1. *That grinning honor*. Cf. 152, 18, n.
23. *Demetri*, etc. Horace, *Satires*, I. x. 90, 91: "You, Demetrius and Tigellius, I bid go weep amidst the chairs of your pupils." The lines are from the very satire of which Rochester made a "vile imitation."
29. *Sæum*, etc. Virgil, *Æneid*, xii. 897, 898. Dryden's translation is:
 An antique stone he saw, the common bound
 Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the ground.
34. *Genua*, etc. *Ibid.*, 905-907. Dryden translates:
 His knocking knees are bent beneath the load,
 And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.
 The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short
 For want of vigor, mocks his vain effort.
39. *Sternhold*. The old version of the Psalms by Sternhold, Hopkins,

and others (first published complete in 1562), is elsewhere ridiculed by Dryden :

This unpolish'd, rugged verse, I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose ;
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's, or Tom Shadwell's rimes will serve.

Religio Laici, 453-456.

Poor slaves in meter, dull and addle-pated,
Who rime below ev'n David's Psalms translated.

Absalom and Achitophel, Part II, 402, 403.

- 234, 1. *The scandal of his nomination*. Rochester's *Allusion* concludes :
I loathe the rabble ; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my sense : I count their censure fame }
9. *Vellem*, etc. Horace, *Satires*, I. iii. 41, 42 : "Would to heaven we could make the like mistakes in friendship, and that such errors had a fair name given them by right feeling" (*Lonsdale and Lee's translation*).
13. *Canibus*, etc. Juvenal, viii. 34-37 : "Lazy curs, hairless from inveterate mange, and licking the edges of a dry lamp, have for names, 'Panther,' 'Tiger,' 'Lion,'—or if there be anything else which roars with greater fury in the world" (*J. D. Lewis's translation*). Dryden probably refers to Rochester's lines in his *Allusion* :
Of all our modern wits, none seem to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley. }
- Of Dryden himself Rochester wrote in the same piece :
Five hundred verses every morning writ
Prove him no more a poet than a wit.
19. *Nigra*, etc. Lucretius, iv. 1160, 1164. Dryden's translation is :
The sallow skin is for the swarthy put,
And love can make a slattern of a slut.
She stammers : O, what grace in lisping lies !
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.
21. *Ad Æthiopem cygnum*. Juvenal, viii. 33. This (without the *ad*) comes just before the passage previously quoted from Juvenal. The satirist exclaims : "We call an Ethiopian a swan !"
29. *Vos exemplaria Græca*, etc. *Ars Poet.* 268, 269 : "But do you, my friends, study diligently night and day the Greek models" (*Lonsdale and Lee's translation*).
33. *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Dryden wrote his own *Œdipus*, in partnership with Lee, in this same year, 1678. The English authors, following the example of Corneille, made their play of "a larger compass" than "the masterpiece of Sophocles" by the addition of an underplot in which love is the central interest. v. *Introduction*, pp. xlix, l.
46. *The difference of styles*, etc. This subject Dryden later treated in his essay *On the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy*, inserted in his preface to *Troilus and Cressida* (1679).
- 237, 11. *Bates of his mettle*, etc. Cf. *Introduction*, p. xlvii.
15. *Tonies*. *Tony* was a cant term for *simpleton*, as well as a contraction for *Antony*. Hence Goldsmith's choice of the name

Tony Lumpkin for the familiar character in *She Stoops to Conquer*.

29. *Half-wits*, etc. Cf. 231, 30f.

240, 52. *Who can most*. The absolute use of *can* is probably an affectation of archaism on Dryden's part, though the editor has not been able to find any exact Elizabethan parallel. But compare:
Thou little wotest what this right hand can.

SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, II. iii. 16.

On archaisms in this play, cf. 248, 354, n; 250, 442, n; 284, 387, n.

243, 160. *His better influence*. *Influence* is here used in the sense usual in Shakspeare: "the power exerted by celestial bodies on terrestrial or other celestial bodies" (Schmidt). Compare:

Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences.

Measure for Measure, III. i. 6-9.

244, 225. *The crocodile will weep*. v. n. 86, 18.

246, 267. *The big round drops*, etc. Compare:

The big round tears

Cours'd one another down his innocent nose

In piteous chase.

As You Like It, II. i. 38-40.

247, 340. *Marches*. Boundaries.

248, 354. *Us'd*. Accustomed. Archaisms are very frequent in this drama; cf. 240, 52, n; 250, 442, n; 284, 387, n.

381. *O that*, etc. Dryden here attributes to Antony, as he had to his Moorish heroes, the ideas of honor prevalent in his own day.

249, 410. *For ostentation sake*. Cf. 22, 234, n.

250, 437. *You speak*, etc. Pope may have remembered this line when he wrote in his translation of the *Iliad* (iii. 208) the line:

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.

442. *Steepy*. This word, which occurs twice in Shakspeare, is probably a conscious archaism with Dryden; cf. 240, 52, n; 248, 354, n; 284, 387, n.

451. *May taste fate to 'em*. "Act as their tasters in fortune." SAINTS-BURY.

452. *And, ent'ring*, etc. The rimed couplet at the close of the scene is in imitation of the Elizabethan fashion. Cf. 201, 178, 179; 262, 459, 460; 274, 483, 484; 289, 596, 597; 302, 518, 519; 326, 456, 457; 332, 153, 154; etc.

251, 26. *And bears a tender heart*. Compare: "He bears too great a mind" (*Julius Cæsar*, V. i. 113).

253, 89. *Fearful*. Cf. 109, 31 (stage direction), n.

254, 139. *I bore this wren*. In the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* of the brothers Grimm, no. 171, is found the story of how the wren outwitted the eagle. The birds agreed to choose as their king the one who should fly the highest. The eagle flew almost to heaven, and was proclaimed king by the birds beneath. Then the wren came out of the breast feathers of the eagle, where it had been concealed, and, not being tired, flew to heaven itself and claimed the victory. This story is first found entire in a collection of beast fables that the Rabbi Baradjî (or Barachja) Nikdani (or Hannakdan) composed in the Hebrew

language during the second half of the thirteenth century. The rabbi's book was first printed at Mantua in 1557, and in 1661 was republished at Prague, together with a Latin translation by the Jesuit Melchior Hanel. It seems unlikely, however, that Dryden knew Hanel's work; he probably borrowed from oral folklore, or from some intermediate literary source. He makes a like reference in *The Conquest of Granada*, 130, 126.

Apparently a similar fable was known in classical antiquity. Aristotle writes: "The wren . . . is a good provider and cunning, and is called *elder* and *king*; wherefore they say even the eagle makes war on it" (*Historia Animalium*, ix. 11, 5). And Pliny states: "Dissident . . . aquilæ et trochilus, si credimus, quoniam rex appellatur avium" (*Hist. Nat.*, x. 74).

For this note the editor is indebted to the kindness of Professor J. A. Walz of Harvard University.

161. *Crocodile*. Cf. 86, 18, n.

164. *Too presuming*, etc. This line is unmetrical. It might have been better to print the first two words as an hemistich.

260, 401. *I have refus'd a kingdom*. Contrast with this the faithlessness of Shakspeare's Cleopatra:

Cleo. Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation

I kiss his conqu'ring hand. Tell him, I am prompt

To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel.

Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear

The doom of Egypt.

Antony and Cleopatra, III. xiii. 73-78.

262, 17. *Like Vulcan*. The reference is, of course, to the familiar story in *Odyssey*, viii. 266-366.

263, 24. *There's no satiety*, etc. There is an obvious reminiscence of Shakspeare:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety. Other women cloy

The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry

Where most she satisfies, for vilest things

Become themselves in her, that the holy priests

Bless her when she is riggish.

Ibid. II. ii. 240-245.

266, 144. *Mental kings*, etc.

"Ant. Approach there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!

Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried 'Ho!'

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,

And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am

Antony yet.

Ibid. III. xiii. 89-93.

"The same idea which bursts from Shakspeare's Antony in a transport of passion, is used by Dryden's hero. The one is goaded by the painful feeling of lost power; to the other, absorbed in his sentimental distresses, it only occurs as a subject of melancholy, but not of agitating reflection." SCOTT.

168. *She lay*, etc. Here Dryden comes into direct rivalry with Shakspeare:

Enobarbus. The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water. The poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them. The oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

Agrippa. O, rare for Antony!

Enobarbus. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings. At the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Ibid. II. ii. 196-223.

Scott's judgment on these two passages is interesting as coming from a time when Dryden, though not a model for the younger generation of poets, was still for conservative critics the third name in English literature. To-day few writers would agree with Scott and still fewer dare to express their agreement.

"In judging betwixt these celebrated passages, we feel almost afraid to avow a preference of Dryden, founded partly upon the easy flow of the verse, which seems to soften with the subject, but chiefly upon the beauty of the language and imagery, which is flowery without diffusiveness, and rapturous without hyperbole. I fear Shakspeare cannot be exculpated from the latter fault; yet I am sensible, it is by sifting his beauties from his conceits that his imitator has been enabled to excel him." (Ss. v. 312, 313.)

267, 209. *While I wear this.* Antony here points to his head. There is probably a reminiscence of Shakspeare:

Polonius. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

Hamlet, II. ii. 156.

270, 317. *And you do all for duty.* Here the tradition of the heroic plays is especially plain. Duty, as distinguished from honor, Antony hates; he will be bound only by love.

272, 391. *Who knows no joys.* The text of the first two quartos is probably correct. Similar constructions are common in Shakspeare; as,

"To make me proud that jests" (*Love's Labor's Lost*, V. ii. 66). See Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 247.

- 273, 444. *Want*. Used here, as often in Shakspeare, in the sense of *lack*.
 276, 69. *That porc'pisce bodes ill weather*. *Porc'pisce* is a variant form of *porpoise* (*porcus piscis*). According to a common superstition, the porpoise "bodes ill weather."

"When porpoises and whales spout about ships at sea, storms may be expected.—Porpoises in harbour indicate coming storm.—When porpoises swim to windward, foul weather will ensue within twelve hours.—Dolphins, as well as porpoises, when they come about a ship and sport and gambol on the surface of the water, betoken a storm: hence they are regarded as unlucky omens by sailors." R. INWARDS, *Weather Lore*, ed. 3, London, 1898, p. 171.

Professor Saintsbury in his note on this passage misinterprets *porc'pisce* as *porcupine*, an animal that does not seem to be connected with foul weather. (Aside from this, the fat Alexas may be appropriately called a *porpoise*, but his resemblance to a *porcupine* is hard to trace.) His reference to Gubernatis (*Zoölogical Mythology*, ii. 12, 13) is misleading. Gubernatis merely states, without citing authority, that the *hedgehog* presages wind and rain; and gives a reference to Altrovandi, to show that dreaming of a *wild boar* is an omen of tempest.

For this note the editor is again indebted to Professor J. A. Walz of Harvard University.

- 279, 168. *Commerce*. The accent falls on the second syllable, as in both instances of the word in verse in Shakspeare.
 280, 210. *Like one*, etc. The word *like* is here apparently used in the sense of *as*. This idiom, though now regarded as a vulgarism, is found elsewhere in Dryden (*Astræa Redux*, l. 211), and is also supported by the authority of some good writers both before and after his time.
 238. *Then she's so charming*, etc. Again a reminiscence of Shakspeare. Cf. n. 263, 24.
 281, 258. *Vent. Now, my lord*, etc. Ventidius in this scene seems to abandon his part of straightforward soldier and to acquire something of Iago's craft.
 282, 299. *Every man's Cleopatra*. "Imitated, or rather copied, from Shakspeare:

Don John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances short'ned, for she has been too long a-talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claudio. Who? Hero?

Don John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Much Ado About Nothing, III. ii. 105-110." SCOTT.

- 284, 387. *Much*. This adverbial use of the word is an archaism on Dryden's part; cf. 240, 52, n; 248, 354, n; 250, 442, n.
 287, 491. *Secure of injur'd faith*. The meaning is, of course, "safe from any breach of confidence." Compare:

Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash.

Titus Andronicus, II. i. 3.

- 288, 530. *Avoid my sight! Leave my sight*. Compare: "Pray you, avoid the house" (*Coriolanus*, IV. v. 25).

532. And cannot hurt the woman. Cf. 189, 32, n.
542. Want. Cf. 273, 444, n.
- 289, 564. Spurn. Probably here used in the literal sense of *kick*. Compare:
. . . the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.
Hamlet, III. i. 73, 74.
- 291, 71. Egypt has been. A Latinism; compare:
Fulmus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum.
Aeneid, II. 325, 326.
- 292, 96. This needed not. This was not necessary. Probably felt by Dryden as an archaism. Compare: "There needs no such apology" (*Richard III*, III. vii. 104).
- 293, 154. He was a bastard of the sun, etc. The idea may be explained by a passage (II. 565-572) of Dryden's translation of the first book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heav'nly fire is warm'd;
And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:
These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants find;
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind;
Short of their limbs, & lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.
155. Ap'd into man. The phrase apparently means, "transform'd into an apish resemblance of man." But no similar use of *ape* is recorded in N. E. D.
- 295, 223. Her unchang'd face. The adjective is here accented on the negative prefix. Cf. 345, 26.
- 297, 299. Ventidius, you must live. The use of pronouns in the following passage is worthy of study. Ventidius always uses the respectful and formal *you*. Antony uses first *you* and then the familiar and affectionate *thou*. Cf. 199, 59, n; 341, 120, n; 390, 52, n.
- 298, 353. That I play'd booty with my life! To play booty is "to allow one's adversary to win at cards at first, in order to induce him to continue playing and victimize him afterwards" (*Webster's International Dictionary*). Antony's meaning is that Cæsar will suspect him of a sham attempt at suicide, in order to win compassion from the conqueror.
361. Send quickly, etc. In this verse the pause between the two speakers supplies the place of an unaccented syllable. In Shakspeare an accented syllable, or even a whole foot, is sometimes omitted in the same manner; see Abbott, *Shakspearian Grammar*, § 506. Cf. 377, 205, n.
- 299, 387, 388. But grieve not, while thou stay'st, My last disastrous times. Retaining the punctuation of the early editions, *stay* might be taken as meaning *wait for*, but this hardly suits the context. It seems easier to follow SsM and make *times* the object of *grieve*, which is used in the rather uncommon sense of *grieve for*; and to interpret *stay* as *tarry*, *linger*. Compare, in Dryden's *Aureng-Zebe*, "'Tis little to confess, your fate I grieve" (Ss. v. 258).
- 302, 505. She has done well. Dryden, by a fine stroke of art, makes even the coward Alexas pay tribute to Cleopatra's nobility of soul.

303, 17. *Mr. Bayes*. v. 404, 405, 86-93.

19. *Writ of ease*. N. E. D. defines this as "a certificate of discharge from employment." Dryden writes similarly in the epilogue to *The Wild Gallant* (revived) :

Things well consider'd, 'tis so hard to make
A comedy which should the knowing take,
That our dull poet, in despair to please,
Does humbly beg, by me, his writ of ease.

And in the first prologue to *The Adventures of Five Hours*, by Sir Samuel Tuke, are the lines :

But if, through his ill conduct or hard fate,
This foreign plot (like that of eighty-eight.)
Should suffer shipwreck in your narrow seas,
You'll give your modern poet his writ of ease ;
For, by th' example of the King of Spain,
He resolves ne'er to trouble you again.

Dodsley's *Old English Plays*, ed. Hazlitt, xv. 191.

THE SPANISH FRIAR

The Spanish Friar was probably acted late in 1680 or early in 1681; it was first printed in the latter year, being entered in the *Term Catalogue* for Trinity Term. The play, with its strongly anti-Catholic bias, indicates a temporary estrangement of the author from the Court and from the Duke of York's party. In his dedication Dryden speaks of "recommending a Protestant play to a Protestant patron." Scott accounts for this defection by supposing that Dryden was involved in, or at any rate influenced by, the disgrace of his patron Lord Mulgrave, to whom he had dedicated *Aureng-Zebe*. (Ss. i. 195-198; compare *Introduction*, pp. xli, xlii.) But Mulgrave was apparently a consistent partisan of the Duke of York; and in November, 1679, upon the removal of the Duke of Monmouth (the rival of the Duke of York) from the place of governor of Hull, was rewarded with the gift of that position (Luttrell, *Brief Historical Relation*, Oxford, 1857, vol. i, p. 27). Furthermore, Mulgrave's disgrace, which is said to have been caused by pretending courtship to the Lady Anne, daughter of the Duke of York, apparently did not occur until November, 1682 (*Ibid.* p. 236). Hence in writing *The Spanish Friar* Dryden was certainly not influenced by any sympathy with Mulgrave.

One might even propose a directly contrary theory. Dryden's reputed authorship of Mulgrave's *Essay on Satire*, which was handed about in manuscript late in 1679, was the cause of the Rose-Alley ambushade of December 18, 1679, to which he may refer in the prologue to *The Spanish Friar*: v. 312, 43, 44; n. 149 (*Rochester*). This cowardly assault brought Dryden not sympathy, but ridicule. *The Spanish Friar*, then, may possibly indicate the poet's revulsion of feeling against Mulgrave and his party. But probably this supposition is too far-fetched, and we must be content to ascribe Dryden's anti-Catholic zeal to disgust at the irregular payment of his pension, or to accept, without deeper analysis, the following statement by Scott, which is of course not affected by the refutation of his further supposition, referred to above: "The truth seems to be that Dryden partook in some degree of the general ferment which the discovery of the Popish Plot had excited; and we may easily suppose him to have done so without any impeachment to his monarchical tenets, since..... at the first opening of the Plot the chiefs of the royal party joined in the cry" (Ss. vi. 397).

At all events, Dryden's estrangement from the Court, whether real or apparent, was so marked that he was charged by a royalist pamphleteer with being an adherent of Shaftesbury (Ss. i. 198; ix. 438, 439; Christie, in *Globe* edition of Dryden, p. 123). Some lines in the play itself, apparently directed against the Whig mob of London (see 361, 157-169), indicate the injustice of this accusation. Only a few months later the poet triumphantly proved his loyalty by his great satire *Absalom and Achitophel*, published in November, 1681.

The Spanish Friar was prohibited by James II. Malone gives an interesting note on a revival of it after the Revolution:

"The Queen..... was probably extremely fearful of any piece being introduced on the stage that might admit of a political application to her own time, in consequence of the distress she had suffered a few years be-

fore at the representation of *The Spanish Friar*, which she ordered to be performed in June, 1689, it being the first play she went to see. Of her confusion and distress on that occasion a particular account is given in the following curious letter, written by Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, which seems to have been formerly in the possession of Oldys, and has been printed by Sir John Dalrymple, from a copy furnished by Dr. Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore. It does not appear to whom the letter was addressed :

"The only day her Majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, and that on which she designed to see another, has furnished the town with discourse for near a month. The choice of the play was *The Spanish Friar*, the only play forbid by the late K[ing]. Some unhappy expressions, among which those that follow, put her in some disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan, and often look behind her, and call for her palatine and hood, and anything she could next think of; while those who were in the pit before her turned their heads over their shoulders, and all in general directed their looks towards her, whenever their fancy led them to make any application of what was said. In one place, where the Queen of Aragon is going to church in procession, 'tis said by a spectator: "Very good; she usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and at the same time is praying for a blessing on her army." [v. 317, 318, 104, 105.] And when said: "That 't is observ'd at court, who weeps, and who wears black for good King Sancho's death," 't is said: "Who is that, that can flatter a court like this? Can I soothe tyranny? seem pleas'd to see my royal master murder'd; his crown usurp'd; a distaff in the throne?" [v. 357, 6-14.] And: "What title has this queen, but lawless force? and force must pull her down. [v. 358, 25, 26.]—Twenty more things are said, which may be wrested to what they were never designed: but, however, the observations then made furnished the town with talk, till something else happened, which gave it much occasion for discourse.'" (*Prose Works of John Dryden*, I, i. 214, 215.)

Scott tells us, on the authority of a contemporary satire, *The Revolter* (1687), that the satire on the Catholic Church was so severe in the first edition of *The Spanish Friar* that it had to be mitigated in succeeding editions (Ss. i. 203; vi. 399). Collation of the early copies proves this statement to be baseless; in fact the third and fourth editions contain passages, not found earlier, that deepen the satire: see footnotes on 332, 4; 339, 27. Professor Saintsbury's interpretation of *first edition* as *first representation* is prohibited by the language of the passage Scott quotes from *The Revolter*.

The unity of place is fairly well observed in *The Spanish Friar*, since all the scenes occur in the one city of Saragossa. The unity of time is not so strictly regarded: a night passes between act II and act III, or perhaps between the second and third scenes of act III, another between act IV and act V. The unity of action is patently neglected in this tragi-comedy: see *Introduction*, pp. xlix-iii.

The skilful combination of the comic with the tragic plot of *The Spanish Friar* won warm praise from critics of the eighteenth century school, notably Addison (*Spectator*, No. 267), Johnson (*Life of Dryden*), and Scott. Portions of Scott's introduction to the drama may be quoted as illustrating both this view of the play and his own courtly style of criticism:

"*The Spanish Friar* is one of the best and most popular of our poet's dramatic efforts. The plot is, as Johnson remarks, particularly happy, for the coincidence and coalition of the tragic and comic plots.

"The comic part, as it gives the first title to the play, seems to claim our first attention. Indeed, some precedence is due to it in another point of view; for, though the tragic scenes may be matched in *All*

for Love and elsewhere, *The Spanish Friar* contains by far the most happy of Dryden's comic effusions. It has, comparatively speaking, this high claim to commendation, that, although the intrigue is licentious, according to the invariable license of the age, the language is, in general, free from the extreme and disgusting coarseness which our author too frequently mistook for wit, or was contented to substitute in its stead. The liveliness and even brilliancy of the dialogue shows that Dryden, from the stores of his imagination, could, when he pleased, command that essential requisite of comedy; and that, if he has seldom succeeded, it was only because he mistook the road, or felt difficulty in traveling it. The character of Dominic is of that broadly ludicrous nature which was proper to the old comedy. It would be difficult to show an ordinary conception more fully brought out. He is, like Falstaff, a compound of sensuality and talent, finely varied by the professional traits with which it suited the author's purpose to adorn his character.

"The tragic part of *The Spanish Friar* has uncommon merit. The opening of the drama, and the picture of a besieged town in the last extremity, is deeply impressive, while the description of the noise of the night attack, and the gradual manner in which the intelligence of its success is communicated, arrests the attention, and prepares expectation for the appearance of the hero, with all the splendor which ought to attend the principal character in tragedy. The subsequent progress of the plot is liable to a capital objection, from the facility with which the queen, amiable and virtuous, as we are bound to suppose her, consents to the murder of the old dethroned monarch. The gallant, virtuous, and enthusiastic character of Torrismond must be allowed, in some measure, to counterbalance that of his mistress, however unhappily he has placed his affections. But the real excellence of these scenes consists less in peculiarity of character, than in the vivacity and power of the language, which, seldom sinking into vulgarity or rising into bombast, maintains the mixture of force and dignity best adapted to the expression of tragic passion. Upon the whole, as the comic part of this play is our author's masterpiece in comedy, the tragic plot may be ranked with his very best efforts of that kind, whether in *Don Sebastian* or *All for Love*" (Ss. vi. 395, 396, 398, 399).

On the other hand, Professor Saintsbury probably comes nearer the general verdict of readers of our own time when he writes:

"Elvira is an impudent and unattractive adulteress, Lorenzo a commonplace rake. The tragic parts are uninteresting to a degree, the queen being both bloodthirsty and inconsequent, and Torrismond a vacillating shilly-shally. No minor part redeems the play, and its merit depends almost wholly on its presumed merits of construction and on the Friar. The former, though not inconsiderable, are more technically than really interesting. The latter, good in his way, is little more than a blended reminiscence of Falstaff and Fletcher's Lopez [in *The Spanish Curate*], both very much degraded" (Ss. vi. 401).

In these sweeping assertions Professor Saintsbury lays his finger on Dryden's central weakness as a dramatist, his lack of a sympathetic understanding of human character, which he attempts to supply by a careful development of accepted types. Dryden's success is greater or less according as he succeeds in disguising his shallowness of conception by his technical skill. Compare *Introduction*, pp. liii, liv.

305. Dryden's quotation from Martial should begin, *Qua possis melius fallere*. "That you may be able to cheat the better, assume the gown."

Dryden's own translation of his motto from Virgil is as follows:

Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

DEDICATION

- 307, *John, Lord Haughton.* "John Holles, Lord Haughton, eldest son of the Earl of Clare. He succeeded to his father, was created Marquis of Clare, and died 1711." [SCOTT.]
27. *Telling. Counting.*
31. *In a playhouse, etc.* This may have been suggested by the following passages from Rymer:
- "A distinction is to be made between what pleases naturally in itself, and what pleases upon the account of machines, actors, dances and circumstances which are merely accidental to the tragedy." (*The Tragedies of the Last Age*, 1692, p. 6.)
- "Whatever defect may be in Amintor and Melantius, Mr. Hart and Mr. Mohun are wanting in nothing. To these we owe for what is pleasing in the scene, and to this scene we may impute the success of *The Maid's Tragedy*." (*Ibid.* pp. 138, 139.)
- 308, 7. *Bussy d'Ambois.* A tragedy by George Chapman (1559?—1634). Dryden's strictures have not found favor with later critics. See Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, ed. 2, II. 419, 420. Professor Ker states that D'Urfey "says he saw Bussy acted by Hart about 1675."
- In a translation of Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, published in 1683, made by Sir William Soames, and revised and adapted to English conditions by Dryden, occurs the triplet:
- | | |
|--|---|
| Your bully poets, bully heroes write; | } |
| Chapman in <i>Bussy d'Ambois</i> took delight, | |
| And thought perfection was to huff and fight. | |
- (Ss. xv. 240.)
9. *Cozen'd with a jelly.* Scott cites a line from Dryden's *Œdipus*: "The shooting stars end all in purple jellies" (Ss. vi. 159). The following excerpt from *Webster's International Dictionary* explains the origin of the superstition referred to:
- "NOSTOC. A genus of algæ.
- "*Nostoc commune* is found on the ground, and is ordinarily not seen; but after a rain it swells up into a conspicuous jelly-like mass, which was formerly supposed to have fallen from the sky, whence the popular names, *fallen star* and *star jelly*."
15. *A famous modern poet, etc.* "Andrea Navagero, (in Latin *Naugerius*,) a noble Venetian and celebrated Latin poet, who died in 1529, was accustomed, as Strada informs us in his *Pro-lusiones Academicæ* (lib. II. prol. 5), on the anniversary of his birthday, to burn the works of *Martial*; at the same time informing those friends whom he invited to an entertainment on the occasion, that this was a sacrifice to the manes of *Virgil*, an author for whom he had a high admiration: but Balzac, who also mentions this circumstance, says with more

probability, that Martial was sacrificed by Navagero to the manes of *Catullus*. I have nowhere met with an account exactly corresponding with that mentioned by our author. Navagero indeed, having read to a party of his friends some Latin verses which he had composed, and being told by them that his lines had much of the air of *Statius*, whose poetry he held in great contempt, was so exasperated that he threw them into the fire. (*Prol. Acad. ut supr.*) Dryden seems to have confounded the two anecdotes. Strada, however, was probably his authority, the line which he has quoted as a specimen of the style of *Statius*, (the first line of his poem entitled *Equus Domitiani*) being also quoted in the same pro-
lusion, as characteristical of that poet." (Malone, ii. 56, 57.)

If Dryden has really borrowed from Strada, as seems probable, it is the only instance of his use of that author. Confusion of the two anecdotes was easy, since the poems that Navagero burnt in vexation were called *Sylvæ*, like the work of *Statius* that he disliked. Rapin, with whom Dryden was familiar, gives this anecdote in the same form as Balzac; see his *Réflexions sur la Poétique*, ii. 31, in *Ocuvres*, Amsterdam, 1709, vol. ii. p. 188.—The editor has been unable to locate the anecdote in Balzac.

19. *Maximin*. The tyrant in Dryden's *Tyrannic Love*.

29. *Bubbles*. Dupes, gulls.

34. *Quæ superimposito*, etc. *Statius*, *Sylvæ*, I, i. 1: "What mass doubled by a colossus placed upon it?"

36. *Tityre, tu*, etc. Virgil, *Eclogues*, i. 1. Dryden translates:
Beneath the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tit'rus, entertain your sylvan Muse.

43. *Sylvester's Dubartas*. The translation of *Du Bartas his Divine Weekes and Workes* by Josuah Sylvester (1563-1618) has been published by Grosart in the *Chertsey Worthies Library*, 1880. The passage quoted by Dryden is from the *Fourth Part of the First day of the II. Weeke*, ii. 184-187. Grosart's text reads:

But when the Winter's keener breath began
To crystallize the *Baltike Ocean*,
To glaze the Lakes, and bridle up the Floods,
And perriwig with wool the baldepate Woods.

In his revision of Soames's translation of Boileau's *Art of Poetry* Dryden again refers to Sylvester:

Yet noisy bumbast carefully avoid,
Nor think to raise, tho' on Pharsalia's plain,
Millions of mourning mountains of the slain:
Nor, with Dubartas, bridle up the floods,
And periwig with wool the baldpate woods."

(Ss. xv. 227.)

309, 28. *The propriety of thoughts and words*. Compare Dryden's earlier words: "The definition of wit (which has been so often attempted, and ever unsuccessfully by many poets) is only this: That it is a propriety of thoughts and words; or, in other terms, thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject" (*The Author's Apology for Heroic Poetry and*

Poetic License, prefaced to *The State of Innocence*; Ss. v. 124).

- 310, 5. *Except those in verse*. That is, heroic plays.
 10. *Neither is it so trivial an undertaking*, etc. In his *Preface to Troilus and Cressida*, published only two years before, Dryden, following Aristotle, had written of "that inferior sort of tragedies, which end with a prosperous event." (Ss. vi. 264.)

TEXT

- 311, 11. *Bromingam*. Birmingham was noted at the time for its coinage of base money. Hence its name, under various forms, of which this is one (v. N. E. D. under *Brummagem*), became a slang term for counterfeit, and has so continued until the present day.
 21. *Notch'd*. N. E. D. explains as "having unevenly or closely cropped hair," and cites parallel passages. Scott comments: "It was anciently a part of the apprentice's duty not only to carry the family Bible to church, but to take notes of the sermon for the edification of his master or mistress."
- 312, 39. *Scouring*. Running over and dispersing.
 43. *A fair attempt*, etc. The reference is probably to the assault on Dryden himself in Rose Alley on December 18, 1679 (v. n. 149 (*Rochester*)) and to the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey in October, 1678.
 46. *The new-found pois'ning trick of France*. The *Chambre Ardente* had been in session in 1679-80, investigating the Voisin and other notorious poisoning cases.
 48. *Our Plot*. The Popish Plot.
- 316, 37. *Squander'd*. Scattered. Compare:
 And other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad.
 (*The Merchant of Venice*, I. iii. 21, 22.)
 43. *Colonel*. Here three syllables; cf. 362, 182, n.
- 318, 129. *By my computation*, etc. Dryden loses no opportunity of expressing his hostility to priests.
- 319, 147. *Score*. Count.
 148. *Tale*. Count.
- 322, 260. *Merit's*. Perhaps *merits* should be substituted, though the apostrophe is found in QqF.
 274. *Penelope's*. Apparently to be pronounced here as three syllables.
- 323, 303. *Want*. v. 273, 444, n.
- 324, 365. *Who have we yonder?* The form *who* as object of a verb is common in Shakspeare and is the regular usage in modern spoken English; see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 274; Sweet, *New English Grammar*, § 1086.
 370. *Thee*. Cf. n. 341, 120.
 377. *And the times*, etc. In the early editions of Shakspeare *and* is the regular spelling of the conditional particle; most modern editors substitute *an*.
- 325, 422. *Pumping*. So QqF. If the text is correct, it must mean that Gomez does not wish to have Lorenzo question him. *Pimping* would suit the context better.
- 326, 451. *Camphire*. Camphor.
 456. *No Carni'val*, etc. Cf. 250, 452, n.

- 329**, 27. *Convince*. Prove guilty.
- 330**, 72. *Fearful*. v. 109, 31, n.
- 332**, 145. *These fairy favors*, etc. "Alluding to the common superstition, that the continuance of the favors of fairies depends upon the receiver's secrecy: 'This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so. Up with 't, keep it close. Home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.' *Winter's Tale*, III. iii. 127-130." [SCOTT.]
- 334**, 91. *At next door*. Note the apparent omission of the article. In Middle English this was combined with *at*, forming *atte*; then, with the general loss of final *e*, *at* alone remained. Cf. 422, 142.
5. *Nights*. Adverbial genitive, not plural.
6. *Hilding*. Hussy.
- 335**, 33. *Marrowbones*. Knee bones.
42. *The devil's in the circle*. A reference to the circle that a conjurer draws around himself before beginning his incantations.
- 337**, 120. *What make you?* What are you doing? what are you up to? Cf. 194, 142; 340, 76; 378, 231.
127. *Fail*. Means may be construed either as a singular or as a plural; the use of the two constructions in one sentence, however, suggests a misprint.
136. *With a wet finger*. With great ease.
- 339**, 27. (footnote) *'Tis but*, etc. Dryden employs the same figure from the game of chess in his controversy with Stillingfleet: "His example of praying daily for the dead shew'd his opinion at the bottom; but his not publicly owning that he did so, has prov'd him little better than a black bishop who has enter'd privately into the white one's walk." (Ss. xvii. 230.)
- 340**, 62. *I never was out*. "At a loss, baffled." [SAINTSBURY.]
76. *What makes*, etc. Cf. 337, 120, n.
- 341**, 81. *Who have we here*. Cf. 324, 365, n.
120. *Help you out*. In this dialogue Lorenzo uses the singular pronoun, in a jovial, mock-friendly fashion; Gomez, naturally, never adopts it. Cf. 199, 59 n; 297, 299, n; 390, 52, n.
- 342**, 146. *I find*, etc. In this speech Lorenzo changes his tone, adopting the ceremonious *you*.
- 343**, 210. *And sins*. Cf. 324, 377, n.
- 344**, 213. *The tribe of Issachar*. "Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens." (Genesis xlix. 14.)
- 345**, 26. *The unknown ice*. Cf. 295, 223, n.
- 346**, 66. *What bull dare sheep dares*. The shift of construction from subjunctive to indicative may be intentional with Dryden.
- 348**, 148. *If then*, etc. The rimed couplet is used for emphasis.
161. *The priesthood*, etc. The following passage illustrates Dryden's fondness for argument in verse. (Cf. *Introduction*, p. xxvi; *The Conquest of Granada*, 99, 100, 71-134; 102-104, 76-180; *The Rehearsal*, 400, 1-18; 416, 15-17.) On such occasions he is sure to drop into rime. In *The State of Innocence*, act IV (Ss. v. 152-156), there is a long rimed argument between Adam, Raphael, and Gabriel, on this same question of free will. Compare also 115, 143-150.
- 350**, 245. *Obdurate*. Pronounced here *obdu'rate*.

- 351, 287.** *Aboding.* On the use of *abode* in the sense of the more common *bode*, compare:

This tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

(*Henry VIII*, I. i. 92-94.)

- 352, 59.** *Yes, by certainty.* "This retort brings out the proper sense of *jealousy* (*suspicion* of rivalry), which is often lost or forgotten." SAINTSBURY.

- 353, 75.** *Angels.* A play on the use of *angel* in the sense of a gold coin. Cf. 404, 56, n.

94. *Ana's.* "[Greek *ανά* (used distributively).] (Med.) Of each; an equal quantity; as, wine and honey, *ana* *ῥίς*, that is, of wine and honey, each, two ounces." (*Webster's International Dictionary*.)

95. *Sir Dominic.* *Sir*, as a translation of the Latin *dominus*, was colloquially applied to the clergy, often, as here, with a shade of contempt. Compare Chaucer's:

This swete preest, this goodly man, sir John.

(*Canterbury Tales*, B 4010.)

- 354, 128.** *Assassinates.* Assassins. The word occurs also in *Œdipus*, by Dryden and Lee. (Ss. vi. 217.)

133. *He has rail'd*, etc. The political satire is obvious.

- 355, 166.** *O my gold*, etc. Imitated from Shakspeare:

My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

(*The Merchant of Venice*, II. viii. 15-17.)

- 357, 256.** *Under covert-baron*, etc. A married woman is called in law a *feme covert*, and is said to be *under covert-baron*. Gomez jocosely coins the phrase *under covert-feme*.

- 359, 79.** *Shrewd.* It is hard to say whether the word is here used in the sense of *evil*, *mischievous*, or in that of *cunning*, *artful*; both these senses are found in Shakspeare.

- 360, 100.** *If princes*, etc. These lines apparently refer to the circumstances attending the impeachment of the Earl of Danby. v. n. 223 (*Danby*).

- 361, 157.** *You do not know*, etc. Here again is a vein of political satire, directed at the Whig mob of London; cf. p. 463.

- 362, 182.** *Colonel.* In Dryden's time this word was sometimes pronounced as three syllables, sometimes as two; v. N. E. D. and cf. 316, 43, n. In the following line Dryden may possibly have intended the familiar abbreviation *coll*.

- 363, 240.** *At last*, etc. Dryden gives emphasis to his sententious moralizing by reverting to rime; cf. n. 348, 161.

- 368, 38.** *Prevents.* Anticipates, comes before.

Pointed. Appointed. Used again by Dryden in his translation of *The Ninth Ode of the First Book of Horace*, line 32, in which passage also, however, the Scott-Saintsbury edition (xii. 363) wrongly prints *appointed*.

39. *Told the clocks.* Counted the strokes of the clocks.

59. *Doubts.* Suspects; cf. 140, 29, n.

- 372, 198.** *Orange tawny.* "Apparently the uniform of the 'city bands.'" SAINTSBURY.

- 374**, 59. *Breathing of the temple vein*. To breathe a vein is to lance it so as to let blood.
65. *At hardhead*. This apparently refers to a primitive sport in which two men butt against each other to decide whose head is the harder. In *The Hind and the Panther* (part II, line 443; Ss. x. 177) Dryden has the line:
Both play at hardhead till they break their brains.
- 377**, 205. *No! 'Tis*, etc. The pause after *no* compensates metrically for the omission of a syllable. Cf. 298, 361, n.
- 378**, 238. *Belswagger*. "A swaggering gallant or bully; a whoremonger, plimp." (N. E. D.)
- 379**, 269. *Circumbendibus*. A roundabout method. This is the first instance of the word cited in N. E. D. Dryden may have coined the expression, but more probably took it from contemporary slang.
274. *A household plague*. "A red cross, with the words, 'Lord have mercy upon us,' was placed, during the great plague, upon the houses visited by the disease." SCOTT.
280. *Crocodile of Nilus*. Cf. n. 86, 18.
- 380**, 299. *Laboring*. Belaboring.
310. *Rodomont*. A boasting hero in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto and the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo. Spelled Rhodomont in the early editions.
- 312-314. *But if friar*. If the reading of Q2Q3Q4 were adopted, these lines might be arranged metrically as follows, giving an irregular jingling couplet at the close of Gomez's speech:
But if you want a through-pac'd liar,
That will swear
Thro' thick and thin, commend me to a friar.
321. *Demogorgon*. One may borrow Saintsbury's note upon this word as used by Dryden in another connection: "Demogorgon, one of the more esoteric and apocryphal deities of mythology, has not much propriety here, except as supplying a name of excellent sound." (Ss. xi. 389.) Gomez is of course searching for a word that shall be more terrible than *Gorgon*.
- 382**, 387. *In quirpo*. In body; that is, in his underclothes.
Cas'd. Skinned. Compare: "We 'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him." (*All's Well that Ends Well*, III. vi. 110, 111.)
408. *Fact*. Crime, as always in Shakspeare.
- 383**, 23, 24. *Devil; civil*. v. 418, 60, 61, n.
34. *Well may*, etc. A fling at transubstantiation.
- 384**, 40. *And learn*, etc. There is a similar allusion in Oldham's *Satires upon the Jesuits*. (Satire II; *Poetical Works*, London, 1854, p. 103.)

THE REHEARSAL

On the history of *The Rehearsal*, see *Introduction*, pp. xxxi, xxxii.

The text of the present edition has been formed by a collation of Arber's reprint (London, 1868) with the first edition (1672). Spelling and punctuation are here modernized in the same way as for Dryden. On later editions of the play see *Introduction*, p. xxxii, n. 3. The present notes give such additions to the text as appear in the third edition (1675); but usually do not record minor variations of text between the first and third, or between the third and sixth (1692) editions. The editions of 1672, 1675, and 1692 are here cited as Q1, Q3, Q6; collectively, as Qq. The intermediate quartos were not accessible to the present editor. Scene headings and similar matter supplied by the present editor (v. pp. 388, 391) are inclosed in brackets. *Actus* and *scæna* of the original edition have been changed into *act* and *scene*; on p. 418 *scæna i* has been omitted. The division into scenes of acts II, III, IV is retained from Qq.

In 1701 a seventh edition of *The Rehearsal* appeared, containing some trifling "explanatory notes," only four in all. (The editor has used the copy owned by the Harvard College Library.) In 1704 the bookseller Briscoe issued a *Key to The Rehearsal*. (The copy that the editor has used is incorporated in *The Second Volume of Miscellaneous works written by George, late Duke of Buckingham*, London, 1705.) Briscoe represents, probably as a mere literary device, that he obtained his material from an old gentleman of his acquaintance. The information contained in this *Key* was frequently reprinted in the form of footnotes to later editions of *The Rehearsal*. Of these the editor has examined that contained in the edition of Buckingham's works published in 1775. Towards the close of the eighteenth century Bishop Percy prepared a key to *The Rehearsal*, which was never published, but a copy of which is preserved in the British Museum. From this Professor Arber drew much material for his reprint, besides adding occasional notes of his own. From these various sources the following notes are largely compiled. (Bishop Percy's work could be used only so far as reprinted by Professor Arber.) References to contemporary plays have been verified when possible. Notes taken from Professor Arber are signed with his name, which has been enclosed in brackets in case the original form of expression has been in any way altered. The same notation is adopted for the notes taken from the *Key* of 1704 or from the 1775 edition. In cases where these authorities have merely furnished a reference to an old play, the fact is indicated by an A, K, or N in brackets after the note.

In the Barton Collection at the Boston Public Library there is an interleaved copy of the third edition of *The Rehearsal* (1675) that once belonged to Narcissus Luttrell. It is inscribed *Nar. Luttrell: His Book 1682*, and contains many manuscript notes in his hand. With one exception, however (v. n. 408, 159), these add nothing to the material contained in the *Key* of 1704.

387, 2. *Posy*. Bouquet.

10. *King Cambyses' vein*. The allusion is of course to Shakspeare: "*Talstaff*. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in *King Cambyses' vein*" (*1 Henry*

IV, II. iv. 422-426). Shakspeare in his turn is ridiculing an old play by Thomas Preston, published in 1570, *A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the Life of Cambises King of Percia*. It may be remarked that Shakspeare here uses *passion* in the sense of *violent sorrow*, and that the author of this prologue misunderstands him.

16. *For, like a rook*, etc. A *rook* is a sharper. To *hedge in a bet* is to bet on both sides of a bargain, so as to be certain of winning. If the critics laugh at his bombast, Lacy has gained his object; if they are foolish enough to take him seriously, he will turn tragic actor.

27. *John Lacy*. Lacy was one of the best comic actors of the period, and a dramatist as well as an actor. He created the part of Mr. Bayes; cf. *Introduction*, p. xxxii, n. 4.

389, 18. *Aye*. Here, and generally throughout the play, the original editions read *I*.

33. *To elevate and surprise*. Cf. 11, 1-15.

390, 41. *Mr. Bayes*. On Mrs. Mountfort in this part, see n. 165.

52. *Wilt thou*. Johnson often addresses Bayes with the singular pronoun, rather from contempt than from familiarity.

61, 62. *In fine Europe*. "The usual language of the Honorable Edward Howard, Esq., at the rehearsal of his plays." KEY, 1704.

62. *I gad*. Here, and throughout the play, the original editions read *I gad*.

80. *These my rules*. The *Key* of 1704 refers to the opening lines of Dryden's prologue to *Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen*:

I.

He who writ this, not without pains and thought
From French and English theaters has brought
Th' exactest rules by which a play is wrought:

II.

The unities of action, place, and time;
The scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of Jonson's humor with Corneille's rime.

82. *The rule of transversion*. "Gerard Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, p. 169, noticing Dryden's *Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen*, says: 'I cannot pass by his making use of Bayes's art of transversing, as any one may observe by comparing the fourth stanza of his first prologue with the last paragraph of the preface to *Ibrahim*.'

"The title of this work is as follows: '*Ibrahim. Or the Illustrious Bassa*. An excellent new Romance. The whole Work in fourc Parts. Written in French by *Monseigneur de Scudery*. And now Englished by HENRY COGAN, gent. London 1652.' The paragraph referred to runs thus:

"Behold, reader, that which I had to say to you, but what defense soever I have imployed, I know that it is of works of this nature, as of a place of war, where, notwithstanding all the care the engineer hath brought to fortify it, there is always some weak part found, which he hath not dreamed of, and whereby it is assaulted; but this shall not surprise

me; for as I have not forgot that I am a man, no more have I forgot that I am subject to err.'

"This is thus versified in the fourth stanza of the same prologue.

IV.

"Plays are like towns, which, howe'er fortified
By engineers, have still some weaker side
By the o'er-seen defendant unespied."

[ARBER.]

391, 112. *Presently*. Immediately.

113. *All that Persius*, etc. This grotesque passage probably has some foundation in fact. Dryden, in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, devotes a paragraph to the formal division of a play into *protasis*, *epitasis*, *catastasis*, and *catastrophe*, which he ascribes to Aristotle (v. Ss. xv. 303, 304; Ker, i. 44-46, 294). The division really goes back only to Scaliger's *Poetics*. The passage is so long, and the agreement with Scaliger so close, that one can hardly suppose Dryden to be quoting from memory alone. It is a natural inference that Dryden had transferred the passage from Scaliger to his commonplace book, without noting the name of the author, and that on coming to use it he carelessly ascribed it to Aristotle, the fount of all dramatic criticism.

119. *Aye, sirs*, etc. Q3 here reads simply: *Sirs, if you make the least scruple*, etc. The line omitted is expanded later; v. n. 398, 85.

392 32. *She is my mistress*. "The part of Amaryllis was acted by Mrs. Ann Reeves, who, at that time, was kept by Mr. Bayes." Kex, 1704.

This passage is expanded in Q3 in such a way as to make Mr. Bayes more ludicrous:

Bayes. Aye, it's a pretty little rogue; I knew her face would set off armor extremely: and, to tell you true, I write that part only for her. You must know she is my mistress.

Johns. Then I know another thing, little Bayes, that thou hast had her, i' gad.

Bayes. No, i' gad, not yet; but I'm sure I shall, for I have talk'd bawdy to her already.

Johns. Hast thou, faith? Pr'ythee how was that?

Bayes. Why, sir, there is in the French tongue a certain criticism, which, by the variation of the masculine adjective instead of the feminine, makes a quite different signification of the word: as, for example, *ma vie* is my life; but if before *vie* you put *mon* instead of *ma*, you make it bawdy.

Johns. Very true.

Bayes. Now, sir, I, having observ'd this, set a trap for her the other day in the tiring-room; for this, said I: "*Adieu, bel esperansa de ma vie*;" which, i' gad, is very pretty. To which she answer'd, I vow, almost as prettily, every jot, for, said she: *Songez à ma vie, mounseieur*." Whereupon I presently snapp'd this upon her: "*Non, non, madam—songez vous à mon*," by gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smi. This is one of the richest stories, Mr. Bayes, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. Aye, let me alone, i' gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em, I warrant you. But I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another woman, in the city.

Smi. How kept? for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *beau gerson*; I am, i'sackins.

Smi. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the rogue is so fond of me, Mr. Johnson, that I vow to gad, I know not what to do with myself.

Johns. Do with thyself! no; I wonder how thou canst make a shift to hold out, at this rate.

Bayes. O devil, I can toil like a horse; only sometimes it makes me melancholy: and then I vow to gad, for a whole day together I am not able to say you one good thing if it were to save my life.

Smi. That we do verily believe, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, i' gad, which mads me in my amours; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. Johnson, my acquaintances, I hear, begin to give it out that I am dull: now I am the farthest from it in the whole world, i' gad; but only, forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

Johns. Phoo, pox, that's ill-natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Aye gad, there's no trusting o' these rogues; but—a—come, let's sit down. Look you, sirs, the chief hinge, etc."

Mrs. Reeve (the correct form of her name) played the part of Philotis in *Marriage à la Mode* and of Esperanza in *The Conquest of Granada*. The phrase *bel esperansa de ma vie* of course alludes to the latter part.

41. *Two kings*, etc. "Supposed to be the two brothers, the King and the Duke." [KEY, 1704.] Cf. n. 411, 5. Brentford is a market town seven miles southwest of London.

393, 60. *For either*. After these words Q3 inserts: "that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue."

63. *Artificial*. Here, as regularly in eighteenth century criticism, and even in Scott (cf. *Introduction*, p. xxxiv) this word means *artful, well-contrived, artistic*.

71. *To which end*, etc. "See the two prologues to *The Maiden Queen*." KEY, 1704.

The parody of *Secret Love*; or, *The Maiden Queen* is close enough for the purposes of satire. The prologue to that play is divided into two parts, the close of the first of which, and the opening of the second, are as follows. (The triplet immediately preceding the lines quoted has already been cited, in n. 390, 82.)

V.

And with that art you make approaches now;
Such skilful fury in assaults you show,
That every poet without shame may bow.

VI.

Ours therefore humbly would attend your doom,
 If, soldier-like, he may have terms to come
 With flying colors and with beat of drum.
*The Prologue goes out, and stays while a tune is play'd, after
 which he returns again.*

SECOND PROLOGUE.

I had forgot one half, I do protest,
 And now am sent again to speak the rest.
 He bows to every great and noble wit;
 But to the little Hectors of the pit
 Our poet's sturdy, and will not submit. }
 (Ss. ii. 422, 423.)

91. *I have printed*, etc. "There were printed papers given the audience before the acting *The Indian Emperor*, telling them that it was the sequel of *The Indian Queen*, part of which play was written by Mr. Bayes, etc." KEY, 1704. See *Introduction*, pp. xx, xxi; Ss. ii. 321, 322.
- 394, 100, 101. *Persons . . . i' gad*. "*Person, i' gad, I vow to gad, and all that* is the constant style of Failer in *The Wild Gallant*, for which take this short speech, instead of many:
 "Failer. Really, madam, I look upon you as a person of such worth, and all that, that I vow to gad I honor you of all persons in the world; and tho' I am a person that am inconsiderable in the world, and all that, madam, yet for a person of your worth and excellency I would—" KEY, 1704. Cf. Ss. ii. 62.
116. *There are certain ties upon me*. "He contracted with the King's Company of actors in the year 1668, for a whole share, to write them four plays a year." KEY, 1704.
 Malone in his *Life of Dryden* (pp. 71-78) shows that Dryden contracted to write three plays a year for a share and a quarter, and that he never fulfilled the terms of this contract.
129. *I make my prologue to be dialogue*. This device Dryden adopted for *The Wild Gallant* and *The Rival Ladies*.
140. *So boar and sow*, etc. For the passage parodied, v. 79, 128 f. [K.]
- 393, 151. *Enter Thunder and Lightning*.
 Song in Dialogue.
Evening. I am an evening dark as night, Jack-with-the-lantern bring a light.
Jack. Whither, whither, whither? [Within.
Evening. Hither, hither, hither.
Jack. Thou art some prattling echo of my making.
Evening. Thou art a foolish fire, by thy mistaking:
 I am the Evening that creates thee.
Enter Jack in a black suit border'd with glowworms, a coronet of shaded beams on his head, over it a paper lantern with a candle in 't.
Jack. My lantern and my candle waits thee.
Evening. Those flageolets that we heard play,
 Are reapers who have lost their way;

They play, they sing, they dance a round:
Lead them up, here's fairy ground.

Chorus.

Let the men ware the ditches;
Maids, look to your breeches,
We'll scratch them with briars and thistles:
When the flageolets cry,
We are a-dry;

Pond water shall wet their whistles.

[*Exeunt Evening, Winds, and Jack.*

SIR R. STAPYLTON, *The Slighted Maid*, 1663, act III, pp. 48, 49. [K.]

Dryden speaks slightly of this play in his prologue to Charles Davenant's *Circe*, Ss. x. 330; and in *A Parallel of Poetry and Painting*, Ss. xvii. 325. Cf. 424, 238, n.

168. *Peter*. A cosmetic of some sort.

183. *Mr. Ivory*. "Abraham Ivory had formerly been a considerable actor of women's parts, but afterwards stupified himself so far, with drinking strong waters, that, before the first acting of this farce, he was fit for nothing but to go of errands; for which, and mere charity, the company allowed him a weekly salary." KEY, 1704.

396, 5. *I begin this with a whisper.*

"*Drake Sen.* Draw up our men,
And in low whispers give our orders out.

DAVENANT, *The Playhouse to be Let*, act III, entry vi.

"See *The Amorous Prince*, page 20, 22, 39, 69, where you will find all the chief commands and directions are given in whispers." KEY, 1704.

The Amorous Prince is a comedy by Aphra Behn. The references above may be found in Pearson's reprint of her *Plays, Histories, and Novels*, London, 1871, vol. iv, pp. 278, 280, 296, 316. Cf. also *The Conquest of Granada*, 64, 117.

18. *Physician*. Q1 reads *physicians*.

397, 58. *I despise*, etc. A reference to the epilogue of *The Conquest of Granada, Part II* (p. 136), and perhaps one cause of Dryden's *Defense of the Epilogue*.

76. *Mr. Wintershall*. Spelled *Wintershull* in Q1. "Mr. William Wintershull was a most excellent, judicious actor, and the best instructor of others; he died in July, 1679." KEY, 1704. Wintershall played the part of Selin in *The Conquest of Granada*, and of Polydamas in *Marriage à la Mode*.

398, 85. *This new kind of foppery*. Q3 here adds the following passage:
Smi. Pox on't, but there's no pleasure in him; he's too gross a fool to be laugh'd at.

Enter BAYES.

Johns. I'll swear, Mr. Bayes, you have done this scene most admirably; tho' I must tell you, sir, it is a very difficult matter to pen a whisper well.

Bayes. Aye, gentlemen, when you come to write yourselves, o' my word, you'll find it so.

Johns. Have a care of what you say, Mr. Bayes, for Mr.

Smith there, I assure you, has written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, i'sackins? Why then pray, sir, how do you do when you write.

Smi. Faith, sir, for the most part I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. No, but I mean, what do you do when you write.

Smi. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is, with what do you prepare yourself?

Smi. Prepare myself! what the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, now, what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic and let blood; for, when you would have pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the belly.

Smi. By my troth, sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Aye, 't is my secret; and, in good earnest, I think, one of the best I have.

Smi. In good faith, sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, sir? I'gad, I'm sure on't: *experto crede Roberto*. But I must give you this caution by the way, be sure you never take snuff when you write.

Smi. Why so, sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoil'd me once, i' gad, one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine at Gresham College has promis'd to help me to some spirit of brains, and, i'gad, that shall do my business.

On this passage the following notes are of interest:

If I am to write familiar things, etc.

"This humorous account of Mr. Bayes's management of himself is a banter upon Mr. Dryden's practice, which is alleged to have been much as here represented." NOTES, 1775.

A letter from Dryden to Jacob Tonson (Ss. xviii. 111) gives incidental evidence of Dryden's taste for stewed plums. For "sonnets to Armida," compare n. 404, 77.

Be sure you never take snuff, etc.

"He was a great taker of snuff, and made most of it himself." KEY, 1704.

On the more particular references in the closing lines the editor can find no light.

14. *Mon foi*. Purposely incorrect for *ma foi*.

16. *I makes 'em*. So Q1 and Q3, probably for humorous effect; Q6 reads *make*. Professor Jespersen remarks (*Growth and Structure of the English Language*, § 198) that this is the oldest instance of this vulgarism that he has noted.

24. *It was I, etc.* The following lines are somewhat expanded in Q3 and Q6:

It was I, you must know, that have written a whole play just in this very same style, but it was never acted yet.

Johns. How so?

Bayes. I' gad, I can hardly tell you for laughing, ha, ha, ha!
it is so pleasant a story, ha, ha, ha!

Smi. What is't?

Bayes. I' gad, the players refus'd to act it, ha, ha, ha!

Smi. That's impossible.

Bayes. I' gad they did it, sir; point blank refus'd it, I' gad;
ha, ha, ha!

Johns. Fie, that was rude.

399. 48. *Nursery.* This was a theater erected under a patent issued by Charles II in 1664 "for the makeing upp and supplying of a company for acting of playes, and instructing boyes and gyrls in the art of playing, to bee in the nature of a Nursery, from time to time to be removed to the said two severall theatres abovementioned [that is, those of the King's Company and of the Duke's Company], which said company shall bee called by the name of a Nursery" (*Shakespeare Society's Papers*, vol. iii, 1847, p. 167). The patent adds: "We doe expressly hereby prohibite that any obscene, scandalous, or offensive passages be brought upon the stage, but such onely shalbe there had and used, as may consist with harmeless and inoffensive delights and recreations." The Nursery stood in Golding (later Golden) Lane, nêar the Barbican. It was much ridiculed by the wits of the time. Dryden selected it as the scene of the enthronement of Shadwell as king of "all the realms of Nonsense;" see *Mac Flecknoe*.

Mump your proud players, i' gad. Q3 here makes the following addition: "So; now Prince Pretty-man comes in and falls asleep, making love to his mistress, which, you know, was a grand intrigue in a late play, written by a very honest gentleman, a knight."

A note in the *Key* of 1704 states that the *late play* was "*The Lost Lady*, by Sir Robert Stapleton." *The Lost Lady* (London, 1639) was really written by Sir William Berkeley (to whom it is ascribed in the list of *Plays named in this Key*, published with the *Key* of 1704) and is included in the twelfth volume of Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's *Old English Plays*. The above note is apparently incorrect in asserting that the play was ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*, but some ground for the statement may be discovered. Lysicles, the hero of the drama, has lost his mistress by a foul murder, and now does nightly reverence to her tomb. At the opening of act I, sc. ii, he enters to her tomb, and then apparently remains in the background during the conversation of two minor characters: perhaps he is supposed to sleep before his beloved's remains.

The true object of satire is probably indicated in the following note:

"Bishop Percy states that this addition alludes to '*Querer por solo Querer: To Love only for Love's Sake*: a dramatick romance..... written in Spanish by Don Antonio [Hurtado] de Mendoza, 1623, paraphrased in English, anno 1654,' by Sir R. Fanshawe, 'during his confinement to Tankersly Park in Yorkshire, by Oliver, after the battle of Worcester, in which he was taken prisoner, serving His Majesty (whom God pre-

serve) as Secretary of State.' Printed London 1671. 4to.

"Bishop Percy thinks the passage had in view is this, in act I, p. 20.

"Felisbravo, the young king of Persia, traveling in search of Zelidaura, Queen of Tartaria (whom, it seems, he had never seen) retires into a wood to shun the noontide heat, and taking out his mistress's picture, thus rants:

"*Fel.* If sleep invade me strongly, that may sever
My life some minutes from me, my love never.
But 'tis impossible to sleep, we know,
Extended on the rack: if that be so,

[*Takes out the picture.*

Dumb larum, come thou forth; eloquent mute,
For whom high heav'n and earth commence a suit;
O angel-woman, fair hermaphrodite!
The moon's extinguisher! the noonday's night!
How could so small a sphere hold so much day?
O sleep! now, now, thou conquer'st me—but stay:
That part thou conquer'st, I'll not own for mine.
Tempest I seek, not calm: if the day's thine,
Thou quell'st my body, my love still is whole:
I give thee all of that which is not soul.
And, since in lodgings from the street Love lies,
Do thou, and spare not, quarter in my eyes
A while; I, harb'ring so unwelcome guest
(As men obey thy brother Death's arrest)
Not as a lover, but a mortal—

[*He falls asleep with the picture in his hand.*

Ris. He's fall'n asleep, so soon? What frailty is?
More like a husband than a lover, this.
If lovers take such sleeps, what shall I take,
Whom pangs of love, nor honor's trumpets wake?

[*Risaloro falls asleep.*"]

[ARBER.]

In line 7 of the verse, Professor Arber, apparently following the original edition, reads *Of Angel-woman*, and, in the next line, *Moon-days*.

13. *That's a general rule.* Boabdelin and Lyndaraxa observe this rule in *The Conquest of Granada*, 64, 129; 111, 136.

"This rule is most exactly observed in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, act IV, scene iv (Ss. ll. 386). Upon a sudden and unexpected misfortune, Almeria thus expresses her surprise and concern:

All hopes of safety and of love are gone:
As when some dreadful thunderclap is nigh,
The winged fire shoots swiftly thro' the sky,
Strikes and consumes, ere scarce it does appear,
And by the sudden ill prevents the fear:
Such is my state in this amazing woe,
It leaves no pow'r to think, much less to do."

Bishop Percy. [ARBER.]

15. *As some tall pine*, etc. Cf. 64, 129-135. [K.]

22. *Dry my tears.* After these words Q3 adds the following passage:

Johns. Mr. Bayes, methinks this *simile* wants a little application too.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that; which, you know, are the natural effects of an amour. But I'm afraid this scene has made you sad, etc.

400, 27. *It is resolv'd.* Q3 here adds: "*Bayes.* That's all."

4. *With a pipe of tobacco*, etc. Q3 here substitutes: "with a snuff-box in my hand, and then I feague it away, i'faith." (*Feague* = beat, drive.) Cf. n. 398, 85.

7. *The grand question is*, etc. In Q3 this speech is expanded into the following dialogue:

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper: which I divide thus.

Phys. Yes, it must be divided so indeed.

Smi. That's very complaisant, I swear, Mr. Bayes, to be of another man's opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none, here, but well-bred persons, I assure you.

Ush. I divided the question into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

The whole passage ridicules Dryden's fondness for scholastic logic. Cf. 416, 17; 348, 161, n.

16. *Yes, you have it right*, etc. In Q3 this speech also is expanded into a dialogue:

Bayes. Aye, you have it right: they are both politicians.

Ush. Pray then to proceed in method; let me ask you that question.

Phys. No, you'll answer better; pray let me ask it you.

Ush. Your will must be a law.

Phys. Come then, what is it I must ask?

Smi. This politician, I perceive, Mr. Bayes, has somewhat a short memory.

Bayes. Why, sir, you must know that t'other is the main politician, and this is but his pupil.

Ush. You must ask me whether they heard us whisper.

Phys. Well, I do so.

Ush. Say it then.

Smi. Hey day! here's the bravest work that ever I saw.

Johns. This is mighty methodical!

Bayes. Aye, sir, that's the way: 't is the way of art; there is no other way, i'gad, in business.

Phys. Did they hear us whisper?

Ush. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word *whisper*. To whisper in Latin is *susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now, if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper: but then comes in the *quomodo*, the how; how did they hear us whisper? Why, as to that, there are two ways: the

one, by chance, or accident; the other, on purpose, that is, with design to hear us whisper.

Phys. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em physic more.

Ush. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. Pray mark this, for a great deal depend[s] upon it, towards the latter end of the play.

Smi. I suppose, that's the reason why you brought in this scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Partly it was, sir; but, I confess, I was not unwilling, besides, to shew the world a pattern, here, how men should talk of business.

401, 19. *Exceeding.* So Q1; Arber prints *exceedingly*.

30. *There's now an odd surprise*, etc. "Such easy turns of state are frequent in our modern plays, where we see princes dethroned, and governments changed, by very feeble means, and on slight occasions; particularly in *Marriage à la Mode*, a play writ since the first publication of this farce. Where (to pass by the dullness of the state part, the obscurity of the comic, the near resemblance Leonidas bears to our Prince Prettyman, being sometime[s] a king's son, sometimes a shepherd's; and not to question how Amalthea comes to be a princess, her brother, the king's great favorite, being but a lord) 't is worth our while to observe how easily the fierce and jealous usurper is deposed, and the right heir placed on the throne: as it is thus related by the said imaginary princess:

[Here there follows a quotation from *Marriage à la Mode*, 215, 406-415.]

"This shows Mr. Bayes to be a man of constancy, and firm to his resolution, and not to be laughed out of his own method, agreeable to what he says in the next act, 'As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say?'" KEY, 1704; cf. 404, 77, 78, n. The usurpation and subsequent loss of power of Abdalla, in *The Conquest of Granada*, are almost as "easy turns of state" as that mentioned in *Marriage à la Mode*.

The notes to the 1701 edition also identify Leonidas and Prince Prettyman. Their resemblance makes it practically certain that the author of *The Rehearsal* was acquainted with *Marriage à la Mode*; cf. *Introduction*, pp. xxxiii, xxxiv.

36. *I know not what to do, nor what to say.*

(a) *Ormasdes.* I know not what to say, nor what to think! I know not when I sleep, or when I wake!

SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW, *Ormasdes*; or, *Love and Friendship*, 1666, act V.

(b) *Clearcus.* I know not what to resolve, nor what to say.

SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW, *Pandora*; or, *The Converts*, 1666, act V.

(c) *Pandora.* My doubts and fears my reason does dismay, I know not what to do, nor what to say.

Ibid., act V.

[K.]

After this speech Q3 adds the following passage:

Johns. Mr. Bayes, in my opinion, now, that gentleman might have said a little more upon this occasion.

Bayes. No, sir, not at all; for I underwrit his part, on purpose to set off the rest.

Johns. Cry you mercy, sir.

- 402, 8. *Effaut.* The old name for the note F.
14. *Harry the Eighth.* Cf. 418, 4, n.
25. *I have broke my nose.* This incident is a survival of an earlier draft of *The Rehearsal*, of which Davenant was the hero. Davenant's loss of his nose was a subject of satire at the time. See *Introduction*, p. xxxi, n. 2.
35. *Like horsemen.* After this speech Q3 adds the following line:
Smith. Like horsemen! what a plague can that be?
6. *Sir, all my fancies,* etc. The following passage, as far as the entrance of Prince Pretty-man, appears in a considerably altered form in Q3:
Bayes. Sir, all my fancies are so. I tread upon no man's heels, but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a scene of sheer wit, without any mixture in the whole world, I'gad, between Prince Pretty-man and his tailor: it might properly enough be call'd a prize [*i. e.* prize-fight] of wit, for you shall see 'em come in upon one another snip snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks; then presently t' other's upon him, slap, with a repartee; then he at him again, dash with a new conceit; and so eternally, eternally, I'gad, till they go quite off the stage.
- [*Goes to call the players.*]
- Smi.* What a plague does this fop mean by his snip snap, hit for hit, and dash?
- Johns.* Mean! why, he never meant anything in 's life: what dost talk of meaning for?
- Enter BAYES.*
- Bayes.* Why don't you come in?
- Enter Prince PRETTY-MAN and TOM THIMBLE.*
- This scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted, for 't is as full of drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an orange stuff'd with cloves, as for conceit.
- Pret.* But pr'ythee, etc.
- 403, 14. *Prince Pretty-man, and Tom Thimble.* "Failer and Bibber his tailor in *The Wild Gallant*." KEY, 1704. See *The Wild Gallant*, I. 1 (Ss. II. 35-37).
29. *Want.* Lack.
42. *I'm sure,* etc. "Nay, if that be all, there's no such haste: the courtiers are not so forward to pay their debts." *The Wild Gallant*, I. II (Ss. II. 46). [K.]
- Clothes.* Q1 reads *cloath*; Q3 and Q6 read *cloaths*.
- 404, 45. *Why, Tom,* etc. After this speech Q3 inserts the following:
Bayes. There's pay upon pay! as good as ever was written, I'gad!
53. *He does not top his part.* "A great word with Mr. Edward Howard." KEY, 1704.
56. *An angel for the king's evil.* A gold coin hung about the neck as a charm against scrofula. Cf. 353, 75, n.

77. *What care I what they say?* "Referring to Mr. Dryden's obstinate adherence to some things in his plays, in opposition to the sound judgment of all unprejudiced critics. See an instance of this noticed in the note [to 401, 30]." *Notes*, 1775.

Dryden was really sensitive to the criticism of men whose judgment he respected. See for instance his relations with Rymer (*Introduction*, pp. xliii-xlvi) and his tribute to Sir George Mackenzie (*Introduction*, p. xlii).

After they say? Q3 expands the text as follows:

What, are they gone, without singing my last new song?
'S bud, would it were in their bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to gad this song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written: you must know, it was made by Tom Thimble's first wife after she was dead.

Smi. How, sir, after she was dead?

Bayes. Aye, sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

Johns. Say? Why, nothing: he were a devil that had anything to say to that.

Bayes. Right.

Smi. How did she come to die, pray, sir?

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall: but here's the conceit, that upon his knowing she was kill'd by an accident, he supposes, with a sigh, that she died for love of him.

Johns. Aye, aye, that's well enough: let's hear it, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. 'Tis to the tune of: "Farewell, fair Armida, on seas, and in battles, in bullets," and all that.

SONG

In swords, pikes, and bullets, 'tis safer to be,
Than in a strong castle, remoted from thee:
My death's bruise pray think you gave me, tho' a fall
Did give it me more, from the top of a wall;
For then if the moat on her mud would first lay,
And after before you my body convey,
The blue on my breast when you happen to see,
You'll say, with a sigh, there's a true blue for me.

Ha, rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast as hops, i'gad; for, you must know, I am as pleasant a debauchee as ever you saw; I am, i'faith.

Smi. But, Mr. Bayes, how comes this song in here? for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

Bayes. Alack, sir, you know nothing; you must ever interlard your plays with songs, ghosts, and dances, if you mean to—a—

On this song the *Key* of 1704 gives the following note:
"In swords, pikes, and bullets, etc. In imitation of this:

"On seas, and in battles, thro' bullets and fire,
The danger is less than in hopeless desire;

My death's wound you gave me, tho' far off I bear
 My fall from your sight, not to cost you a tear;
 But if the kind flood on a wave would convey,
 And under your window my body would lay;
 When the wound on my breast you happen to see,
 You'll say, with a sigh: 'It was given by me.'

"This is the latter part of a song made by Mr. Bayes on the death of Captain Digby, son of George, Earl of Bristol, who was a passionate admirer of the Duchess Dowager of Richmond, called by the author *Armida*: he lost his life in a sea-fight against the Dutch, the 28th of May, 1672."

The song parodied, and an answer to it in the same meter, occur, without indication of authorship, in two miscellanies published in 1672, *Covent Garden Drollery* and *New Court Songs and Poems*, by R. V. Gent. They have been assigned to Dryden on the somewhat scanty evidence of this passage in *The Rehearsal*. *Covent Garden Drollery* gives the name as *Arminda*, and *New Court Songs* as *Armeda*. The second stanza is as quoted above, with some small variations of text.

82. *Pit, box, and gallery*. Cf. 390, 61, 62, n.

405, 9. *My lieges*, etc.

Alberto. Curtius, I've something to deliver to your ears.

[*Whispers*.

Curtius. Anything from Alberto is welcome.

A. BEHN, *The Amorous Prince*, III. ii. [K.]

406, 41. *Shy maid*. This speech is arranged as prose in Qq.

49. *Indeed*, etc. This speech and the following are omitted in Q3.

55. *Villain*, etc. In illustration of this passage Professor Arber cites the following from Sir R. Stapylton, *The Slighted Maid*, 1663, act iii, pp. 46, 47:

Decto. Now you shall tell me who play'd at cards with you.

Pyramena. None but my Lord Iberio and I play'd.

Dec. Who waited?

Py. Nobody.

Dec. No page?

Py. No page.

Dec. No groom?

Py. No groom; I tell you nobody.

Dec. What, not your woman?

Py. Not my woman, lack

How your tongue runs!

The passage ridiculed is more likely *Marriage à la Mode*, 162, 163, 328-342.

70. *Mark*, etc. In Q3 this speech reads: "Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects, for he's out at one and t' other; and that's the design of this scene."

407, 76. *Why when, I say*. *When*, as often in Shakspeare, is here rather an exclamation of impatience than a real interrogative.

89. *Bring in my father*, etc. v. n. 401, 30; cf. 180, 394-397.

408, 146. *Enter Prince Volscius*, etc. The following passage parodies a scene (act IV, sc. ii) of *The English Mounstieur*, by the Hon.

James Howard, 1674, of which a considerable portion is here reproduced :

Enter COMELY in a riding garb, with his servant.

Comely. Let my horses be brought ready to the door, for I'll go out of town this evening. *[Exit servant.]*

Enter WELBRED.

Wel. Why, how now Comely, booted and spurr'd?

Comely. Marry, am I.

Wel. For how long?

Comely. Why, for this seven years, for aught I know; I am weary of this town and all that's in 't: as for women, I am in love with none, nor never shall; I find I have a pretty strong defense about my heart against that folly. O, here comes the ladies very opportunely for me

Enter Lady WEALTHY and two other ladies.

to take my leave of 'em.

L. Weal. Mr. Comely, your servant—what, in a riding garb?

Comely. A dress fitting for a country journey, madam.

L. Weal. Why, can you ever leave this town?

Comely. That I can truly, madam, within this hour.

L. Weal. I can't believe it.

Comely. Were't not uncivil to get up a' horseback before you, I would convince you straight: nay, I did think I should be wonder'd at by you all, as much as an owl is amongst birds. Very like now if I were in love with any one of you three, tho' I were on horseback, a kind look might dismount me again; but I thank fate I ne'er had that perpetration of the heart; yet a disease, as malignant and as catching as the plague—and reigns as the plague does, altogether in London. So that for my future health I'll retire into the country for air, and there hunt and hawk, eat and drink so sound, that I will never dream of a woman, or any part about her.—This resolution of mine has made me turn poet; therefore, before I go, you shall hear a song call'd my farewell to London and women. Boy, sing the song.

THE SONG

I.

Ladies, farewell, I must retire,

Tho' I your faces all admire,

And think you heavens in your kinds,

Some for beauties, some for minds:

If I stay, and fall in love,

One of these heavens hell would prove.

II.

Could I know one, and she not know it.

Perhaps I then might undergo it!

But if the least she guess my mind,

Straight in a circle I'm confin'd:

By this I see, who once doth dote,

Must wear a woman's livery coat.

III.

Therefore this danger to prevent,
 And still to keep my heart's content,
 Into the country I'll with speed,
 With hounds and hawks my fancy feed!
 Both safer pleasures to pursue,
 Then staying to converse with you.

L. Weal. Now, Mr. Comely, would I give the world to see you soundly in love after this farewell song of yours to all women; I have heard the healthiest persons, when once they fall into a fever, are most distemper'd.

Comely. Lady, faith you'll never see me so; perhaps you may hear, when I am in the country, that I am in love with my hounds if they run well; but as for falling in love with woman, whenever I do I'll sell all my estate and purchase Bedlam to have it to myself, for 'twill be a house fit for no other kind of madmen.

.....
Comely. Now I'll away; a country life
 Shall be my mistress and my wife.

[He's going off in haste, and meets WILLIAM, a clown, and ELSEBETH PRITTY, and stops.]

William. Pray, gentleman, is not this the place where the king and the queen do walk? Thou art the first man Elsbeth and I have met with since we came to this huge town, that wear boots like our gentlemen in Wiltshire.

Comely. And did you two come to town only to see the king and queen?

William. No, no, we came about this maiden's vather's will.

Comely. And what's this maid's name?

William. Wouse, man, one would a' thought thou hadst been a better schollard then to have ask'd her name before mine.

Comely. Cry mercy, friend, what's thy name?

William. Friend dost call me? How canst tell I'm thy friend before thou know'st my name: I am call'd [*William*] by all the folk that know me in Wiltshire.

Comely. Honest William, then, what's this damsel's name?

William. Why, her cursen name is Elsba; her next name to that, I wouse, is Pritty.

Comely. [*Aside.*] By all the charms of beauty, a name as fit for her, as if Nature had christen'd her, and were her godmother as well as mother.

.....
Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, 'twill be too late for your worship to go out of town to-night.

Comely. I think so too, set up my horses: what sudden fate hath chang'd my mind! I feel my heart so restless now as if it ne'er knew rest. Sure I'm in love; yet how I should find that who never was before! A man that's sick of a disease he never had, knows not what 'tis till the physician proves it; yet I'm acquainted with my new

distemper, as if I had linger'd in't this twelve months.
How finely shall I be laugh'd at now, if the cause of my
staying in town be once discover'd; I that have taken the
liberty all my lifetime to jeer at people's being in
love. [K.]

159. *That you will here, etc.* Luttrell cites:

And leaves poor me defenseless here alone.

The Indian Emperor, V. ii (Ss. ii. 405).

- 409, 185. *Parthenope she calls.* After these words Q3 adds the following:

Bayes. Now, that's the Parthenope I told you of.

Johns. Aye, aye, i'gad you are very right.

187. *Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud.*

Mustapha. I bring the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

DAVENANT, *The Siege of Rhodes*, Part I, entry ii. [K.]

Mustapha is bringing in the fair lanthe, velled; hence his
"conceit."

193. *Prince Volscius in love?*

Comely. Come, come, you all know me well enough, and yet

I tell you, I am plaguilly alter'd since you saw me last.

L. Weal. Why, what's the matter?

Comely. I am, a pox on 't!—I am, a plague on 't!—I am in
love.

L. Weal. In love!—what, Mr. Comely, in love?

Comely. Nay, nay, nay, come begin the laugh, and let it not
last above three hours; that's all I ask. [*They laugh a
great while.*] Well, have you done?

All ladies. No, not by a great deal.

[*They laugh on.*]

Comely. I must have patience till you have.

.....
L. Weal. I warrant 'tis some mimping country gentlewoman.

Comely. No, 'tis a country farmer's daughter.

JAMES HOWARD, *The English Mounseieur*, IV. ii. [K.]

198. *O, I did not, etc.* Q3 expands this speech into the following
dialogue:

Sm. Well, and where lies the jest of that?

Bayes. Ha?

[*Turns to JOHNSON.*]

Johns. Why, in the boots: where should the jest lie?

Bayes. I'gad, you are in the right: it does [*turns to Smith*]
lie in the boots.—Your friend and I know where a good
jest lies, tho' you don't, sir.

Sm. Much good do't you, sir.

Bayes. Here, now, Mr. Johnson, you shall see a combat, etc.

200. *An ancient author, etc.* "Sir William Davenant's play of *Love
and Honor*." KEY, 1704. See *Introduction*, p. xvi.

- 410, 201. *Volscius sits down.* Q3 expands this into: "*VOLSCIUS sits
down to pull on his boots; BAYES stands by and overacts the
part as he speaks it.*" Q3 also makes the interruption by
Johnson and Smith fall after the *fourth* line of Volscius's
speech and changes the next stage direction to: "*Goes out
hopping with one boot on and the other off.*"

215. "*Go on,*" cries Honor, etc. "But Honor says not so."

DAVENANT, *The Siege of Rhodes*, Part I, entry iii. [K.]

Professor Arber, probably following Bishop Percy, cites the

following closer parallels, of which the editor has been able to verify only the second:

(a) *Felisbravo*.

Love and Honor pull two ways;

And I stand doubtful which to take:

"To Arabia," Honor says;

Love says: "No, thy stay here make."

SIR R. FANSHAWE, Translation of *Querer por solo Querer*.
Cf. n. 399, 48.

(b) Enter PALLADIUS softly, reading two letters.

Pall. I stand betwixt two minds! what's best to do?

This bids me stay, this spurs me on to go.

Once more let our impartial eyes peruse

Both t' one and t' other: both may not prevail.

My Lord,

Prize not your honor so much as to disprize her that honors you, in choosing rather to meet death in the field than Pulchrella in her desires. Give my affection leave once more to dissuade you from trying conquest with so unequal a foe; or if a combat must be tried, make a bed of roses the field, and me your enemy. The interest I claim in you is sufficient warrant to my desires, which according to the place they find in your respects, confirm me either the happiest of all ladies, or make me the most unfortunate of all women.

PULCHRELLA.

A charm too strong for honor to repress.

Mus. A heart too poor for honor to possess.

Pall. Honor must stoop to vows.—But what says this?

[Reads the other letter.]

My Lord,

The hand that guides this pen, being guided by the ambition of your honor and my own affection, presents you with the wishes of a faithful servant, who desires not to buy your safety with the hazard of your reputation. Go on with courage, and know, Panthea shall partake with you in either fortune: if conquer'd, my heart shall be your monument, to preserve and glorify your honor'd ashes; if a conqueror, my tongue shall be your herald to proclaim you the champion of our sex, and the phoenix of your own; honor'd by all, equal'd by few, belov'd by none more dearly than

Your own

PANTHEA.

I sail betwixt two rocks! What shall I do?

What marble melts not if Pulchrella woo?

Or what hard-hearted ear can be so dead,

As to be deaf, if fair Panthea plead?

Whom shall I please? Or which shall I refuse?

Pulchrella sues, and fair Panthea sues;

Pulchrella melts me with her lovesick tears,

But brave Panthea batters down my ears

With love's petar; Pulchrella's breast encloses

A soft affection wrapp'd in beds of roses,

But in the rare Panthea's noble lines

True worth and honor with affection joins.

I stand even-balanc'd, doubtfully oppress'd
 Beneath the burthen of a bivious breast.
 When I peruse my sweet Pulchrella's tears,
 My blood grows wanton, and I plunge in fears;
 But when I read divine Panthea's charms,
 I turn all fiery, and I grasp for arms.
 Who ever saw, when a rude blast outbraves
 And thwarts the swelling tide, how the proud waves
 Rock the drench'd pinnace on the sea-green breast
 Of frowning Amphitrite, who, oppress'd
 Betwixt two lords, not knowing which t' obey,
 Remains a neuter in a doubtful way.
 So toss'd am I, bound to such strait confines,
 Betwixt Pulchrella's and Panthea's lines:
 Both cannot speed; but one that must prevail.
 I stand even-pois'd; an atom turns the scale.

F. QUARLES, *The Virgin Widow*, act III (vol. III, pp. 302, 303, of Grosart's reprint).

As Quarles died in 1644 and his play was published in 1649, one may doubt whether the author of *The Rehearsal* had it in mind when writing.

226. *Aye, is 't not*, etc. Q3 expands this speech of Bayes into the following passage:

Bayes. Aye, is 't not, now, i'gad, ha? For to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, i'gad.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, that hip hop in this place, as you say, does a very great deal.

Bayes. O, all in all, sir; they are these little things that mar or set you off a play: as I remember once, in a play of mine, I set off a scene, i'gad, beyond expectation, only with a petticoat and the bellyache.

Smi. Pray, how was that, sir?

Bayes. Why, sir, I contriv'd a petticoat to be brought in upon a chair (nobody knew how) into a prince's chamber, whose father was not to see it, that came in by chance.

Johns. God's my life, that was a notable contrivance indeed.

Smi. Aye, but, Mr. Bayes, how could you contrive the bellyache?

Bayes. The easiest i' th' world, i'gad. I'll tell you how: I made the prince sit down upon the petticoat, no more than so, and pretended to his father that he had just then got the bellyache: whereupon his father went out to call a physician, and his man ran away with the petticoat.

Smi. Well, and what follow'd upon that?

Bayes. Nothing; no earthly thing, I vow to gad.

Johns. O' my word, Mr. Bayes, there you hit it.

Bayes. Yes, it gave a world of content. And then I paid 'em away besides, for it made 'em all talk bawdy; ha, ha, ha: beastly, downright bawdry upon the stage, i'gad, ha, ha, ha; but with an infinite deal of wit, that I must say.

Johns. That, aye that, we know well enough, can never fail you.

Bayes. No, I'gad, can't it. Come, bring in the dance.

[*Exit to call 'em.*]

Smt. Now the devil take thee for a silly, confident, unnatural, fulsome rogue.

Enter BAYES and Players.

Bayes. Pray dance well before these gentlemen: you are commonly so lazy, but you should be light and easy, ta, ta, ta.

[*All the while they dance, BAYES puts 'em out with teaching 'em.*]

Well, gentlemen, you'll see this dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

This insertion ridicules a situation at the beginning of the fourth act of Dryden's *The Assignation*, which was acted in 1672 and published the next year. If we substitute *masking-habit* for *petticoat*, the description here given of Dryden's work is almost literally exact. [K.]

411, 253. *For fame and reputation.* Q3 reads simply *for reputation.*

5. *A person of honor, etc.* "Col. Henry Howard, son of Thomas, Earl of Berkshire, made a play called *The United Kingdoms*, which began with a funeral, and had also two kings in it. This gave the duke a just occasion to set up two kings in Brentford, as 't is generally believed, though others are of opinion that his grace had our two brothers in his thoughts. It was acted at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, soon after the Restoration; but miscarrying on the stage, the author had the modesty not to print it, and therefore the reader cannot reasonably expect any particular passages of it. Others say that they are Boabdelin and Abdalla, the two contending kings of Granada." [KEY, 1704.]

In a note on the next scene the 1701 edition identifies the two usurpers with "the two kings in Granada."

16. *It shall drum, etc.* "These are Mr. Dryden's words in his preface to *The Conquest of Granada.*" NOTES, 1775.

The lines would do for a parody of a paragraph in Dryden's *Essay of Heroic Plays*; v. 11, 1-15. Felix Lindner, in his edition of *The Rehearsal*, Heidelberg, 1904, cites the following note from an eighteenth century key that depends mainly on Briscoe's: "The usual language of the Honorable Edward Howard, Esq., at the rehearsal of his plays." This seems only a mistaken repetition of the note on 390, 61, 62.

21. *The rule of romance, etc.* This passage is a slight additional proof of the close relation between the heroic plays and the interminable French romances. Cf. *Introduction*, pp. xiv f.

- 27, 28. *And therefore what do me I.* Q3 expands these lines as follows: "And then, sir, this contrivance of mine has something of the reason of a play in it too; for as everyone makes you five acts to one play, what do me I," etc.

On this speech of Bayes, Arber quotes from Bishop Percy: "This is intended to ridicule the absurd custom of writing plays in several parts, as *The Siege of Rhodes*, Parts I and II; [Thomas] Killigrew's *Bellamira*, I and II; *Thomaso*, I and II; *Cicilia and Clorinda*, I and II, etc.; but is prin-

cipally leveled at *The Conquest of Granada* in two parts; which is properly but one play of ten acts, neither the plot nor characters being complete or intelligible in either without the other." A note to the 1775 ed. mentions also *The Indian Queen* and its sequel *The Indian Emperor*; see *Introduction*, pp. xx, xxi.

- 412, 39. *The third week*. According to the custom of the time, the author received the profits of the *third day*.
44. *Which may be executed two several ways*. So Q3; Q1 reads to in place of *two*. Cf. 422, 181, u.
49. *He having passionately lov'd her*, etc. The reference, as Bishop Percy indicates, is doubtless to *The Conquest of Granada*, 113-118, 155-284. In the play Mr. Bayes, as he promises, has taken Mr. Smith's advice, and made Almanzor hinder Almahide from killing herself. The passage may really be inspired by some of Dryden's conversation about his own work.
76. *A lady that was drown'd at sea*, etc. v. 114, 95-100. [K.]
- 413, 86. *Drawcansir*. A parody on Almanzor. Cf. 5, 21-43.
124. *Since death*, etc. This ridicules a speech of Berenice, the faithful wife of the tyrant Maximin, to her lover Porphyrius, in Dryden's *Tyrannic Love*, act III (Ss. iil. 418, 419). The dialogue is so fine an example of Restoration tragic virtue that it is worth quoting entire:
- Ber.* I hate this tyrant, and his bed I loathe;
But, once submitting, I am tied to both:
Tied to that honor which all women owe,
Tho' not their husband's person, yet their vow.
Something so sacred in that bond there is,
That none should think there could be aught amiss;
And if there be, we should in silence hide
Those faults, which blame our choice, when they are spied.
- Por.* But, since to all the world his crimes are known,
And by himself the civil war's begun,
Would you th' advantage of the fight delay,
If, striking first, you were to win the day?
- Ber.* I would like Jews upon their Sabbath fall;
And, rather than strike first, not strike at all.
- Por.* Against yourself you sadly prophesy:
You either this divorce must seek, or die.
- Ber.* Then death from all my griefs shall set me free.
- Por.* And would you rather choose your death, than me?
- Ber.* My earthy part——
Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove;
I'll come all soul and spirit to your love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day;
Or else, before you, in the sunbeams play:
I'll lead you thence to melancholy groves,
And there repeat the scenes of our past loves.
At night, I will within your curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you sleep:
In gentle dreams I often will be by,
And sweep along before your closing eye.
All dangers from your bed I will remove,

But guard it most from any future love;
 And when at last, in pity, you will die,
 I'll watch your birth of immortality:
 Then, turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair,
 And teach you your first flight in open air.

[*Exit Berenice.*] [K.]

Compare also 56, 419-426.

414, 168. *Now, it's out*, etc. For this and the next two speeches Q3 substitutes the following passage:

Bayes. So, take away the coffin. Now it's out. This is the very funeral of the fair person which Volscius sent word was dead; and Pallas, you see, has turn'd it into a banquet.

Smi. Well, but where is this banquet?

Bayes. Nay, look you, sir, we must first have a dance, for joy that Lardella is not dead. Pray, sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly at least.

Smi. That, indeed, I had forgot: I ask your pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye so, sir? I am glad you will confess yourself once in an error, Mr. Smith.

Dance.

415, 182. *That shall be mine*, etc. After this speech of Pallas Q3 adds the following:

Bayes. There's the banquet. Are you satisfied now, sir?

Johns. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you, for the chief art in poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

183. *Lo, from this conquering lance*, etc. This speech ridicules a scene (act III, sc. v) in *The Villain*, a tragedy by Thomas Porter, first published in 1663. The play is a poor production, the plot of which is in some ways reminiscent of *Othello*. The scene here satirized is practically independent of the main action. The following quotation (from ed. 3, 1694) omits only the final half-page and a few coarse lines.

Enter Host and his Wife.

Host. Nay, prithce weep not, chuck: I'll warrant thee
 There's nobody will take the house off their hands,
 Now we have left it.

Wife. But what an inhuman dog to turn us out,
 Just when these blades were come to town!
 O the tearing customers we should have had!

Host. No matter, no matter, God's precious,
 They cannot hinder me my standing on the king's
 ground,

And we will vent our merchandise here,
 In spite of their noses: set down the table, chuck;
 There, there, so, lay the stools under it.
 Pox, let's be merry for all this, chuck.
 Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat.

Wife. Truly, husband, I believe that's the reason
 Ours died this morning.

Host. Away, woman, away——

Sings.

When as King Peppin rul'd in France,
 A king of wondrous might,
 He that could the coranto dance,
 Was straightways made a knight.

If any pass this way, I'm sure they'll stop,
 For here's man's meat, and woman's meat;
 Thou for the men, and I for the women,
 At the sign of St. Anthony's pig.

Wife. But why have you chang'd the sign we had before?
 St. Lewis is as much respected in this country.

Host. Aye, but you know the prodigal child thrust out of
 Doors, kept company with pigs, good wife, and sows.

Wife. 'Tis true, and with hogs, good husband, and hogs.

Host. Away, thou cockatrice; peace, here's company.

Enter COLIGNI, D'ELPECHE, MARIANE, LAMARCH, FRANCIBEL.

Sings.

Please you, monsieurs, entertain
 The damoisels ye bring;
 Here's cheer, there ne'er was such in Spain,
 And wine would fox a king.

Here's capons that from Bruges came
 In post for expedition,
 And veal so white, that none in Gant
 Can come in competition.

Here's sallet mystic savor has,
 As mystic as the color;
 A lover being put to grass
 Pick'd it against love's dolor.

Here's vin de bon, vin de Champagne,
 And vin de Celestine,
 And here is that they call Bourru,
 Which to love's sports incline.

Sa, sa, monsieurs, what have you a mind to?
Col. Odd's my life, gentlemen, here is the bravest
 Fellow I ever read of in all my travels;
 Pray, friend, what show do you represent?

Host. Show, sir?

Col. Aye, show, sir; does that offend you? Uds fish,
 I care not a fart an you be offended at show, sir.
 What do you wear that in your hat for, sir,
 If it be not for a show, sir, ha?

Host. Why, for a sign, sir.

Col. For a sign? Why, are you the post?
 Ha, ha, ha; ha, a very good jest;

Did not I put a very good jest upon him, gentlemen?

Host. Yes, you did, a very good jest; ha, ha, ha, 'twas a
 very good . . .

Jest i' faith, gentlemen.

- Col. Why so it was, sir, for all your sneering.
- Host. Why, so I thought, sir; 'tis very strange you will be so Angry without cause.
- Franc. So, so, gentlemen, my brother's taken up.
- D'Elp. Aye, aye, let him alone, let's mark 'em.
- Col. Why, sir, without a cause? I was angry at something; I was angry at a post, and there you have it again, Ha, ha, ha, ha.
- Host. I'm glad you are pleas'd again, For I find your wits riding post, ha, ha, ha, ha.
- Col. A pig, a pig, ha, ha, ha.
- Host. 'Tis the sign of the pig, and I'm the master of the Cabaret, which shall give you most excellent content.
- Col. Say'st thou so, honest fellow? Faith, thou art a very merry honest fellow; Sisters, I'll treat you and these gentlemen At this cabaret he talks of. Prethee, honest friend, Where is this cabaret? for I long to be in a cabaret.
- Host. Why here, sir, sit down at this table, And call for what you will.
- D'Elp. How's this, how's this? 'Sdeath, are you one of Urganda's Squires? Pray, friend, when shall the meat And wine come?
- Lamar. From Tripoli on a broomstick.
- Host. Pray, gentlemen, hinder me not the custom of the young gallant; Entreat but these ladies to sit down, and break my head if you be not Well-treated—I'll desire no favor.
- Col. Nor no money neither, I hope, sir.
- Host. Truly I won't; if you be not pleas'd above expectation, Ne'er trust one again of my profession.
- D'Elp. Faith, ladies, this may prove worth our curiosity; Come, we will sit down.
- Mar. What you please, sir.
- Col. That's my good sister: come, come, *La couvert, la couvert.*
- Lamar. This begins to look like something: he's bravely stuff'd, I'll warrant you, he is so well hung.
- Col. Now, sir, a cold breast of your delicate white veal.
- Host. Here you have it, sir.
- Col. Nay, nay, and a sallet, good sir, a sallet.
- Host. Well, sir, I must untruss a point.
- Col. How, sir, to give us a sallet? Why have you been at grass?
- D'Elp. Why d'ye want a boil'd sallet, monsieur?
- Lamar. Before St. Lewis, an excellent trimming. I'll ha' my next suit, that I go into the campaign with, Trimm'd all with sausages.
- Mar. 'Twill make many a hungry soldier aim at you.
- Col. Well thought on, A' faith, sir. Come, friend, a dish of sausages; a dish of sausages.

- Host.* Why look you, sir, this gentleman only mistook
The placing; these do better in a belt.
- Franc.* A strange fellow this.
- D'Elp.* Aye, is it not? Come, sir, wine we see you have:
Prethee let's taste the best.
- Host.* That you shall, sir.
If you'll hear music and a song with 't,
I'm ready: you shall want nothing here.

Sings.

- Ye may tippie, and tippie, and tippie, all out,
Till ye baffle the stars, and the sun face about.
- D'Elp.* Away with your drunken song; have you nothing
Fitter to please the ladies?
- Host.* Yes, sir.
- D'Elp.* Come away with it then.

Host sings.

- Col.* Most excellent, I'faith! Here's to thee, honest fellow,
With all my heart: nay, stay a little, this is very
good wine.
Here's to thee again—hark, you honest fellow,
Let me speak with you aside.
D'ye count here by pieces, or d'ye treat by the head?
- Host.* I'll treat by the head, sir, if you please;
A crown a head, and you shall have excellent cheer,
Wine as much as you can drink.
- Col.* That's honestly said: you know my father, friend;
'Tis Monsieur Cortaux.
- Host.* Yes, sir, the famous scrivener here of Tours.
- Col.* Well, treat us very well; I'll see thee paid.
- Host.* Nay, sir, I'll see myself paid, I'll warrant you,
Before you and I part.
- Col.* I do mean it so, honest friend, but prethee
Speak not a word to the gentlemen, for then
You quite disgrace, sir, your most humble servant.
- Host.* Mum, a word to the wise is enough.
- Col.* Come, come, friend, where's the capon of Bruges
You last spoke of?
- Host.* Here at hand, sir; wife, undo my helmet:
This, sir, is my crest.
- D'Elp.* A very improper one for a married man.
- Col.* Yes, faith and troth, he should have had horns, ha,
ha, ha!
Here's to ye, noble captain, a very good jest,
As I am a gentleman.
- D'Elp.* I thank you, sir!
- Col.* Methinks you are melancholy, sir!
- Lamar.* Not I, sir, I can assure you: ladies, how
Like ye the sport? an odd collation, but well contriv'd.
- Franc.* The contrivance is all in all.
- Mar.* What makes my brother kneel; look, look, sister.
- Col.* Here's a health to our noble colonel;
Gentlemen, ye see 'tis a good one!

- D'Elp.** Yes, and a large one, but if both drink it,
How shall we lead your sisters home?
- Col.** No matter, hem: here 'tis, gentlemen, *super naculum*;
Come, come, a tansy, sirrah, quickly.
- D'Elp.** H'as pos'd ye there, mine host.
- Host.** That's as time shall try, look ye here, sir:
The lining of my cap is good for something.
- Lamar.** Faith, this was unlook'd for.
- D'Elp.** 'Sfsh, I think all his apparel is made of commendable
Stuff: has he not gingerbread shoes on?
- Host.** No, truly, sir, 'tis seldom call'd for in a tavern;
But if ye call'd for a dish of pettitoes, 'twere
But plucking off my wife's buskins.
- Franc.** We'll rather believe than try.
- D'Elp.** Could you procure these ladies a dish of cream,
Sir, this will shew your masterpiece!
- Host.** 'Tis the only weapon I fight at: look ye,
Gentlemen, the thunder has melted my sword in the
scabbard;
But 'tis good, taste it.
- D'Elp.** Th'ast my verdict to be the wonder of hosts;
Shalt have a patent for 't if I have any
Power at court. [K.]

189. *What man is this*, etc. Cf. 115, 156-158. [K.]

195. *'Tis a marvellous good one*, etc. After this speech Q3 adds the following:

Bayes. Now there are some critics that have advis'd me to
put out the second *dare*, and print *must* in the place on't;
but, i'gad, I think 't is better thus a great deal.

Johns. Whoo! a thousand times.

Bayes. Go on then.

A note to the 1775 ed. states: "The passage last cited
from *The Conquest of Granada* was at first wrote:

'He who dares love and for that love *dares* die,'
but was afterwards amended to *must* die." But the reading
must is already found in the first edition; the note is prob-
ably a mere inference from the text of *The Rehearsal*.

201. *You shall not know*, etc. Cf. 63, 109, 110. [K.]

202. *My bowls*. Q3 reads *your bowls*.

207. *Whoe'er*, etc. Cf. 64, 124-128. [K.]

416, 209. *I drink*, etc. Cf. 92, 105, 106. [K.]

213, 214. *As fast represented*. Q3 reads: "As fast as they can
possible come upon the stage."

223. *Roman clothes*. Omitted in Q3.

17. *I love reasoning in verse*. Cf. 348, 161, u.

417, 40. *Eyes makes*. Cf. 74, 51, n.

56. *Were all gods join'd*, etc.

Maximin. Thou li'st:—there's not a god inhabits there,
But for this Christian would all heav'n forswear.
Ev'n Jove would try more shapes her love to win,
And in new birds and unknown beasts would sin;
At least, if Jove could love like Maximin.

Tyrannic Love, II. iii (ss. iii. 407). [K.]

418, 60. *Durst any, etc.*

(a) *Maximin.* Some god now, if he dares, relate what's past :
Say but he's dead, that god shall mortal be.

Ibid. I. i (Ss. iii. 393). [K.]

(b) *Max.* Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be
Reveng'd at once upon the gods and thee.

Ibid. I. i (Ss. iii. 395). [K.]

(c) *Max.* What had the gods to do with me or mine?

Ibid. V (Ss. iii. 463). [K.]

60, 61. *Uncivil: devil.* For the rime compare the form *divil* (402, 30); the same rime is found in 383, 23, 24.

62. *Ah, godsookers, etc.* After this speech Q3 adds the stage-direction, "*Scratching his head, his peruke falls off.*"

72. *But, Mr. Bayes, etc.* Q3 expands this speech into the following passage:

Johns. I wonder how the coxcomb has got the knack of writing smooth verse thus.

Smi. Why, there's no need of brain for this; 't is but scanning the labors on [so Q6; Q3 reads *in*] the finger: but where's the sense of it?

Johns. O, for that, he desires to be excus'd: he is too proud a man to creep servilely after sense, I assure you. But pray, Mr. Bayes, why is this scene all in verse?

On the last of these speeches the *Key* of 1704 refers to lines in the prologue of Dryden's *Tyrannic Love* (Ss. iii. 383):

Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare;
They spoil their business with an over-care;
And he who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence.

Dryden defends this in his preface to the play (Ss. iii. 381) as an imitation of Horace's *serpit humi tutus*, etc. (*Ars Poet.* 28).

73. *The subject is too great for prose.* v. 7, 1-31; cf. *Introduction*, pp. xxiii, xxiv, xxx, xxxi.

4. *That great scene in Harry the Eighth.* The trial scene (act II, sc. iv) in *Henry VIII* was always noted for its spectacular effect, and Davenant's revival of the play in 1663 was particularly magnificent. Downes writes: "This play, by order of Sir William Davenant, was all new-clothed in proper habits. The king's was new, all the lords, the cardinals, the bishops, the doctors, proctors, lawyers, tip-stayes, new scenes. . . . Every part, by the great care of Sir William, being exactly performed, it being all new clothed and new scenes, it continued acting fifteen days together with general applause." (*Roscius Anglicanus*, ed. Knight, 1886, p. 24.) See also *Introduction*, p. xx, n. 3.—The form *eight* (cf. *ftt*, *sixt*) was often used as an ordinal numeral in the seventeenth century.

6. *I have brought in two other cardinals.* Q3 reads *I bring in here four cardinals.*

9. *I won't tell you.* After these words Q3 adds: "Your country friend, sir, grows so troublesome!"

11. *Now sir, etc.* After this speech Q3 adds one by the King Physician: "Speak, Volscius."

419, 25. *What sound is this invades our ears?*

Alphonso. What various noises do mine ears invade,
And have a consort of confusion made?

DAVENANT, *The Siege of Rhodes, Part I, entry 1.* [K.]

35. *The two right Kings of Brentford, etc.*

NAKAR and DAMILCAR descend in clouds, and sing.

Nakar. Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below!

Dam. Let us go, let us go!

Go to relieve the care

Of longing lovers in despair!

Nakar. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,

Half tipp'd at a rainbow feast.

Dam. In the bright moonshine while winds whistle loud,

Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,

All racking along in a downy white cloud:

And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,

We slide on the back of a new-falling star.

Nakar. And drop from above

In a jelly of love!

Dam. But now the sun's down, and the element's red,

The spirits of fire against us make head!

Nakar. They muster, they muster, like gnats in the air:

Alas! I must leave thee, my fair;

And to my light horsemen repair.

Dam. O stay, for you need not to fear 'em to-night;

The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight:

And o'er the wide ocean we fight!

Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down;

And hiss in the water——

Nakar. But their men lie securely intrench'd in a cloud,

Both. And hiss in the water and drown!

And a trumpeter-hornet to battle sounds loud.

Dam. Now mortals that spy

How we tilt in the sky,

With wonder will gaze;

And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass!

Nakar. Stay you to perform what the man will have done.

Dam. Then call me again when the battle is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a spirit of air

To pity the lover, and succor the fair,

That, silent and swift, the little soft god

Is here with a wish, and is gone with a nod.

The clouds part; NAKAR flies up, and DAMILCAR down.

Tyrannic Love, act IV (Ss. iii. 421, 422). [K.]

49. *Pettitoes.* Professor Arber by a misprint here reads *Pretty-toes*.

420, 81, 82. *This I thought once to have brought in with a conjurer.* Such is really the case with the passage just quoted from *Tyrannic Love*. [K.]

421, 118. *That's true, etc.* Q3 omits this speech.

125. *What dreadful noise, etc.* Cf. 77, 21. [K.]

126. *Haste hence, etc.* Cf. 78, 76-79. [K.]

After this speech Q3 adds the following:

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a stanza, and a handsome come-off?

- 422, 142. *At door.* Cf. 334, 91, n.
 148. *Presently.* Immediately.
 149. *Can you think it a decent thing,* etc. For Dryden's views on theatrical decorum, see 11, 1-15, and *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (SS. xv. 323-327, 336-338). Cf. *Introduction*, pp. xvii, xxiii.
 156. *I sum up my whole battle,* etc. "There needs nothing more to explain the meaning of this battle than the perusal of the first part of *The Siege of Rhodes*, which was performed in recitative music by seven persons only, and the passage out of *The Playhouse to be Let*." KEY, 1704.

Quotations from *The Siege of Rhodes* are given in nn. 422, 184; 423, 187.

In Davenant's *Playhouse to be Let*, act IV, entry iii concludes with a song having the following chorus:

Now rigid war is come, and peace is gone;
 Fear governs us, and jealousy the throne.
 Ambition hath our chiefs possess'd;
 All now are wak'd, all are alarm'd.
 The weary know not where to rest,
 Nor dare the harmless be unarm'd.

A stage direction follows:

"After this song a warlike air is play'd, to which succeeds a martial dance, perform'd by four Peruvians, arm'd with glaives, who enter severally from opposite sides of the wood, and express by their motions and gestures the fury of that civil war, which, by the ambition of the younger brother, has engag'd their country, and then depart in pursuit of each other."

Entry iv then opens with the following stage-direction:

"A symphony, consisting of four tunes, prepares the change of the scene, which represents a great Peruvian army put to flight by a small body of Spaniards. This object is produc'd in pursuance of the main argument, for the Spaniards having first bred an amazement in the natives by the noise and fire of their guns, and having afterwards subverted the elder Inca by assisting the younger, did in a short time attain the dominion over both by conquest."

164. *Represents fighting enough.* Q3 concludes Bayes's speech with these words, and adds the following passage:

Johns. Aye, aye; so much, that, if I were in your place, I would make 'em go out again without ever speaking one word.

Bayes. No, there you are out, for I make each of 'em hold a lute in his hand.

181. *I have contriv'd it both ways.* Cf. 412, 43-55. The *recitativo* fashion is a parody of Davenant, and the fighting, of Dryden. After this speech Q3 adds the following passage:

Johns. Aye, now you are right: there is nothing then can be objected against it.

Bayes. True: and so, i'gad, I'll make it, too, a tragedy in a trice.

On this the *Key* of 1704 gives the following note:

"*Aglaura* [by Sir John Suckling] and *The Vestal Virgin* [by Sir Robert Howard] are so contrived by a little alteration towards the latter end of them, that they have been acted both ways, either as tragedies or comedies."

Sir William Killigrew's *Pandora*, after failing as a tragedy, was remodeled into a comedy.

184. *Arm, arm, etc.* "*The Siege of Rhodes* begins thus:

Admiral. *Arm, arm, Villerius, arm!*" KEY, 1704.

423, 187. *Draw down the Chelsea curiasters.*

(a) "*The third entry in The Siege of Rhodes* is thus:
Solyman. *Pyrrhus, draw up our army wide!*

Then from the gross two strong reserves divide;

And spread the wings;

As if we were to fight,

In the lost Rhodians' sight,

With all the western kings!

Each wing with Janizaries line;

The right and left to Haly's sons assign,

The gross to Zangiban.

The main artillery

With Mustapha shall be:

Bring thou the rear, we lead the van." NOTES, 1775.

(b) "*At the beginning of entry v* is:

Mustapha. *Point well the cannons and play fast!*

Their fury is too hot to last.

That rampire shakes, they fly into the town.

Pyrrhus. *March up with those reserves to that redoubt!*

Faint slaves! the Janizaries reel!

They bend, they bend! and seem to feel

The terrors of a rout.

Musta. *Old Zanger halts, and reinforcement lacks!*

Pyr. *March on!*

Musta. *Advance those pikes, and charge their backs!"*

[ARBER, from K.]

(c) *Drake Junior.* *More pikes! more pikes! to reinforce*
That squadron, and repulse the horse.

The Playhouse to be Let, act III, entry vi.

[K.]

196. *Petty France.* This, as shown by Ogilby's map of London, 1677, reproduced in Besant's *London in the Time of the Stuarts*, was a street in London near Moorfields.

424, 238. *The Slighted Maid.* By Sir Robert Stapylton; cf. n. 395, 151. The *Key* of 1704 refers to the following extract from act V of the play (pp. 80-83, ed. 1663):

Enter AURORA in a black veil below.

Song in dialogue.

Aur. *Phœbus?*

Phœb. *Who calls the world's great light?*

Aur. *Aurora, that abhors the night.*

Phœb. *Why does Aurora from her cloud*

To drowsy Phœbus cry so loud?

Aur. *Put on thy beams; rise (no regard*

To a young goddess, that lies hard

In th' old man's bosom?) rise for shame,

And shine my cloud into a flame.

Phæb. Oblige me not beyond my 'pow'r,
I must not rise before my hour.

Aur. Before thy hour? Look down, and see,
In vain the Persian kneels to thee,
And I (mock'd by the glimm'ring shade)
A sad mistake in Naples made;
Like Pliny, I had lost my life,
If I had been a mortal wife.

Phæb. Thou cam'st too near the burning mount
Vesuvio?

Aur. Upon thy account,
For I took clouds of smoke and fire,
(Which here from Vulcan's court expire,)
For morning-streaks, blue, white, and red,
That rouse me from cold Tithon's bed.

[*PHOEBUS enters with his beams on.*]

Phæb. Charge not upon me for a crime,
That I stay'd th' utmost point of time,
Before I would put off my bays,
And on Naples shed my rays,
Where such a mischief they have done,
As will make Venus hate the sun,
Discovering to Vulcan's eye
Where she and Mars embracing lie.

Aur. I'm sorry Mars and Venus had
Such privacy; but I am glad
That Phœbus does at last appear
To shine away Aurora's fear.

Phæb. What frightened thee?

Aur. I know not what:
But thou know'st all; what noise is that?

[*Within VULCAN roars out: "No work, rogues?"*]

Phæb. 'Tis Vulcan, in a greater heat
Than th' irons by his Cyclops beat:
He makes the horror of that noise,
Teaching and knocking his great boys,
From hamm'ring out Jove's thunder, set
To file and polish Vulcan's net,
Which he'll catch Mars and Venus in.

Aur. What now? [*Laughing within.*]

Phæb. To laugh the smiths begin:
At furious Vulcan halting off,
To measure his wife's bed, they scoff.

Aur. I'll leave the place; I can no more
Endure the laughter than the roar.

[*Tuning within.*]

Phæb. Hark, they record; they'll sing anon:
'Tis time for Phœbus to be gone;
For when such lyric asses bray,
The God of Music cannot stay.

[*Exeunt PHOEBUS and AURORA.*]

The Cyclops' song (within).

Cry our ware, sooty fellows
Of the forge and the bellows;

Has Jove any oaks to rend?
 Has Ceres sickles to mend?
 Wants Neptune a water-fork?
 All these are the Cyclops' work;
 But to wiredraw iron rods,
 To file nets to catch the gods,
 What can make our fingers so fine?
 Drink, drink, wine, Lipari wine.

Chorus.

Smoke, smoke breeds the tistic;
 Wine, wine's the best physic;
 For every Cyclop a full can.

Our terms run thus:

Some wine for us,

Or no net for our Master Vulcan.

241. *No doubt*, etc. Here Q3 expands the text somewhat:

Johns. No doubt on 't, Mr. Bayes; a great deal better.

[BAYES hugs JOHNSON, then turns to SMITH.]

Bayes. Ah dear rogue! But —a— sir; you have heard, I suppose, etc.

254. *Joke.* After this word Q3 continues: "I bring 'em in all singing, and make, etc."

Sell the earth a bargain. *Selling bargains* was a sort of low buffoonery which Dryden stigmatizes among the sins of Shadwell in his comedies; see *Mac Flecknoe*, l. 181. As Christie explains in his note (Globe edition, p. 150) it "was a trick of answering innocent questions with..coarse words." See the following note.

261. *Luna means*, etc. After this speech Q3 adds:

"Bayes. There's the bargain."

Enter SOL. Q3 adds "*to the tune of Robin Hood.*"

272. *Then I will shine.* Q3 adds, "*to the tune of Trenchmore.*"

- 425, 275. *And we*, etc. After this speech Q3 adds the following passage:

[As they dance the hey, BAYES speaks.]

Bayes. Now the earth's before the moon; now the moon's before the sun: there's the eclipse again.

Smi. He's mightily taken with this, I see.

Johns. Aye; 't is so extraordinary, how can he choose.

- 288, 289. *I have read.....hundred more.* For these words Q3 substitutes: "You may talk of your Hectors and Achilles, and I know not who."

298. *I'll show you go off.* Q3 reads: "I'll show you how they shall go off."

"Valeria, daughter to Maximin, having killed herself for the love [of] Porphyrius, when she was to be carried off by the bearers, strikes one of them a box on the ear, and speaks to him thus:

Hold; are you mad? You damn'd confounded dog!

I am to rise, and speak the epilogue [Ss. iii. 467]."

KEY, 1704.

308. *Stay, here's*, etc. Q3 expands this speech into the following passage:

1 *Play.* What shall we do, now he is gone away?

2 *Play.* Why, so much the better; then let's go to dinner.

3 *Play*. Stay, here's a foul piece of paper of his. Let's see what 't is.

3 or 4 *Play*. Aye, aye; come let's hear it.

After the reading of the paper, Q3 adds:

"This will never do: 't is just like the rest. Come, let's be gone."

426, 318. 1 *Play*. *Pox on 't*, etc. For this speech Q3 substitutes:

Most of the Play. Aye, pox on 't, let's go away.

324. *Enter Players again*. For this Q3 substitutes, "*Enter Stage-keeper*" [i. e. janitor], and of course changes the following speech-headings from *Play*. to *Stage*.

325. *Sir, they are gone to dinner*. Arber quotes from Bishop Percy: "About the time of the Restoration and for some years after, the fashionable hour of dining was twelve o'clock, and the play began at three." He then adds: "*The Rehearsal* is therefore supposed to take place in the morning." Cf. 390, 62 f.

The statement that the play began at three is based on a notice published with the 1658 edition of Davenant's *Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*. Dryden's prologue for the production of *The Wild Gallant* in 1663 (Ss. ii. 29) shows that the time of beginning was then half past three.

339. *Town*. Q3 reads *company*.

340. *That's all one*. This and the following three speeches are somewhat altered in Q3:

Bayes. That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to myself: my play and I shall go together, we will not part indeed, sir.

Stage. But what will the town say, sir?

Bayes. The town! why, what care I for the town? I'gad, the town has us'd me as scurvily as the players have done; but I'll be reveng'd on them too, for I'll lampoon 'em all. And since they will not admit of my plays, they shall know what a satirist I am. And so farewell to this stage, i'gad, forever.

[*Exit* BAYES.]

Enter PLAYERS.

1 *Play*. Come then, let's set up bills for another play.

2 *Play*. Aye, aye; we shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play*. I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's see Haynes and Shirley practice the last dance, for that may serve us another time.

427, 12. *That afflicts*. The relative in Shakspeare frequently takes a singular verb, even though the antecedent be plural; see Abbott, *A Shakespearian Grammar*, § 247.

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